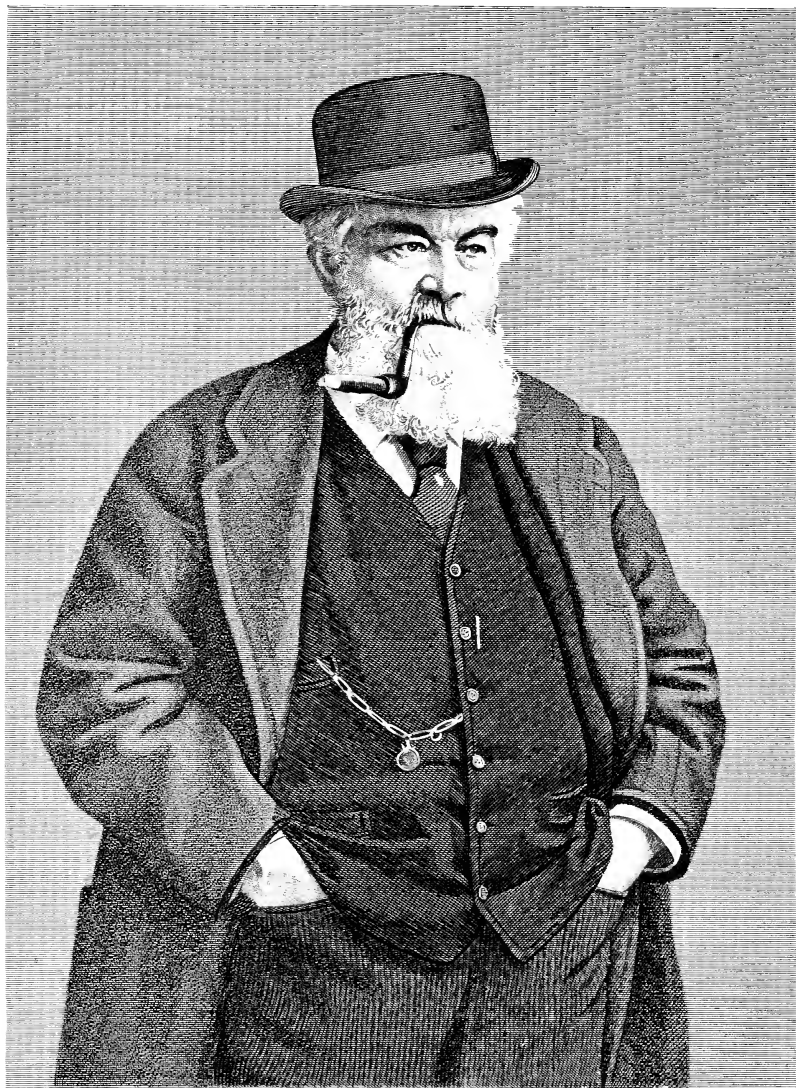




JOHN A. SEAVERN





J. A. Hey.



# FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT  
AT HOME AND ABROAD

BY  
SIR JOHN DUGDALE ASTLEY, BART.  
'THE MATE'

*'The web of our life is of a mingled yarn  
Good and ill together.'*—SHAKESPEARE

FOURTH EDITION

*IN ONE VOLUME*

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TO  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES  
THESE RECORDS OF  
“FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE”  
ARE  
BY PERMISSION  
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

J. D. ASTLEY.



## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

MANY of my readers, and not a few of my casual acquaintance, will wonder how it is that I, 'The Jigger' of Eton and College days, and 'The Mate' of Regimental and present times, could ever have the audacity (though I don't pretend to be troubled with diffidence) to attempt to commit to paper some of my experiences in this 'vale of tears.' But the fact is, I have long been wishful to once again acquire possession of one of those pleasant occupants of my pocket which, in days gone by, used to nestle there periodically, and were so welcome, even when solitary—I mean the 'merry monk,' *i. e.* the collection of crisp bank-notes that constitute the adorable 'monkey,' value £500 sterling. The receptacle still exists, but its occupants have deteriorated into occasional 'flimsies' (fivers) and very often 'nonsies.' One day, after a pleasant luncheon in Grosvenor Place, I had been telling several stories in a voluble and, to some of my audience, amusing style, when suddenly an old friend, who, like me, had seen better days (only in a pecuniary sense, be it understood), exclaimed, 'Why don't you write a book? You are constantly complaining of poverty, why you would be a rich man if you would take the trouble to put on paper the amusing stories you have just been telling us.' I replied, 'It's all very well, my dear Charlie, to talk. Any fool can tell a story, but it takes a man to write a book. How could I write one when, barring Bradshaw, I never study *any* book?' 'Go on,' he answered; 'you take my tip and you will make a pile.' Well, we parted for the time being, but the idea once started was

ever present in my mind, and one day I mentioned the above conversation to my old friend Dick Thorold (when dining at his house), and he so cordially took to the idea that he volunteered to lend me his assistance by editing the book for me; this and an extra sharp attack of impecuniosity at the time, decided me to have a shy at literature, and upon Dick introducing me to his Publisher, Mr. Blackett (of the well-known firm of Hurst and Blackett), terms were soon arranged, and I set to work. The result, kind reader, is now before you. If I have written a word in these pages that can hurt the feelings of man or woman, I crave their pardon for unintentionally having done so. That my readers may be pleased, and so assist the 'merry monk' to take up his old quarters, is the earnest wish of

Yours truly,  
J. D. ASTLEY.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

As Sir John has more than once in these pages kindly alluded to my connection with his book, and the share that I took in persuading him to set to work on it, I trust that I may be allowed to explain one or two points very briefly. First, it has been a great pleasure to me to have been of use to him, and in ever so small a degree to have been the means of inducing him to jot down his experiences, for the amusement of his friends and the General Public. I trust also that it may be borne in mind that I have as much as possible endeavoured to preserve his style of composition, and his peculiar phraseology—not invariably an easy task. His letters from the Crimea I have left precisely as they were written, and without alteration of any kind. I can only trust that the book may meet with the same universal popularity that my old friend so deservedly possesses with ‘all sorts and conditions of men.’ Whatever may be its literary faults, I have only to assure the readers of this volume that I have done ‘my level best,’ and spared neither time nor trouble in my old friend’s service.

RICHARD THOROLD.





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# FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.

## CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage—My Father and Mother—Early Days—My Grandfather's Gift of a Pony on my Birthday—Go to School at Aust and Bath, and to a Private Tutor at Winchester—Impressions of Schools in 1836—Go to Eton in 1842—Evans'—Goodford's—Buster Carew—Escapades at Eton—Up to Balston.

FROM 'information that I have received,' as the police have a knack of saying, I am enabled to state that I was born in a house on the Pincio,<sup>1</sup> at Rome, on the 19th of February, 1828, and the following extract from the *County Families* gives what details are necessary to establish who I am, and whence I come :

'Astley, Sir John Dugdale, Bt., of Everleigh, Wilts (cr. 1821), eldest son of Sir Francis Dugdale Astley, Bt., of Everleigh, by Emma Dorothea, dau. of the late Sir Thomas Buckler Lethbridge, Bt.; born, 1828; succ. as 3rd Bt. 1873; marr. 1858, Eleanor Blanche, only daughter of the late Thomas George Corbett, Esq., of Elsham, co. Lincoln. Lord of the manor of Everleigh, patron of 3 livings. Late Lt. Col. Scots Fusilier Guards.'

Of my very early days I fear I remember very little, and even that little would not afford much interest to either my friends or the general public; so I propose to commence these memoirs of my—not altogether uneventful—life from about the year 1836, at which time I had arrived at the mature age of eight years.

From that date to the present time, I think I may say without fear of contradiction that I have had many and

<sup>1</sup> Or Pincian Hill.

varied experiences in most of the 'changing scenes of life'; and, such as they are, after more than one false start, I have at length yielded to the often expressed desire of many old friends, by making a fresh attempt to write about some of the 'ups and downs' of my life—sporting and otherwise—just as they occur to me, as likely to be of interest, during a period extending to over fifty-eight years.

I never took high honours, either in English composition or the classics; so I must be allowed to tell my own 'plain, unvarnished tale' my own way, and in my own customary language.

When it is borne in mind that from 1836, the date from which I propose to start these memoirs, till 1894 is, as I have already mentioned, no less a period than fifty-eight years, and that I am writing principally from memory, aided only by a few notes, odd diaries, and old letters, the difficulty and labour of arranging anecdotes and events in their proper order and place will, I think, be recognized.

My head is, like the proverbial omnibus on a wet day, '*Full inside*'; but discharging the cargo is, in my case, a serious consideration.

If I could relate *all* I have seen or heard, no doubt I could be more amusing; but I fear that is out of the question, as in that case many of the fair sex—for whom no one has more admiration and respect than I—might object to my book on their drawing-room tables.

Nevertheless, I am proud to think that, during those fifty odd years of sporting life at home and abroad, I have made many friends—*real* friends, who will look with a kindly and lenient eye on my humble efforts to recall scenes past and gone; mutual dear old pals, 'no longer nigh'; and a few sporting events, in which I took part, that may have long since faded from their memories.

Taking this view of the case, then, I will do my best; but, as at present I have not got much 'forrarder,' I must take the advice of the immortal John Jorrocks, and say, '*Time's up! Let's be doin'.*'

I was born at Rome on the 19th of February, 1828. My father and mother were a wonderful good-looking pair—at least, so I have always been told by those who knew them, and especially by a friend of the celebrated Count D'Orsay, who knew them well.

My earliest recollections are connected with a wasp which resented being interfered with, and stung me in consequence.



As I yelled with pain, I was consoled by a large slice of cold plum-pudding to heal my injured finger, and assist in drying my tears, the result being that I made myself ill, called down my father's wrath upon my devoted head, and caused the doctor to be sent for to attend to me slightly lower down. I cannot say that I have ever been violently attached to cold plum-pudding since that time.

The next thing that I remember connected with doctors was, that I had a terrible toothache, and was only appeased by being told that a 'nice, kind man' was coming from the town to make '*Master Astley*' quite well. So he did; but he pulled my tooth out, and gave me such excruciating pain that I devoutly hoped I might never see 'this kind gentleman' again. On another occasion I very well remember coming down to dessert at my grandfather's, old Sir John Astley, who represented North Wiltshire in Parliament for upwards of fourteen years, and seeing one of the footmen who had just returned from Andover, where he had acted as one of the bodyguard to Sir John Pollen, who was standing for that borough. This great, strapping flunkey was decorated with two splendid black eyes—the result of a slight difference of political opinion with the Radical ruffians of that town.

My old grandfather at once poured him out a bumper of port and eulogized his conduct, telling him that he had no sort of doubt that he had given his opponent a good dressing over in return. As to that, I cannot say, and can only hope that he did. He seemed to like the port.

My first acquaintance with the Turf may be said to have commenced on the day that my grandfather presented me with a beautiful little black pony called 'Dick.' I *was* happy—in fact I look back upon that day as one of the red-letter days of my young life. Of course I wanted to ride him at once, but I hardly realized how many falls lay before me ere I should attain any great proficiency in the saddle. Talking of saddles reminds me that I was not allowed one. I was taught to ride upon a rug with a surcingle strapped round it, and, of course, no stirrups or anything to steady me. By degrees I learnt to ride by balance, in much the same way as a cavalry soldier is taught to do, and managed to stick on fairly well, except when Dick was a bit above himself; then my father used to lunge him in a long rein—with me on him—round and round a big circle, with the result that I was continually finding myself seated 'on the floor.'

Nevertheless, I shall always maintain that that is the way

to teach a lad to ride. Let him begin with a rug, and learn to stick to his mount first, and give him a saddle and stirrups afterwards.

I remained at home, doing much as other boys have done from time immemorial, getting in and out of the same juvenile scrapes, till at last I was 'told off' for school, which event took place in the year 1836, when I was but eight years old.

I may remark that going to school in 1836 was not the same kind of thing as going to school in 1893. No well-warmed first-class railway-carriage, with rugs and foot-warmers, and half a-dozen fond relatives to see you off, after, maybe, an extra good dinner in preparation for the journey. Instead of this, a shivering little mortal bundled up on to a coach, after a four or five miles' drive to the trysting-place; a hurried good-bye, 'Take care of yourself!' and there you were, left to shift for yourself as best you could, and make friends with any genial-hearted fellow-passenger who cared to take notice of you, and nothing very gaudy in the way of comfort to be expected at your journey's end.

I was sent to a place called Aust-on-the-Severn, nearly opposite to Chepstow. Such a school as it was, and such a master! I regret to say that his name has escaped my memory, although I have the best of reasons for recollecting him personally. He was a real first-class brute: I can find no more suitable terms for him. I was not over-brilliant, and, above all, I hated arithmetic, and whenever I made a mistake on my slate he used to come behind me and lift me off the form by my ears. Well! I wasn't quite so weighty as I am now, but, still, the process was not only very painful but made my ears stick out at an angle of forty-five degrees, besides rendering me perfectly deaf in my left ear—a calamity from which I still suffer, as most of my old friends have probably discovered before now.

The only satisfaction I have with regard to this fiend in human form is, that I have every reason to believe that he ended his days in a lunatic asylum, and I assuredly think that it was the best place for him.

I will only briefly relate that I next went to school at Claverton Lodge, Bathwick Hill, Bath, my brother Hugh joining me there soon afterwards. Rounders and marbles were our principal amusements; though I do not know what the rising generation would say to playing marbles in this advanced age. We used to smoke some stuff called 'Old

Man,' which is in reality the stem of the wild clematis. I need not explain that in most instances the result was disastrous in the extreme. Snail-shell battles was another great game. It consisted in pressing the point of one shell against the point of another till one gave way, the victor then tacking on to his own shell's score the amount of previous victories won by his defeated adversary. Shells of 100 and 200—or, in other words, conquerors of that number of battles—were esteemed of great value among the boys, and many a coin changed hands over a noted champion.

At this time I used to spend my holidays at the Buries, near Warminster, a small place belonging to my grandfather; but I have nothing very interesting to record as to my visits there, or how I contrived to pass the time.

After leaving Claverton Lodge I went to read with a tutor at Winchester, to prepare me for Eton. This may appear strange—going to Winchester to prepare for Eton, when Winchester College was, of course, so close; but, nevertheless, there I went, and there I remained till I was considered sufficiently grounded to go to Eton, and thither I was sent in the month of September, 1842.

Eton! what boy does not remember going to Eton for the first time? Who also does not recall the day upon which, with keen regret, he said good-bye to his old school! I do not mind venturing a little wager that there are very few men who do not look back with some pride, and much pleasure, to their Eton days.

I went at first to Mr. Evans', a dame's house (now kept by Miss Evans and still one of the best houses at Eton), he was father of the present drawing-master of that name, who at that time was in my remove. I subsequently left there and went to the house of the Rev. Charles Old Goodford, who became Head Master, and, eventually, Provost, of the College.

I was placed in lower fourth, full low down for a lad of fourteen; but I made up for it by taking a double remove the next term. This exploit, perhaps it is unnecessary to state, I did not 'make a practice of,' for fear that too much might be expected of me in the future.

I was present at the very last Montem ever held at Eton, the gathering taking place at 'Salt Hill,' close to Slough. I remember thinking it rare fun, but an uncommon strange sight, to see the boys (some of them being in the lower school) got up as Turks, sailors, Spaniards, gipsies, and almost every

sort of costume; while the salt-bearers, as they were called, levied black-mail on all visitors, even Royalty itself. Large sums of money were frittered away by boys over their costumes, and this and other reasons I believe caused its discontinuance in 1847. There was a considerable amount of eating and drinking done on Montem days, and one or the other had a very peculiar effect upon some of my tutor's boys. I presume it was 'cold salmon,' as usual—anyhow, several were uncommon lucky to get indoors before lock-up.

No boy was allowed to go on the river until he had passed in swimming; but, after a little practice on the strict Q. T., I thought I should like to try my hand; so I sculled up to Monkey Island, which was most exciting and slightly dangerous: for, had I been caught, I should have been swished, to a moral certainty. I passed two masters on the bank, and, on the principle that a guilty conscience makes cowards of us all, I made sure I should be nailed. I was not, however, and rowed boldly on to Monkey and got back again in time for absence—not a bad performance for a first attempt.

I was very fond of football, and our house used to play in Angelo's field. We were a big, strong lot of lower boys at my tutor's, and we played one match quite worth recording. We played an eleven composed of lower boys from the whole school and beat them. I well recollect that Codrington, the captain of the boats, an enormously powerful boy, took me up in his arms and carried me round the field, to show what amazing thick boots I had on, so as to strike terror into the hearts of our adversaries before play began.

I used to play cricket in the summer half in Sixpenny, and other days I would spend on the river (having passed ere this). I was very fond of punting, and used to have a rare time killing rats in Cuckoo Weir and the adjoining backwaters. As is nearly always the case, when a lad attempts to be both 'a dry and wet bob'—that is, to play cricket and boat on the river—he seldom excels in either, which was my case; but I enjoyed myself none the less for that.

I must now relate one or two of my escapades while at Eton, and have no sort of doubt that I was not singular in doing many foolish things, but at the same time it was great sport.

For instance, one fine summer afternoon, some of the big functionaries of the City of London were passing up the river for the purpose of swan-hopping, or marking the Thames

swans belonging to their special Livery Company. The barge in which these big-wigs were journeying was moored to a post just above Windsor Bridge, while the City magnates visited the Castle. When they returned, a boy named Moseley, and, of course, Astley, were taken with a violent desire to cut the enormous rope which attached no less than sixteen horses to the barge. This rope was lying on the top of the posts and rails just opposite Tolladay's boat-house, and the horses were all yoked and ready for a start to pull the barge up the river. Moseley and I had only our small pocket-knives, but we took it in turn to saw away till we had cut the rope half through, and without our proceedings being noticed by those on board or ashore, as the one not at work had to cover the operations of the other. We then repaired to a safe and convenient distance to watch the sport; thinking that, directly the strain got fairly on the rope, it would break and land all the party on their heads; but, unfortunately for us, we had cut too far through the rope, and the horses snapped it before it was barely taut; consequently they did not half tumble about; neither did the swan-hoppers. However, the Civic authorities were most indignant at having to wait while the rope was made good, and they searched everywhere for the culprits, and we were most assiduous in helping them; but without any satisfactory result, as far as they were concerned.

Deer-chasing in the Home Park was another little pastime I used to indulge in. We used to run the deer about in May, when it was the horn-shedding season, and, by making them jump the drains, we often made them shed their horns, and then we picked them up; but the difficulty was to convey them home, for it must be remembered that an Eton boy's short jacket is not the best hide for a crooked and uncommonly sharp deer's antler. Then the keepers had to be dodged as well; for they had strict orders to prevent us taking the horns. I have had many a most unpleasant experience of running through the Park gates with the sharp end of one of these horns excoriating my person till I could have almost found it in my heart to throw it away.

Another time I went hunting about and found a pheasant's nest in the Park, and, like an idiot, I not only took the eggs and blew them, but I strung them up over the mantelpiece in my room. My tutor happened to come in, and spotted them at once, giving me a heavy punishment, and, what was worse, told me that I was not only a thief, but a poacher. All the same, I enjoyed the excitement of getting those eggs home.

I cannot recollect who the two boys were who did it—possibly they are still alive to testify to the truth of what I state—but I well remember poor old Dick Meyrick, the watchmaker, having his face blacked and then well polished with his own brushes.

I never was one of those who frequented the Christopher to drink beer, &c., &c.; but I have often had a run down to Slough, to share a friendly bowl of punch with three or four pals.

The fagging at Eton in my day was not so bad as I believe it was earlier, and, being as strong a lad as my fag-master, he seldom interfered with me if I did not please him. I hated scraping ham—that was a job I did bar; for, in the first place, it isn't easy, and the next, you are more likely to scrape your knuckles with the scraper than the ham. I was never really a first-class cook either, which may create some surprise among those who know that I can appreciate a good dinner; but it don't follow that you cannot eat a good dinner because you cannot cook it!

The toast I made was very middling, and I generally forgot the eggs till they were like bullets; but that was a mere matter of detail, as I used to pop 'em on the table, and bolt before they were cracked.

I used to nip out of school as quick as possible, and chapel also, to avoid being caught to fag behind a fives court—a sport that had no attractions for Astley on a cold day.

One of the most remarkable boys at Eton with me was McNiven minor; he was a real wonder. He was in the sixth form, in the football team, in the cricket eleven, and in the eight, and upon my life I don't know in which of the three games he most excelled. He was a brilliant football player, but a terribly untidy fellow, and his shoes were always down at heel, so much so indeed that I have often seen his shoe fly after turning the ball, or when he made a kick. I once saw him catch and eat a cockchafer for a bet of one shilling. I hope he liked it. Poor old fellow! he came to a sad end. He was staying with his brothers in the Isle of Wight, and was driving a dog-cart to some place where he was going to shoot, and his dog was tied behind the cart; he turned round to encourage the animal, which was quite a new purchase, and somehow he lost his balance, fell over the back of the dog-cart on to his head in the road, and broke his neck. So ended poor old Snivey, as we used to call him.

I could go on for a long time recounting stories of boys

that were with me ; but, as I think I have read elsewhere, the book could not be written that would contain all that should be said about 'Eton and Eton boys.'

I must say a word about the boys at my tutor's. One, a very fat boy, Carew—whose nickname was Buster—found to his cost the first day he arrived that his somewhat rounded proportions were very tempting to boys who were good shots with a fives-ball. After one day's experience he decided that it was a rash proceeding on his part to go outside while other boys were about : so he used to stop in his own room, and take his exercise while the rest of the boys were in school or chapel, and, curiously enough, being a new boy, it was eight or ten days before he came under the Prepositor's ken.

I never saw such a boy to eat and drink. When he had a hamper from home—as often happened—he would stow it away under his bed, and eat the contents at night. I have often seen him swallow the whole contents of his washing-jug before turning into bed, and then vociferate for the unfortunate old boy's maid to bring more water.

The said boy's maid was called 'Bobby,' a dear old soul and an excellent creature ; but we all did our best to send her to an early grave, I am afraid. Many a time, when she had set the tallow dips in their respective candlesticks ready for use, and left them for a few minutes, she would return to find them all rammed in topsy-turvy ; or else, perhaps, she would be coming up the stairs with a tray full of them to distribute, and very pleased to see 'all correct'—when lo and behold ! down would go a mat over the balusters and the whole bag of tricks would be knocked out of her hands, and she would shriek out : 'I knows yer : that's *Robberson, Morrerson, Jervers, Pagit*, and *Hastley* at the 'ead of it. I'll let yer tutor know about it, I will !' Poor old soul ! she never did, and we knew it.

My fellow-pupils at Goodford's were a very good lot, and several of them are to the front now, so I will not say too much about them ; but only mention, in addition, the present Lord Portman, Lord Middleton, Ethelston, major and minor, Sir William Welby Gregory, and Stuckey Wood. Many also who were with me will recall the names of John Watkins, Toby Hodgson, Tom Mills, A. Paget, Watson, Codrington, Harkness, and Bob Honeywood.

I was precious idle, I am afraid, and did no more than I was obliged, and as little of that ; but I was always very

punctual, and, as friend Jorrocks observes, ‘Punctuality is the *perliteness* of Princes.’ At any rate, I found favour in consequence in the eyes of Mr. Balston, who took my division in school, and, to my astonishment, he suggested ‘sending me up for good’; but the event never came off, as he was unsuccessful in finding a copy of my verses which contained more than the regulation minimum of twelve.



## CHAPTER II.

Eton Days continued—Trials—Missing Verses—Goodford and I Disagree—An Evening Raid—Rheumatic Fever—Leave Eton—Water-Cure at Malvern—Assheton Smith—Doctors all Wrong—Go to Tutor in the Isle of Wight—Go to Oxford—Hunting—Tandem-Driving—Dodging the Proctors—Kilcannon Arch—A Cooler in Mercury—Nearly Rusticated—Breaking out of College—Also Breaking in—My Dog Pepper—Discover that I can Run—Bullingdon—The Drag—Matches and Sweeps—Collections—The Dean's Advice—I take it—Contemporaries at Oxford.

VERY soon after this I narrowly missed taking my remove—it happened in this way. I never was a flyer at verses, but Welby—who was at my tutor's—was, and I had arranged with him to be ready to do my verses for me when I went in to trials. Of course I had to go into school, and was then handed some English prose to turn into Latin verse of the ordinary type, dactyls and spondees every alternate line. Well, I looked at the paper and saw that it was a bit beyond me ; so I went up to the presiding master and asked leave to fetch my Gradus, which I had purposely left at my tutor's. He said 'Very well, but be quick, or you will not have time to do your verses.' No, I thought, but some one else will, and off I started as hard as I could pelt, handed the paper to Welby, who soon knocked off twelve or fourteen lines, with which—as I fancied—I bolted back to school. Now I had conceived the idea of putting them into my shoe for safety's sake, thinking that by so doing I should not be so easily detected. This I did, and flattered myself upon my ingenuity.

When I got back to my place I busily began to turn over my Gradus with my left hand, while I proceeded to scratch my foot with my right, and at the same time search for my verses ; but, oh dear ! oh dear ! they were gone, and I was in a nice mess ! However, I just managed to scrape through trials, but took a terrible bad place, whereas with luck I should have done nicely if those verses of Welby's had

not worked out of my shoe and fallen into the gutter just outside my tutor's door ; where I found them on my return, after trials were over.

I am afraid I used to get very savage with old Goodford, as he was always pitching into me in pupil-room. One day I took him up a copy of what I considered first-class verses, and one line ended in a spondee composed of two monosyllables ; he promptly put his pen through it, saying, 'Not allowable, not allowable.' I quoted a similar case out of Virgil as an excuse. He looked at me for a minute, and then exclaimed : 'When you can make verses like Virgil, sir, then you can do as Virgil did ; but not till then.'

I recollect one night, when we were all playing at cards, that he sneaked along the passage very quietly, with his small oil-lamp, and almost caught us in the act. It came to the same thing : for the lower boy who was on guard had gone to sleep or slunk off, and never gave warning till it was too late to do anything, except cover up the cards with a newspaper and put the seats back in their places. I think my tutor must have had information how we worked it ; for he walked straight into the room, calmly looked about him and noted that there were five or six of us present, and then went to the table where one boy was diligently reading the newspaper aloud, with his elbows resting upon it. It was no sort of good, however ; my tutor pulled the paper open and out came the cards. He then smiled grimly, and placed the only two chairs in the room at each side of the table, pulled out the drawer of the bureau to make a third seat, turned the coal-box up on end for a fourth, and said with a gleam of satisfaction : 'That is what you were doing and how you were sitting when you heard me in the passage. I shall complain of you all to-morrow morning and have you well flogged.' As far as I remember, he kept his word, and it came off.

It is nearly fifty years ago since this happened, but I can see the whole scene before me at this moment—the fiendish joy that lit up the old boy's face, and the despair which pervaded our countenances at the result of our evening's amusement.

I never got on well with my tutor, and I do not think he liked me. It seems to me now that he went the wrong way to work. He always wanted to catch you out through his own cunning, instead of appealing to your honour to avoid doing wrong.

However, I had a real jolly time at Eton, and I am proud

to think that I had the chance to send my boy there, but I am getting on too fast now ; still, I must say there is no school in the world like Eton, and I hope that my son's boy (now eight years old) will follow his father and grandfather at the old place, where they turn a boy out a gentleman and a man of honour, if not always a great classic or mathematician ; though, mind you, Eton can boast of a few top-sawyers in that line also. If you cannot manage to combine all, I am game to bet long odds on the two former qualifications.

Up to this time I have not said anything about shooting, or how I learned that sport which has afforded me so many pleasant days, and been the means of introducing me to so many pleasant people. I always took to shooting like a duck to water—indeed I may say there was very little in the shape of sport that I did not take to. My good old father objected to my carrying a gun till I was sixteen, or, at all events, in his presence, which made all the difference as far as I was concerned ; and I believe I first tried my hand and eye upon the swallows on the downs, not sitting, mind you, but darting to and fro after their morning meal of flies. I soon became a deadly shot at wood-pigeons when they came in to roost of an afternoon, and I had put several screens near the ponds on the downs, where the birds used to come to drink ; for in this open country there were no streams—in fact the nearest running water to Everleigh was four miles off, at Netheravon, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's place, where there was some fairly good trout-fishing, and an occasional pike or two.

When at home for my holidays I would spend hours in our woods, and many a rabbit, hawk, and even squirrel, fell to my trusty single barrel. I also learnt much of the manners and customs of a litter of cubs that one of the keepers had wired in, in a thick young fir plantation, where an artificial earth had been made for them, and where they were taken as soon as they could feed themselves. More than once I have tried them with wood-pigeon, rabbit, and rat : they almost invariably took the rat for choice ; for I have often waited in hiding to see them come out of their earth and select the one or other of the dainty morsels proffered for their acceptance.

Of course, when the hunting began and the hand-reared young pheasants were able to take care of themselves, the wire was removed, and whenever the hounds met at Everleigh it was curious to see this happy family race back to the spot

where their artificial home—now, alas ! closed—had once been. Both the old keeper and I knew each of these cubs (five I think) by sight. The biggest we called ‘Lion,’ and another we christened ‘Curly-tail,’ because, whilst in captivity, he had by some means got a kink in his brush. I do not recommend this mode of preventing foxes preying on young pheasants, for when these cubs were found by the hounds they seemed to have no notion of taking to fresh ground and making for any distant covert, but kept ringing about our own woods, and I verily believe they all suffered martyrdom before the first of November.

I had to miss one term at Eton owing to a bad attack of rheumatic fever, caused by jumping into a ditch full of water after the ball, when playing football, and, of course, never changing my clothes till long after. This happened just before the Christmas holidays began, and I first felt the effects of my folly a few days later, when out shooting at Everleigh. Before night I was in great pain and very ill. The doctor was sent for, one of the old-fashioned sort who believed that bleeding was a sure cure for all ailments. At any rate he bled me in both arms till I fainted. The next day the rheumatism flew to my heart and they cupped me. It seemed to me as if they had drawn the last drop of blood out of me, and I was on the point of death for several days. I remember, quite well, hearing the doctors say, ‘What a pity it was such a promising lad should die so young !’ So I thought ; but I was worth a dozen dead boys, and, thanks to old Dr. Tatham, of Salisbury, who, by the bye, used to drive twenty miles to Everleigh and twenty back to see me, I pulled through.

When I got strong enough I travelled up to London in grandfather’s old chariot, and that pretty near finished me off. I consulted several doctors, who all said I should never be able to go up-stairs or walk fast without having palpitation of the heart, which shows that those learned gentlemen are not always right, seeing that I have played many a good game at football and cricket since, and few men have run more foot-races than your humble servant.

While I was so bad with rheumatism, the celebrated old Tom Assheton Smith, of hunting fame, and who kept the hounds at Tedworth, four miles from Everleigh, persuaded my father to send me to Malvern to try the water-cure. He swore by it—in fact, it was a regular hobby of his. I was sent to the famous Dr. Gully’s establishment there ; and a

nice journey it was, as I had to go nearly the whole way by coach. When I did arrive I was never much more inclined to have a good long sleep; but, instead of that, I was roused up at 6.30 A.M. the following morning, and told by the attendant to get out of bed; he then calmly spread a wet sheet for me to lie on, afterwards wrapping me up in it as tight as a drum. It was just as if I was bandaged, for I could not move my arms; he then placed two or three blankets over me and informed me that 'he would be back in half-an-hour.' I was then unswathed and put in a cold Sitz bath for ten minutes, after which I had to drink two tumblers of cold water. I was next told to go for a walk and then come to breakfast. As all this took place in winter, with snow on the ground, I leave it to my readers to imagine how thoroughly I enjoyed it (?). I have never thought much of the Rechabites ever since.

Be that as it may, I believe the treatment did me good in the long run, as, though I had occasionally a touch of lumbago, I have never suffered from rheumatism to any extent from that time.

I had now left Eton, after being there close on four years, and sorry I was to go; but I had to prepare for Oxford, so I went to a tutor at Brixton,<sup>1</sup> in the Isle of Wight, not far from Blackgang Chine. There I had rather a good time of it; but any one who has been to that part of the Isle of Wight knows what a beautiful spot that Undercliff really is.

I went to Oxford University in the autumn of 1846, and matriculated as a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, which distinction—for the sake of the uninitiated—simply means a few trifling privileges, and a slight difference in your cap and gown, in addition to one great advantage—viz. paying double for almost everything connected with the College. Old Dean Gainsford insisted upon my being a gentleman commoner, one reason being that I was the son of a baronet, and a second, that all the Astleys were so troublesome he was in hopes that the extra expense might have a deterrent effect on my father, and cause him to send me to some other College. It did not, however, and I was shortly installed in my father's old rooms in Peckwater Quad.

The sudden change from a boy's life with a small allowance of pocket-money to a magnificent income of £400 a year *and a servant*, had a bad effect on my previous economical style of living, and I launched out uncommon; but I have regretted

<sup>1</sup> Also spelt 'Brighthelmstone.'

it ever since: for I honestly look back on those twelve months I spent at Oxford as the worst time of my whole career, or, at any rate, the most wasted. I knew that I was only there for a short time—in fact, until I got my commission in the Guards; so I did but little work, and verily believe I knew less when I left than when I went to Oxford.

I used frequently to shirk chapel, for I could not see the benefit likely to accrue from hearing a few prayers mumbled in Latin by some College official who seemed in as great a hurry to get through his task as I was to get out of chapel again. Sometimes my servant forgot to call me, then I had to provide myself with the prescribed *pœna* of 100 lines of Latin, or 200 of Greek for a change. All these punishments could be bought ready to hand of a worthy of the name of Boddington, and at the following rate—1*s.* 6*d.* per 100 Latin lines, 2*s.* per 100 for Greek. I seldom went near ‘Lectures,’ and consequently cannot recollect anything that went on there. Every Saturday I had to write a theme on some subject or other, and more than once I copied an article out of *Bell’s Life*, thereby showing the sporting instinct that lay dormant in me even in those days. Occasionally the old Dean found me out, and I paid the penalty with five or six hundred lines of Latin or Greek, all supplied at retail price by the faithful Boddington. At other times I would sally forth to Randall’s, the hosier in the High Street, who, with the assistance of his talented wife, produced an essay which was much appreciated by the Dean, price—a crown for the job, and cheap at the money.

Of course I went in for hunting. Every sort of sport has always had its attractions for me, and this particular pastime is second to none, and though expensive, is not to be compared with racing in that respect, as, alas! I know to my cost. I used to hire horses from Charles Symonds, who was well known at Oxford in my day and long afterwards. I also got horses occasionally from Tollit, another livery-stable keeper. I generally sent my hunter on to covert, and would drive to the meet, with a friend, in a dog-cart, also hired. We frequently sent a leader on in advance, and, when well clear of the town, would put him to, and complete our tandem; but, as I knew very little about the art of driving tandem, we often came to grief: for our leader had an awkward trick of turning round and looking you in the face, with the result that both horses became restive and smashed

something. On one occasion they broke the shaft between them, and as we were a mile from the meet, at the very least, we had to toss up who should drag the cart into Woodstock—not much catch with top-boots and breeches on! When things went smoothly it was great fun, and especially with a tandem; for, of course, it was forbidden, and we had to dodge the proctors, who were constantly on the look-out for us at the toll-bar, just outside Oxford, as we were returning home.

My first term at Oxford was remarkable for the very heavy floods. The Thames overflowed all the meadows for miles, and while the water was still out there was a severe frost, which produced some first-class ice. We had some real good hockey—one of the best games, in my humble opinion, that a man can play.

There was a precious mischievous lot at Christ Church in my day, and we used to take a pride in annoying the old Dean in every conceivable way. On one occasion there was a heavy fall of snow, and, after a council of war, we decided to stop up Kilcannon archway, which led from Peckwater to Tom Quad. We began collecting snow about 11 p.m., when all was quiet, piling it up on tea-trays and tipping the contents into blankets, which were then conveyed and emptied in the archway. Finding that solidity was necessary, we borrowed chairs (without permission) from unpopular men's rooms, likewise tables, doors from outbuildings—till we had a fairly good barricade formed; then we poured water on the whole work, and very soon it froze hard and solid as a rock; so we contemplated our four hours' work with considerable satisfaction. Our reason for carrying out this feat of engineering was that, as long as the archway was blocked, we could not get through to go to chapel; consequently, could not be punished for non-attendance.

We were done 'like a dinner,' all the same; for, when my servant called me in the morning, he said that 'a gang of navvies had been brought into College and had cut a way through the arch, leaving a gangway quite sufficient for us to pass through': so we had all our work for nothing, and there was a tremendous row about it into the bargain, though I think no one got nailed.

It will easily be conceived that, among the undergraduates of Christ Church, there were some obnoxious individuals. One man in particular was selected for summary punishment, on account of his possessing a slight failing in the shape of 'telling tales out of school,' as the saying is. We determined to

be level with him ; so a few choice spirits—need I say I was one?—sallied to his rooms, pulled him out of bed, and, hurrying him across the gravel Quad in his nightshirt and with bare feet, we pitched him neck and crop into the basin of the big fountain called ‘Mercury.’ Unfortunately, I was too tender-hearted, and, fearing the poor devil might drown, I assisted him out ; but in return I suppose he must have reported me, for I was sent for the next morning by Dr. Jelf, the Senior Censor, who informed me that ‘I was the head of this disgraceful and dastardly proceeding.’ Not quite relishing the gentleman’s language I got a trifle short with him, and I remember telling him ‘that, if he had not been a Master of Arts and an official of the College, I’d be shot if I would not send him flying through the window!’—which happened to be open at the time, and there was a fair drop down into the courtyard below.

He turned white with rage or fear, I can’t say which, and complained to the Dean forthwith. In company with two or three others, I was ushered into the Dean’s presence shortly after, and I only escaped being rusticated through the dear old gentleman’s love and esteem for my family, some of whom he had known in Somersetshire ; and, though two men actually were sent down, I was only confined to walls (much the same as what is known to soldiers as C.B.<sup>1</sup>) for the rest of the term.

I had to employ all sorts of stratagems to get out of College without being detected, and one of my favourite dodges was to slip into Christ Church meadows, which were considered in bounds ; from thence into a boat, in the bottom of which I laid snug, and covered by a sack or something of the kind, till a waterman rowed me down to a convenient spot for disembarkation, and out I would step when all was safe and make my way into town by a circuitous route. This was all very well as far as getting out went ; but I had to get in, and as the College gates were shut at 9 P.M., and a porter was always on guard there, his vigilance had to be diverted by a pal, who would call his attention to the Great Bear or some equally interesting constellation, or perhaps an imaginary chimney on fire, and as soon as he moved sufficiently far from the wicket to admit of my making a dash for it, ‘through’ I used to go with my gown over my head, so that he could not recognize me, and make for anybody’s rooms but my own, and, the oak once ‘sporting’ (all College men know what this means),

<sup>1</sup> Confined to barracks.



Cerberus was baffled and I was safe ; but, bless my soul ! it took a lot of trouble and entailed a deal of hard work.

One of the rules of Christ Church was that no dogs might be kept by the undergraduates ; now it so happened that my friend Baillie (now Lord Haddington), whose rooms were exactly opposite to mine, always kept a terrier, and this same terrier had a family, one of which he gave to me. In course of time it became a most intelligent and agreeable companion, and I christened him 'Pepper.' One morning, when I was coming out of chapel, I happened to be walking with Dr. Jelf, the Senior Censor, and, to my horror, I saw 'Pepper' approaching us with every sign of unbounded satisfaction at meeting his master. Naturally, Dr. Jelf saw that the dog belonged to me, and told me that I must not keep the animal in College, and that the next time he saw it I should be discommensed. Well, I hoped for the best, and that fate would keep 'Pepper' and Dr. Jelf apart ; but I could not part with the dog, come what might ; and, as luck would have it, I managed to keep 'Pepper' out of sight for some considerable time. The evil day came, however ; for, one fine sunshiny morning, 'Pepper' selected the steps leading up to Dr. Jelf's door for his siesta, and very shortly after I got a notice to say that I was discommensed for keeping a dog contrary to the statutes. This meant my not being allowed to have my breakfast (or commons) brought from the College kitchen, which was situated at the extreme end of Tom Quad, and adjoining the large banquet-hall. I at once made up my mind that it would never do to go without breakfast, so that I had better go and fetch it myself. I watched my opportunity, darted into the kitchen, seized half a chicken, and hurried off to my rooms with my prize, and it was thus that I discovered that I possessed a fair turn of speed ; for, though two men cooks (both young and active fellows) raced after me, I easily left them behind and gained my rooms, where I devoured my breakfast in peace. This course I had to pursue for something like a fortnight, which, fortunately, brought me to the end of term.

During the summer we had plenty of cricket, and, though not a finished performer, I got my fair share of runs in most matches that we played. The scene of action was Bullingdon Common, where we had a club, and round the outside of the cricket-ground there was a good stretch of turf, on which we used to ride races. I was fortunate in hiring rather a useful mare, that I christened 'Ochre' on account of her having

managed to secure me a certain amount of gold in the various matches and sweepstakes in which she took part; and, although I was not quite as good as poor 'Fred Archer' in the saddle, and not a *very* long way in front of 'George Fordham,' I contrived to pay my expenses, which were somewhat heavy.

We had a dinner-club connected with the cricket-club, at which we made merry—as far as I can recollect—about once a week. To write about the Bullingdon Club and its peculiar features would be waste of time, as all Oxford men are more or less acquainted with the ins and outs of that celebrated social gathering. I will only say that we used to meet there about once a week, and as it was some little distance out of Oxford, we not infrequently raced back in our dog-carts after dinner—a by no means safe proceeding. Although I never quite got upset, I went very near to it several times, more especially at the toll-bar.

Talking of Bullingdon Common, I was present one evening at dinner when a bet was made that no horse in Oxford could jump thirty feet. The backers of the horse had several animals to choose from, but not one of the lot succeeded in clearing the required distance, which was attempted over a low hurdle. Just as all present had given up the idea of finding any horse that could accomplish the feat, Frank Barchard rode up on his horse 'Sailor,' who had frequently distinguished himself when ridden with the drag, and the very first time that he was put at the hurdle the horse cleared the thirty feet and landed the money. This, it must be allowed, was an extraordinary performance in cold blood; although I am aware that the celebrated steeplechaser, 'The Chandler,' is credited with having cleared thirty-nine feet over a small brook at Warwick Steeplechases. This horse 'Sailor' was an excitable pulling animal, and one that always jumped as far as he could over ever so small a place.

Talking of the drag, I omitted to mention that a good lot of men, over a country, used to risk their necks at this exciting amusement. I well recollect Lords Darnley and Ribblesdale, Ned Burton, George Lawrence (author of *Guy Livingstone*, &c.), Jemmy Allgood (who holds a living somewhere in the North, I believe), and Frank Barchard, besides heaps of other good men and true, fond of excitement and sport; and, mind you, a fast spin with the drag over a stiff country is not quite child's play, even if you are well mounted, which was not always the case with some of us.

I generally drove a dog-cart to the meet of the drag, stored

with creature-comforts for the benefit of those who took part in the sport, and to be handy for picking up the wounded or those who had lost their horses after a fall, and I need not say that falls were neither few nor far between on most occasions.

At the end of the summer term (1847) I had to go in for 'Collections,' which was a sort of rehearsal of the work supposed to have been done in 'Lectures'; but as I had persistently shirked 'Lectures' to the best of my power, I felt that only a piece of real good luck could pull me through. The old Dean and three or four other learned divines sat in a line on one side of the table, and on my being called up I was told to turn to a certain page and line of some Greek play—I think Euripides—and ordered 'to construe till stopped.' I glanced down the page, and at once discovered that the subject was entirely unknown to me. However, I picked out two proper names, and at once decided in my own mind that they were the names of a soldier of the period 'courting his gal,' and proceeded glibly to fit in the context to suit my supposition; but, alas! I had not proceeded more than about five or six lines before the old Dean and his coadjutors were convulsed with laughter, and the former stopped any further progress of my interesting narrative by addressing me in these solemn words: 'Sir, you are a most extraordinary young man, and evidently are not aware that you have mistaken the names of two famous warriors setting forth to battle, for those of a man and woman ardently attached to each other. You are doing no good up here, and I really should advise you to go down.' I replied: 'I am entirely of your opinion, sir, and will readily support any statement to that effect that you may think proper to send to my father.'

The good old man did write to my father, and my visit to *Alma Mater* was thus brought to a somewhat abrupt conclusion; for I left Oxford very shortly afterwards, and, as I have already stated, I confess that I spent a most unprofitable time there. I found, on reckoning up, that my bills amounted to about four hundred pounds, and as I was well aware that my father would be seriously inconvenienced to pay them, I had to borrow the money from our family lawyer; thus laying the foundation of an amount of indebtedness that I have never really recovered from.

I here append a list of a few of the names of well-known men who were at Oxford University in my day:—

Lords Northbrook and Kimberley, Johnny Bulteel, Ashley

Sturt, Peter Dyne (of Merton), Hon. George Lascelles, Hon. Francis Lawley, Tom Connolly, Colonel Luttrell, Archibald Peel, George Glyn (second Lord Wolverton), Lords Darnley and Ribblesdale, Jemmy Allgood, E. C. Burton, George Lawrence (author of *Guy Livingstone*, &c.), J. Hurst (now Edge of Strelley), Packington (Sir John), Robert Hay Murray (son of the Bishop of Rochester), Frank Buckland (the well-known naturalist and M.D.), Stumpy Dick (now Rev. Richards), Shiney Lyall, Jemmy Naper (a crack rider), Bob Hole (now Dean Hole), Henry Lambton, Stony Ethelston (now Peel of Bryn-y-Pys), and several others, too numerous to mention, all of whom will, I feel sure, forgive my sin of omission.

## CHAPTER III.

Go back to Oxford to Settle up—Go to Switzerland—My Life there—Tobogganing down the Slopes—Hotel at Vevey—Ordered Home—Gazetted to Scots Guards—Chartist Riots—I Out-manceuvre the Colonel—Drill with Coke—Much Pleased at becoming a Full-blown Soldier—Brown Bess—Wellington Barracks—Go on Leave—Hunting from Everleigh—The Old Squire and Leo—Go on a Sporting Tour—Fall into Good Hands—Kill my Horse over a Stile—Forty Gone—Men I Met.

I WENT back to Oxford for a few days of the following term to settle up matters and pay my debts. While there, I ran a race over hurdles with H. Blundell, at Bullingdon. As I waited a little time for him to appear, I proposed a sweep-stakes amongst those present, that we should put in five shillings each, and promising to give them all five yards start. Some eight or ten toed the scratch, and I won very easily. Then came the match with Blundell. I also won that, but got beat at the third attempt by Fred Eden, with whom I had a match some time after with the same result.

In the month of September 1847, I was sent to Switzerland by way of brushing up my French, and lived with an old *Pasteur* at Basset, near Clarens, between Vevey and Chillon on the Lake of Geneva, in the Canton Vaud. The house was charmingly situated in a vineyard overlooking the lake, with the snow-capped peaks of the Dent du Midi in the distance, and immediately behind our dwelling were the pine-clad slopes of the Dent de Jaman; so that, cast my eyes in which direction I pleased, I was rewarded by a sight of some of the grandest scenery in the canton. I was, by way of learning French from a native professor, at Lausanne, and for a time I attended regularly, and acquired a certain amount of knowledge of the French language; but the charms of those beautiful mountains were too much for me, and, instead of walking the flat road to Lausanne, I used to spend most of my time upon the summits of the lower range of mountains. When-

ever the weather permitted I rose an hour or two before sunrise, so as to reach those parts of the pine-woods before the sun made its appearance in the heavens, the effect as seen from where I stationed myself being grand in the extreme. There were some birds called *gelinottes*, a species of tree-grouse, which frequented those pine-slopes, and I spent hours trying to discover their whereabouts: for, although I could hear them calling to one another, it was no easy task to find them, hidden as they were in the thick and tangled undergrowth amongst the black pines.

There were several *chasseurs* in the district. One of these, a wonderfully keen sportsman named Jenton, used to join me at a *chalet* high up in the mountains, and we frequently spent the whole day looking for these birds and an occasional hare. Jenton's French was a broad patois of the country, as you may readily gather when I tell you that he called a hare a '*loïera*,' instead of *lièvre*, and that this somewhat interfered with my acquiring a genuine Parisian accent. I thoroughly enjoyed, above all things, spending a day entirely alone on these mountains with my gun, and accompanied by an old pointer called 'Brilliant,' whose only merit was his nose, and whose one idea consisted in running in and chasing anything alive, no matter what.

When the cold weather set in and the whole district was covered with snow we had some rare chases after hares, by tracking them in the snow to their forms. They often led us a long dance up the mountain-side, and oftener still we had to make a long *détour* to get above them, so as to secure a shot. I had very good fun at this time with a species of toboggan or small sledge, which the natives call a *lougine*. The young men of the neighbourhood used to make up parties and climb up the mountain tracks where the snow had been rendered hard and well caked by the downward passage of the pine trunks, which, earlier in the season, are cut down and trimmed and then eventually started down these shoots to the shores of the lake. Of course these said shoots made a capital track for our toboggans, and down we used to go at an appalling pace. There were two methods of placing yourself upon these toboggans, which were about three feet long and about two feet wide. You could either sit and guide yourself with your heels in front of you and holding on with your hands; or you laid down on your stomach on the toboggan and guided yourself by sticking your toes into the snow behind you as you went down head first. The pace was regulated by the

amount of nerve that you possessed, and I soon found that I could go just as fast as my neighbours. On rather larger machines of this description we used at times to carry a lady on our laps, but there were not very many of the fair sex who cared to risk their necks in those rapid descents.

During my sojourn on the Lake of Geneva a disturbance between the Conservatives and Radicals of that part of Switzerland broke out. The Swiss having no standing army, the militia were called out, and a very fine body of men they were, I must say. I often went to their camp in the Canton Valais, not far from where the river Rhone empties itself into the lake, and indulged in a friendly glass with my neighbours from Basset. The opposing forces never came to blows, as their differences were all amicably settled; but, as the militia had been called out at the time of the vintage, all the able-bodied men, from sixty down to eighteen, had to join the colours; so that there were only women and boys left at home to gather the grapes and carry them to the cellars. The old gentleman with whom I was *en pension* asked me to superintend a number of the large wooden tubs that were filled with pressed grapes, and brought by those employed to the large vats in the cellars, and thus I acquired some insight into the method of manufacturing Swiss wine. I used to go round every Sunday afternoon with the *Pasteur* and taste the liquor that had been made, and at last I became quite a connoisseur of the 'home brand,' and, though some of it was not bad, yet I never tasted a real good glass of Swiss wine. It has a certain potency about it, for I have often seen the men very unsteady in their gait after a couple of bottles of it.

At Vevey there was a capital hotel, Les Trois Couronnes, at which most of the tourists used to stay, and every Sunday afternoon I used to walk into the town and dine at the table d'hôte, and met there many acquaintances either coming from or returning home to England. The six months I spent in Switzerland were some of the pleasantest of my life, and the grandeur of the magnificent scenery, often reflected in the waters of the lake beneath, lent a charm to my existence which I never have realized in any other clime.

One day, early in February 1848, I received a letter from home, telling me that I should very shortly be gazetted as ensign to the Scots Fusilier Guards. My many friends gave me a parting dinner, and with a fond adieu I left as honest, hard-working, and natural set of men as ever existed, and, though I lived a rather less polished life among them than

I did when an undergraduate at Oxford, yet this life with them was far more suited to my taste than the other, and I shall always look back to my sojourn *en Suisse* with lively satisfaction, one great beauty of it being that I ran up no bills.

I duly arrived at Everleigh, and found all my people flourishing, and, after remaining a few days and till my name appeared in the *Gazette*, I went up to London and joined my battalion, then quartered at Portinan Street Barracks, where I had already commenced my drill prior to the outbreak of the Chartist Riots in April 1848.

All the troops in London were confined to barracks during the day as well as at night. One evening an order arrived that all officers were to be confined to barracks also, and, as there was no accommodation for us all, we had to sleep on the floor of two rooms set apart, as a rule, for the adjutant. Our commanding officer, good old Billy Ridley, who was celebrated for his love of eating and drinking, ordered in a plentiful supply of solids and fluids, and, after we had done ample justice to both, dear old Billy thought that he would gauge the capabilities of the new ensign and test his liquor-carrying powers. In the innocence of his heart he had forgotten the fact that I was not a boy fresh from Eton, or some other public school, but a man of twenty, who had been to College, and, therefore, was in a position to judge how to mix my liquors; consequently, when the Colonel graciously invited me to join him in a friendly glass of brandy-and-water, I had sufficient sense to observe how very much more alcohol he was good enough to put into my glass than his own, before adding the water; but, his attention being momentarily distracted by some one or something, I took the opportunity of changing the two tumblers, and when he pledged me in a bumper I took mine down with a gusto which I have no doubt much pleased him, as he thought that I had got the stiff glass; so, when he followed my example and took a good long pull at his allowance, he very nearly choked, and was considerably riled when he saw me laughing, and soon tumbled to the fact that I had had the audacity to change the glasses which he had mixed with so much cunning and forethought. I thought to myself—though I did not dare to say so aloud—that it was a clear case of ‘biter bit.’

Propos of the Chartist Riots, I remember what a quantity of preparations, offensive and defensive, were made on this occasion, principally in the houses of the ‘bloated aristocracy’



of Belgravia and other fashionable quarters ; for it was upon this class of the community that the Chartists had given out that they intended to wreak vengeance. It will hardly be credited, yet I can affirm that in more than one half-open window of a house might be seen the muzzle of a small cannon (supposed to be loaded with grape and canister), ready to pour forth death and destruction into the close ranks of the mob should attack be threatened. All these alarming preparations may possibly have had a good effect, although they were never actually brought into action, as, after a week or ten days, the riots were at an end, and tranquillity reigned supreme.

Wenny Coke joined about the same time, and we were drilled together ; but he had the advantage of me, seeing that he had exchanged from another regiment, and therefore found the drill far easier than I did, being more alive to the instructions of Drill-Sergeant Mills, a most excellent, stalwart, and genuine type of what a non-commissioned officer in the Guards should be. I used to get very sick of the continual morning and evening drills : five or ten minutes of the goose-step, which consisted of first balancing yourself on the ball of one foot while you pointed the other at an elegant angle in front and behind you alternately, without, as it is termed, 'gaining ground,' was most wearisome. However, 'all's well that ends well,' and in time I finished my drill and blossomed out into a real live Ensign, fit for duty, to say nothing of death or glory. Well, no dog was ever prouder of a new tin collar, or peacock of the elevation of his tail, than was I when first I decked myself out in my beautiful lily-white ducks, my brand-new swallow-tailed coat with its rich bullion and gorgeous epaulettes, the whole surmounted with the shaggiest of bearskins, my then slim waist—it has increased slightly since that day—being encircled by my sword-belt, from which dangled my well-polished skewer ; and it was a proud moment indeed when, at my first guard-mounting, I had the honour of carrying the Queen's colours.

I think at my first guard I was under the watchful eye of Colonel Onslow, commonly known in the brigade as 'Dick.' He was a man of considerable resource, and with great kindness of heart and forethought for his own advantage, and he undertook to teach me the aristocratic and bewitching game of shove-halfpenny. This game needs a considerable amount of practice, and I was surprised by the few points that my commanding officer managed to defeat me by ; but as I

improved, so did he, and I very soon discovered that, to use his own term, 'he could shove a pretty halfpenny.' I thereupon made up my mind that, if I wanted to increase my income, I had better leave the intelligent Dick alone, or play for honour and glory only.

My time whilst on duty in London passed, I suppose, much in the way as that of other young officers. Morning drills in the Park, a week of barrack duty, an occasional court-martial—such was the usual routine. The Prince Consort reviewed the regiment on one or two occasions in Hyde Park, and I think it was in the following autumn that we moved to Windsor.

Of course, the drill in those days was a very different business from what it is now. We were only provided then with the good old 'Brown Bess,' which was loaded from the muzzle, and the cartridges forced home with a ramrod, the men having to bite the end off the cartridge and shake the powder into the barrel—a rather neat performance to manage without getting your mouth full of saltpetre; and yet, though it was a long process, it was extraordinary to note the precision with which the whole manœuvre was executed of ramming home the ball, the two smart taps, the withdrawal of the rod and return of the same—all this being done with the precision of a machine. This fine old weapon did not carry above fifty yards point blank, yet I fancy that the men took more pains with their aim than they do now, and for this reason: they knew well enough in those days that, having once fired, it would be a certain length of time before they could put in another shot, consequently they did their best to make that shot tell; but now, in the era of quick-firing weapons, especially in action, the loading is executed so rapidly that precision of aim suffers in proportion—at any rate, in my humble opinion, Tommy Atkins now-a-days wastes a terrible sight of cartridges. I do not think we practised much at the ranges in those times, and Chichester is the only place that I can call to mind at which we did so.

On the 1st of September, 1848, the battalion moved to Wellington Barracks, at that time only capable of accommodating one battalion of Guards, and I think my turn for leave came in the winter months. I used to hunt from Everleigh with the Tedworth when old Squire Assheton Smith used to show such rare sport in that open country. There were parts of the vale of Pewsey which were stiff enough to suit any glutton, but all the so-called Salisbury Plain required was

a horse with a good turn of speed and no special fencing powers. The old Squire used to ride some rare good horses, giving long prices for them, too. I well recollect a chestnut horse of his called 'Fire-King': the old gentleman always rode him in a gag, and, as he had undeniable hands, he managed him right enough; but everybody had not his gift, and Fire-King was not every one's horse in consequence.

I came to the conclusion that, if I wanted to hunt, I must attain the dignity of keeping a horse of my own; for our friend of Handley Cross fame says, that 'a horse of *your own* is one of the first things to see to when you propose to go hunting; as two men on a horse do not look sportsman-like.' Therefore I went to Tattersall's, and became the proud possessor of an animal called 'Leo.' I believe this same Leo had won the Debdale Stakes at Warwick two years following. He was none too sound, and his temper was simply awful. He never would stand still a second to let you mount him, and your only chance, without two men to hold him, was to let him get his head down and nibble the grass: then, if you were very sharp and watched your opportunity, you might nip on to his back before he realized what you were about. I merely mention this to show that he was not the sort of horse to suit old Squire Assheton Smith, who I believe, at the time I speak of, usually mounted his horse from a chair in the large conservatory (or winter-garden, as it really was) at Tedworth. However, he was fairly active for his years, as I have often seen him change horses by having the fresh horse led close up on the near side of him, and then vault from one horse's back to the other without touching ground. This, of course, is a common trick amongst huntsmen, &c., but it takes a bit of doing all the same.

Apropos of Leo and Squire Smith: we one day found a fox under Sidbury Hill, on the open downs; he got about a couple of hundred yards' start of the hounds, and we ran him in view nearly the whole way for four miles over the open, just skirting one plantation and a small patch of gorse, finally running him to ground in one of our Everleigh coverts called 'The Ashes.' In this really sharp gallop I happened to be off at the 'fall of the flag' with my old screw, which, mind you, had only cost me nineteen guineas, while the Squire on his four-hundred guinea Fire-King could never catch me. After we had run about two miles I heard a voice calling out: 'Here, I'll buy that horse.' 'No, you won't, Squire,' I shouted back. 'I'll give you double what you gave for him, do you hear?'

he yelled out. I made no reply. Then he shouted again, 'I'll give you *four* times as much for him,' and when we pulled up at the covert side he was real keen for a deal; but I said to him: 'He would be no use to you, sir, if you bought him, for if you had him a month you would never be able to get on his back.' Here I jumped off and showed him all the artifice and cunning, to say nothing of activity, that it required to get back into the saddle. The game old gentleman laughed heartily, and I am inclined to believe thought a good deal more of me from that day forth, and was very kind and civil to me, which, mind you, was saying a good deal for him; inasmuch as his temper was uncommon queer, to say the least of it, and very few days passed but what he exhibited it in the field.

One day when his hounds were running hard they swung to the left, having overrun the scent a trifle, and an old Colonel, Wroughton—who lived at Wilcot, in the Pewsey Vale, and had hunted many years, and always been on the best of terms with the old Squire—could not pull up his horse in time to prevent touching one of the hounds, who sang out lustily. The Squire rode up and used the most fearful language, calling the Colonel every name under the sun. The old man, who was a real good plucked one, was not to be beat, and let him have it back, and I verily believe, if they had not run short of breath, the two old warriors would be there now. I, happening to be nearest to them, was called upon by the Colonel to testify to the opprobrious epithets that had been applied to him. But, 'all's well that ends well,' and before the hounds went home peace was made by a third party, and these two fine old sportsmen were as good friends again as ever. Nevertheless, I do not think I have ever seen two old gentlemen quite so angry with each other before or since, and I fancied every moment one or other would have a fit, and I will take odds it was very nearly coming off.

At that time several men used to keep their horses at Andover and hunt with the Tedworth; among them were old General Shubrick and Colonel Lascelles, commonly called 'Bacchus'—I presume from the rotundity of his person and his ability to stow away an unlimited amount of liquor in his capacious barrel.

At that date he commanded the Grenadier Guards. He always rode the same class of horse—strong, underbred, bony animals, given to trotting rather than galloping; and when doing his level best, standing up in his stirrups and urging

on his steed in wild career, he presented the queerest figure imaginable, his legs being very short, and his horse's very long, which made it look still funnier. If he got off, he could never get on again, unless the nature of the ground or a heap of stones assisted him to reach his stirrup; and on these occasions, if my brother and I were out, we used to flip stones at his horse, to make him fidget and prevent the poor old boy getting up. He had a patch over one eye, so that we used to exercise a certain amount of caution and ingenuity in order to get the blind side of him when titivating up his horse with small pebbles.

General Shubrick nearly always used to ride thoroughbred horses, and amongst them was one he was very proud of—a stallion who had run third or fourth in some Derby, I forget which—and on this horse in particular he would fancy himself a goodish bit when got up without spot or blemish at the covert side. But his day for riding to hounds was over, and he used to content himself with cantering about, and amusing himself, without any special regard for the line of the fox. He often had as many as four horses out, each ridden by a groom as faultlessly attired as his master. These two old worthies, General Shubrick and Colonel Lascelles, used to put up at the Star Hotel, which was quite an important house in those days, but must now have degenerated from want of trade.

I think it was in the early part of 1849 that I went on what I have always called my 'Soapy Sponge' tour. I again made a journey to Tattersall's, and bought a very clever trapper, a bay mare that had belonged to a Captain Jocelyn (now Lord Roden) in my regiment. I gave very little money for her, as her fore-legs were none of the best, and she pulled like a demon when in harness. Johnny Jocelyn used to drive her in his cab, and, as the story goes, whenever he whisked round a corner he had to sing out to the little boy who did tiger behind, to know if he was still there—for, though I believe he never quite quitted his post, he very often was seen dangling with his legs in the air, and holding on the loops with his hands for very life.

Well, I put this said mare into the cart and drove her to Swindon, where two hunters which I had hired from old Figg, or Charley Symonds, met me, and I had some real good fun out of them, too, in the vale of 'White Horse,' with Lord Gifford, who was then master of those hounds, and a right good sort he was. I think that the first place at which I

made a halt was 'The Lawn,' where my cousin, Ambrose Goddard, lived, close to Swindon; and he lives there now, 'more power to him.' From thence I went on to stay with an old Oxford chum who at Christ Church was known by the name of Cozens, but since that time he has added Grimwood to the end of it. He put me up at Highworth, and a very good time I had of it while with him. From there I passed on to Colonel Tom Stracey—now Clitheroe—at Elm Green, and here misfortune overtook me; for one of my hired corks had bad luck.

We had found a good straight-necked fox of the right sort, and, there being a good scent, the hounds ran for something like thirty-five minutes at racing pace over a fine line of country. I can see old Peter Miles even now, the best heavy weight I have ever beheld in a cramped country, literally pushing his horse through a hairy fence by sheer weight of metal. The pace was too good for my poor grey, and no wonder, for I learnt afterwards—when too late—that he had only been lately bought of a Yorkshire dealer, and was, consequently, short of condition; but our fox was very nearly done, and was only one field in front of the hounds, so I was bound to go on, notwithstanding the grey was about cooked. Seeing a stiff stake and bound fence before me, I looked about for a safer exit, and thought a low stile preferable and safer, hoping that my horse would have the good sense not to meddle with the top rail; but there I was mistaken, for he never rose an inch, and we both went the most almighty cropper into the next field, where the hounds had pulled down their fox. I was clean knocked out of time for a bit; but my poor grey had hurt his back badly. Lord Gifford kindly sent me home in his carriage, and the local doctor and vet. were summoned to Elm Green. I received two 'pellets,' and recovered; but my poor grey was treated to a 'whole charge' and died. It was a sad blow to me, for by my agreement I was to pay forty pounds in case either of the hired gees died.

From Elm Green I went to stay with Bob Morritt, who was lodging with a clergyman at or near Fairford, and there also I had good fun. Thence I drove on to Kingscote and stayed with the present Sir Nigel's father, a splendid old man, with a wonderful nice lot of children—first and foremost of whom was my worthy brother officer, then young Nigel. He was a real good fellow then, and he has not altered a bit since; for he is a topper now, and so is his good wife, Lady Emily. Take them all in all, where can you beat them? This

brings me to the end of my hunting tour, and I do not believe any one ever enjoyed six weeks' or two months' holiday more than I did mine, and I commend the same style of trip to any young officer short of chips and fond of 'the chase.' I used to pay twelve guineas a month for the horses; I had but one groom, who rode them on from place to place as required, while I drove the dog-cart on with the kit for both horses and self; and I hired a helper by the week whenever I put up.

I do not say that if you have a large balance at your banker's you might not have provided yourself with a better class of animal; but I doubt your seeing more sport or having better fun than I did with my screws. Of course I was singularly fortunate in getting on the line of such comfortable houses owned by such right good men, who one and all gave me the heartiest of welcomes and the best of everything they had. Who could wish for more?

I can hardly believe that it was upon this very tour that I first made the acquaintance of Bob Chapman, who was then busy courting his future wife (Miss Hogg). If he will allow me to say so, I think he must have won her heart almost as much by the daring—but at the same time judicious—leads that he gave her over the stone walls of Gloucestershire, as he did by his 'bewitching' manners when *à pied*. Good old Bob! he don't look a year older now than he did then.<sup>1</sup>

While staying at Kingscote, I forgot to mention that I had a day or two with Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds, and enjoyed a bit of chaff with 'The Giant,' as the present Lord was nicknamed in the Blues. He was a most popular man in this district; and so he is still, and rightly too, bless him!

<sup>1</sup> Poor Bob Chapman died since these words were written.

## CHAPTER IV.

Battalion moves to Chichester—Hunt with the H.H.—‘Gentleman Smith’—Cricket-matches in Neighbourhood—Coaching Experiences—Tennis-court at Goodwood—My First Betting Transaction—Goodwood Races—Chicken-rearing—Chicken-racing—New Method of Harnessing my Mare—Proceed from Chichester to the Tower—The March—Quartered at the Tower—Bank Guards—Escapes of being Shut out of the Fortress—Football at the Tower—Running Match with W. W. Beach—A Close Thing.

IN March 1849, my battalion moved to Chichester, where I got a day or two now and then with the H.H., hunted by ‘Gentleman Smith’—a rare old warrior who was said to know the line of every fox in his country, and although at his advanced age he could hardly be expected to ride to the tail of the hounds, yet whenever they checked he was very soon on the spot to help them, and it was seldom indeed that he ever gave them a lift or made a cast in the wrong direction. There were no hounds at Goodwood at that time, nor for some years afterwards; so we had to ride long distances to covert, and as it was near the end of the season and none of us had more than one horse, or at the most two, we could not get out as often as we should have wished.

I do not suppose that there is another part of England where troops are quartered that boasts of as many cricket-clubs, and as the summer advanced we had great fun with our eleven, made up of officers and men, with which we drove to the following places and played their local teams: Midhurst, Arundel, Petworth, Cosham, and Havant. The last four all produced useful cricketers, but at Midhurst was to be found the best cricket in this part of the country. The Priory ground at Chichester was quite one of the prettiest cricket-grounds I have ever met with in any town, and of course we used to practise there constantly. Round-hand bowling was not thought so much of then as now, and we had a private who could bowl fast left-hand grubs, which were very deadly



at times. To be at his best he required about half a bucket of beer in him, and then he could bowl alarming! I have often heard the crack bat of our opponents' team retire growling, at his middle stump having been sent flying by a well-directed left-hand shooter from the said private. I always used to bat left-handed, and got my fair share of runs, I believe; but not by reason of my elegant position or playing with a straight bat, but simply from having a pretty good eye, and swiping at every blessed ball, 'middle stumper or wide.' After luncheon I generally used to challenge the best man of the district to a spin of a hundred yards, and was never loth to accommodate the gentleman with a little bit of start just to encourage him if he seemed at all doubtful of his prowess, and I do not remember ever having been placed number two.

We had splendid fun with a coach we hired, and in which one of us drove a scratch team to all these different cricket-grounds, and we always considered ourselves in great luck if we arrived at our destination with the four horses in *front* of the coach, as very often, what with the wheelers kicking or the leaders jibbing, we had to hitch off the front pair and tie them on behind the coach, and thus make our triumphal entry on the scene of action. Still, all this only added to the fun of the thing, and, beyond costing us a small fortune in repairs to harness, and tin plates to put over the holes kicked in the boot, which was well ventilated before we had done with it, it did not cost us much anxiety.

What a merry lot we were! with our eleven, odd man and umpire, all averaging from twelve to thirteen stone, when ready to start on one of the afore-mentioned expeditions! A glorious day, of course, given in, and then, full of health and spirits, with no parades or drill, it is no wonder we took a lot of beating. When we were next at Chichester—or else at this very time, I quite forget which—the kind old Duke of Richmond (as gallant an old soldier as ever buckled on a sword, and sire of the present Duke) lent us the tennis-court at Goodwood, on condition that we provided the marker and balls, and, as it was only a short stretch from barracks, we used to play many a set there. I think I have said enough about our quarters here to convince any man fond of exercise and sport that he could hardly find a more pleasant quarter than Chichester.

Up to now I have not said a word about a sport that I purpose to enter upon more fully later on in this work, and that is horse-racing, and how I first began to take a fancy to

the game—and a very expensive game it is, although a monstrous pleasant one. I believe the first bet I ever had was when I was at Eton: I think it was on a horse called 'Wood-pigeon,' a horse of Lord Exeter's, that won the Ascot Stakes in one of the forties; and, though I suppose I must admit to having had some slight experience in the excitement of betting since that time, yet I do not think I ever felt more keen over a wager than when I tossed up with another boy at my tutor's which should have 'first pick in a division.' Now perhaps many of my readers may not be aware what a 'division' means, and so I will explain. We boys used to take the names—and, mind you, only the names—that had just been published of the horses entered for the Ascot Stakes. No weights had even been apportioned, of course, let alone acceptances, and yet we lads had the unblushing audacity to imagine that very much depended upon getting first choice in naming, alternately, till we had run through the list, the particular horse that we fancied would win this stake. The amount at issue was, I believe, a whole shilling, and it was with immense care and forethought that we ran down the long list of entries, thinking very small beer of our last few selections at the tail of the string, but feeling quite confident that the lucky one who had won the first choice had procured an immense advantage over the other, and almost looked upon the 'bob' as in his pocket. I merely mention this to show that I, thus early in life, took an interest in this class of sport, and it may be taken for granted that few races of any consequence took place without 'Astley' had a monied interest in the result.

Not the least charm about dear old Chichester was the knowledge that in the last week of July we should be handy for Goodwood Races, and we assembled a large party in barracks for the meeting.

It is curious to look back forty odd years to the Goodwood meeting of 1849, and note the changes in racing matters that have taken place since that time; and, on glancing over the Racing Calendar to refresh my memory, I observe that the added money at Goodwood in that year was but £860 or thereabouts, of which sum £300 was added to the Stewards' Cup, run, then as now, on the T. Y. C. course, while only £100 was added to the Goodwood Cup. In the Stakes the second day of the meeting there were one hundred and fourteen subscribers and twenty-one runners. No added money, merely a sweepstakes of twenty-five sovereigns each, fifteen forfeit, or five if declared. In 1849 class was well represented

in this race, for Chanticleer, Collingwood, Maid of Masham, Wanota, and Van-Dieman ran. The Goodwood Cup conditions were: 'Cup value £300, the rest in specie by *subscription* of £20 each, with £100 added by the racing-fund.' It was won by Lord Stanley's brown mare Canezou, 4 yrs., 8 st. 11 lbs., ridden by F. Butler; Mr. Merry's Chanticleer, 6 yrs., 10 st., second (Rogers); Sir G. Heathcote's Black Eagle, 7 st. 4 lbs., third (Mann).

The conditions of some of the stakes were certainly peculiar. For instance: 'The Members of the City of Chichester Plate' of £50 and £50 added by the ladies, and £10 *from the fund!*—for the second horse; then, again, 'The Duke of Richmond's Plate, free for all horses;' and the 'Anglesea Plate, to be ridden by officers, or members of some specified clubs.' This highly attractive stake only obtained *three* subscribers and but two starters, Mr. Osbaldeston's Chat, ridden by his owner, beating the Duke of Richmond's Buffalo Gal, ridden by Captain Pettat, and thus securing a hard-earned thirty sovereigns. The March Stakes was still more peculiar, the conditions being £10 each (five if declared), to be ridden by members of the Goodwood Club. Heats of three-quarters of a mile. The winner had to run four times that afternoon before he had a right to handle this big stake!! In four races the winning owners were mulcted in sums of £25, £15, £25, and £10 respectively, as payments to the judge—not bad in four days!

The only two horses I recollect much about as running at this meeting were Chanticleer and Canezou, the former a beautiful grey horse showing a lot of quality. Canezou was a splendid dark brown mare, and I think the finest I ever saw win a race. Brown Duchess (winner of the Oaks) was something like her, but had not the same scope or power over the hips that Canezou possessed in so remarkable a degree. She looked fit to carry such mares as Wheel of Fortune or Bal Gal, and half-a-dozen such as Siffleuse, which I saw win the One Thousand the other day. Plenty of money was lost and won at Goodwood this year (1849), no doubt; but I don't recollect how I or my comrades fared. We had a rare good time; and how could we help it with a right cheery party, and a lovely race-meeting like Goodwood only three miles from the barrack-gate?

Talking of betting reminds me of a little incident that took place while I was at Chichester, and which was rather a doubtful attempt on my part to best my brother officers.

There are shoals of people who inveigh against those who bet on horse-racing, and call it a demoralizing sport, &c., &c., on account of the gambling it leads to ; but allow me to acquaint those said narrow-minded individuals that betting is by no means confined to horse-racing. I have seen considerable sums lost by betting on inanimate as well as animate objects ; for instance, a yacht, a bicycle, a snail, or a chicken ; and it is with this last species, as affording a means for gambling, that I am about to relate a little story.

I recollect that my little bit of ‘sharping’ at Chichester was connected with chickens, and I always kept a few while there and paid great attention to them, more for something to do than anything else, though I was always fond of poultry. Well, I had one or two clutches, to which I devoted much time and care, in a space behind my hut (we were in huts, not permanent barracks), and one day, being on barrack duty and finding that time began to hang rather heavily on my hands, I bethought me that I might test the speed of my chickens ; so I kept them a bit short for one morning, and later on I put them all in a basket, and conveyed them off about fifteen yards from the old hen, who was in a coop. I then fed her, and she began to ‘cluck’ and ‘cluck’ for the darlings to come and partake of the delicate morsels that I had provided ; so I upset the chicks out of the basket, and off they scuttled to their fond mother at best pace. I found that one young cock was an easy winner ; but, ‘ever cautious,’ I tried them over again next day, and with the same result as far as the first three were concerned (there were nine or ten of them altogether) ; of course some three or four of them were regular selling-platers.

The next day, after parade, I suggested in a casual way that we might while away a quarter of an hour by putting in a sweepstakes of a bob all round, each to take a chicken and let it go to its mother when the word was given. We got six or eight chairs out on the parade, all scrupulously placed in line, the chickens were caught and handed indiscriminately to each man in the sweep, save and except the long-legged gentleman that I happened (?) to hold myself. The old hen was duly fed, and at the word ‘Two,’ amid breathless excitement, each holder of a chicken let go his bird, and, *curious to relate !* my bird won in a canter, and I took the sweep. My brother officers were sufficiently crafty, after two trials with similar results, to wish to handle my cockerel ; but to this I demurred, but made a match, there and then, that I would run one of the beaten lot against the previous winner, in two days’ time.

Those two days—I being still on barrack duty—I devoted to practising flipping pellets of bread to a given spot, and after a time I got pretty accurate in my aim. The match came off, and long odds were betted on the winner of the previous sweeps. The word was given, and off they started; but I had arranged that the birds were to be started from different angles, so as to avoid any cannoning in the race, but my real object was to flip an atom of bread in front of my opponent's bird. It, fortunately, came off as I had hoped: I dropped the bread nearly in front of his nose, he stopped to eat it, and my far inferior biped walked in (literally). There was some little wrangling about the propriety of this transaction, and possibly not altogether without some reason; but, as far as I recollect, the 'objection was overruled,' and the money paid. There was an ingenuity about all this worthy, I venture to think, of a better cause. Still, it afforded us a great deal of amusement at the time, and furnished material for a good deal of chaff. I think all will gather from what I have said that there may be both gambling and sharpening without the presence of racehorses.

I mentioned previously a bay mare that I used to drive in the dog-cart during my hunting-tour. I had this animal at Chichester, and she used to pull tremendously hard. I generally drove her in a ring-snaffle, and as I often observed that the collar was wobbling about on her shoulders, while the traces were quite slack, I came to the conclusion that they were unnecessary appendages if there was no load behind, and the hills not too steep; so I put her in the trap with only the belly-band, reins, and bridle on her, and found it answer admirably; but, though this novel piece of coachmanship caused much surprise in the neighbourhood and town of Chichester, I cannot recommend it, unless the animal you are driving keeps a nice steady pull on your arms, and, even then, it is a bit risky, and you need to be more than usually well acquainted with the animal that you are driving; otherwise, I should be sorry to guarantee that you would not find yourself and trap in a somewhat dilapidated condition after experimentalizing in this manner. Still, 'all's well that ends well,' and my plan most certainly answered in the case of the mare I have mentioned; and I have given my method for those who wish to try it.

At the end of August we received orders to proceed to take up our quarters at the Tower of London, and we were directed to march to Horsham, and take the train from thence to New

Cross. The weather was uncommonly close and hot, and, notwithstanding that the men were in fair marching condition, owing to the numerous field-days that we had held on the Downs between Kingley Vale and Halnaker, yet we had not proceeded above half the distance between our barracks and Petworth before the men commenced falling out. They were, of course, in heavy marching order and carrying their full kit, besides haversacks well filled with odds and ends, to say nothing of the cumbersome, though handsome, bearskins on their heads, and to the latter I attribute much of the distress felt by the men on this hot march. I was with the right flank company, so had all the best of the road, as we were in front throughout, and were not troubled with the dust half as much as the rearmost companies must have been. When we halted, and served out rations to the men, I observed that all the white pipe-clay belts were white no longer, but completely discoloured from the heat of the men's bodies ; so it is easy to imagine what a state their uniforms were in.

Petworth from Chichester is, I think, about twelve to fourteen miles, and on the last four or five miles of the march I carried one of my men's knapsack and firelock. Our right-hand man of the company was a splendid specimen of a soldier, Jack Dowell by name, and he also carried one of his comrades' knapsack, as well as his own. I must diverge from the line of march and tell you what sort of man this Jack Dowell was. He stood six feet four inches in height, and as straight as a gun-barrel ; his only failing was an over-fondness for liquor, and many a hundred extra drills for absence from roll-call did Jack get through taking just a glass too many. Still, it was a treat to see him do his punishment, for he always turned out spick and span, and his carriage and wheeling were a pattern for all young soldiers to envy. On more than one occasion, when he was a trifle the worse for liquor, he was also rather short of the needful, and he became possessed of the idea that he ought to be able to draw a little coin on his own account. One night he went to our regimental agent's bank (Sir John Kirkland, in Pall Mall), and created considerable disturbance by knocking and ringing at the door. The police did their best to quiet him, and make him move on ; but he put his back against the door and floored them one after another with his right, and eventually it took no less than six men to lock him up.

We arrived at Petworth in a very dragged condition, and, to make things worse, my company was ordered to march a

mile further to a village beyond, and this caused a deal of grumbling, which took no small amount of tact on the part of the officers to put a stop to, and finally land the men at their respective billets. However, the British soldier soon forgets little disagreeables of this kind, and we quickly settled down for the night, and were up again with the lark in the morning. Next day we reached Horsham, and there entrained to New Cross, from whence we marched to the Tower (about four miles), and real glad we were all to get there and have what is vulgarly termed 'a wash and brush up.' Several of the men were very poorly the next day, and more than one case of supposed cholera was detected among them; but they soon got all right again.

I am aware that it does not sound very well that a battalion of Guards should suffer so much from a march of about thirty-five miles in two consecutive days; but it must be borne in mind that the heat of the weather was abnormal, and that the dust turned up by the march of the column was as bad as if a flock of one thousand sheep were on the move along the road.

I had never been to the Tower before, and, though fully impressed with its ancient appearance, it was a precious ramshackle pile of buildings to put officers or men into, and not at all suitable or fit quarters.

Life at the Tower was not over lively, and after parade we usually scattered about the town. We had to find the Bank of England guard every night, going on duty at 6 p.m. and coming off at the same hour on the morning following. Some of my readers may not be aware that the Bank authorities provide the men on duty with one shilling each by way of pay, and a very fair dinner is furnished from the same source to the officer in charge of the guard, and to which he is permitted to ask two guests. Often after a bowl of turtle-soup and a plentiful supply of champagne, backed up by a bottle of port (the latter supplied by the Bank authorities), it was not so easy to find your way about the numerous passages and bullion cellars, while visiting the different sentries dotted about the building, and the assistance of the intelligent drummer with his lantern saved a good many from getting hopelessly lost.

The Tower gates are always closed at eleven o'clock at night, after which hour no one is allowed to enter the fortress. This led to some very narrow squeaks in my day (and no doubt does so at present), for many a time, after dining out in

the West End, I have cut it rather too fine as to the hour, and been obliged to persuade cabby, on the promise of an extra *douceur*, to ride inside, while I mounted the box of his hansom and drove for bare life, accomplishing the distance in remarkable good time, but with equally remarkable near shaves of a collision with vehicles of all sorts and sizes.

We used to play at football in the Tower ditch during the winter. Perhaps every one does not know that the so-called ditch which encircles the fortification on three sides—the river, of course, forming the fourth—is always dry, and the surface is composed of sharp, hard gravel, and when you did get a cropper there was no mistake about it ; for some part of your body—let alone your kit—suffered from contact with this same gravel with which the playground was covered—not at all like the nice, soft playing-fields at Eton. One peculiarity of the place was that, being surrounded with high walls, the ball was constantly in play ; so that there was little breathing time or chance of getting a rest during the hour allotted to the game. We picked up sides at starting, and I soon got to know the play of all the men, who used to delight in a good ‘rough and tumble’ game. Of course the officers who took part in this pastime used to stand the men a good allowance of beer after it was over—that is to say, if they had played up well ; but any duffers who did not, had to look on while their keener or more plucky comrades had a drink. These frequent games kept us all in condition, and rendered our residence at the Tower rather less monotonous.

I think it was in the spring of 1850 that I ran my first match for money ; the distance was 150 yards on the flat. My opponent was W. W. Beach, one of the members for Hampshire : he had been staying with Lord Eglinton in Scotland, and had there beaten all the men with any pretensions to run that Scotland could produce. Lord Eglinton was prepared to back him against any amateur, so I took him on, and the race came off at Copenhagen Fields, commonly known—to all pedestrians—as the ‘Old Cope’ : an open part of London in those days, but now the site of the present cattle-market. In the days I am speaking of it was an enclosed ground with a cinder-path, and it was put to various uses—such as cricket, pigeon-shooting, running, &c.

I remember that it was a very cold day ; but, notwithstanding this slight drawback in point of weather, a numerous party of Beach’s neighbours from Hampshire, besides a vast concourse of ordinary spectators, were present to witness the



match, some of Beach's Hampshire friends having travelled to town on purpose. I had taken some trouble to get myself into condition, and had practised at some of the various running-grounds round London, besides running two or three different trials against the watch.

Beach was favourite, and I think ought to have won; but, as we neared the tape, he put out his hands and caught it, so that I really breasted it first. There was considerable excitement as to who was actually the winner, and the referee finally decided that we must run the race over again that day week. I put in some good work during the interval, and was, I think, close on a yard better when we toed the scratch for the second race; however, it was a very near thing and I just won, though Beach at the time was not satisfied quite, and said that a dog had got in his way. I never saw the dog myself until the match was over, and then I discovered that a cousin of mine, Periam Lethbridge (long since dead), had a dog with him, and I was told that he had broken the slip he was being led by and got away; but I cannot help thinking that, as we were so close together, if the dog had interfered with Beach I must have seen him. At any rate, some six years afterwards, we ran another match together at 'Salt Hill,' when I again won; but of this, more later on.

## CHAPTER V.

Move to Windsor—Football with 1st Life-Guards—Match 150 Yards with Pack—I Win Comfortably—Match between Martin and One of the 1st—A Lucky Kick—I Drive to See the Race—An Awkward Dilemma—An Amicable Settlement of what might have been Unpleasant—Lose my Watch—Match with Vane against Time—Windsor and the Neighbourhood—Start for Spain with Edmund Ethelston—A Day's Sport—Home by Candle-light—St. Sebastian to Madrid—A Good Postillion—François's Pantaloon—Boxing the Bulls—A Bull-fight—Activity and Skill Required—My Opinion of the Sport.

ON the 1st of March, 1850, my battalion was ordered to move to Windsor, and the exchange of quarters suited me down to the ground. Most of my readers are, doubtless, aware that the river Thames is the line of demarcation between the towns of Windsor and Eton, as also between the counties of Berks and Bucks; so once over Windsor Bridge I felt quite like an Eton boy again, and delighted in visiting my old tutor's house, the playing-fields, and many of my favourite haunts.

We had not been quartered long at Windsor before we got up a football match between a team of old Etonians and the boys. I rigged myself out in a suit of scarlet flannel, which was much admired *previous* to the commencement of the game, but the fine rich colour was considerably altered before the match was concluded; for the boys had given us a good hiding, and I had come some severe croppers more than once, through relying too much on my turn of speed; for I made several determined charges at the boys when in possession of the ball, and as they very nimbly got out of my way on nearly every occasion, I naturally went to grass through having too much steam on to be able to pull up in time.

The 1st Life-Guards were quartered at the Cavalry barracks at this time, and we played many a good match at football with them. I challenged the regiment, and made a match to run one of their bandsmen, named Pack, 150 yards. I see in the account of the race published at the time in *Bell's Life*, it

is there reported that 'Mr. Astley backed himself at a sovereign a yard to win, although the odds were 4 to 3 on his opponent, the Life-Guardsman.' Dear me! what an excitement there was over this race. Each regiment backed its respective champion freely, and we were both of us as fit as our trainers could make us. The Life-Guardsman was a slender, lissome little chap, I should think not above 10 stone weight. I was about 12 stone. Both regiments had provided a heavy luncheon at their barracks, and there was a tremendous crowd of all the notabilities and residents in the neighbourhood, besides not a few of the big-wigs from the Castle, her Majesty and the Prince Consort being at Windsor at that time.

I well recollect walking down from our barracks to the Long Walk, where the distance, 150 yards, had been carefully measured, accompanied by my beautiful cousin Mrs. Wells, the mother of the present Lady Brougham and Vaux. When we got to the ground, Lord William Beresford was sitting in his cabriolet, with the Life-Guardsman by his side enveloped in rugs, and he was rather hard on me for having kept his man waiting; however, I soon divested myself of my superfluous clothing, and turned out in a suit of flesh-coloured silk tights. We soon toed the scratch, and again to quote from *Bell's Life*—'Pack on starting got an advantage of about two yards, but at about half the distance they were abreast of each other. Lieutenant Astley then drew ahead of his opponent and won by three yards, amidst great cheering.' The race excited considerable interest, and the Long Walk was thronged with the military in garrison, and most of the residents of Windsor, as I have already stated. I know that my own battalion were there to a man, with the exception of those on duty, and I had to pay a considerable sum for broken slates after the race, in consequence of the men left in barracks having climbed on to the roof to see the match. There was a lot of betting on the result, and some of the men in my company told me afterwards that they had wagered more than a month's pay on me. The Life-Guardsmen were so confident, that I was told of a select coterie of them who had borrowed no less than forty pounds of the landlord of the 'Merry Wives Hotel,' the night before the race, and had made a faithful promise to pay it back with interest after the conclusion of the match. I heard of one stalwart trooper, with more money than brains, who went up to old Berkeley Drummond, who was then honorary colonel of my regiment and amongst the

crowd looking on, and offered him 2 to 1 on his comrade—I rather fancy ten pounds to five was the bet.

No doubt the loser had been well tried, and possessed a good turn of speed; but he could not stay ‘one little bit,’ for when I once got to his head, about half-way in the race, it was all over but shouting, and I won ‘anyhow.’ There was a deal of chaff between the two regiments after the race, and the same night I offered to back our next best man against their next best for 100 yards, but no further; for I knew our man could not stay an inch beyond that distance. The match was duly ratified, and, if I recollect right, was arranged to take place that day fortnight—at any rate it was not long after.

The very next week our battalion played a match at football against the 1st Life-Guards, and beat them, I being so badly kicked on my right knee during the game that I could hardly put my right leg to the ground for some three weeks, and used to drive about in a low four-wheel pony-carriage, with my leg in splints. I mention this because, unfortunate as my accident appeared at the time, it turned out to be quite the reverse, owing to my having to sit in my pony-trap to see the second race. This was a most providential circumstance, and I verily believe saved a deal of bad feeling, not to say bloodshed, between the two regiments, and I will explain why.

On the morning of the race I drove down to the Long Walk, and together with two or three Life-Guardsmen I saw the distance, 100 yards, correctly measured with a tape, and a deep crease across the gravel road defined both the start and finish. Benjamin Martin was the name of our man; but I really forget the name of the Life-Guardsman. There was a huge crowd again, as usual, and I stationed my pony-trap opposite and close to the winning-post—having been selected as referee. The result of a very close race was that our man just won, but by little more than a foot. This was a heavy blow to the Cavalry, and, though I do not believe for a moment that the troopers were the culprits, yet some one who had lost his money must have taken considerable pains to fill up the crease at the 100 yards end, and make a fresh one exactly similar at 90 yards from the starting-post. Well, about an hour after the race was over, I was sitting in my pony-carriage in the barrack-yard, when some half-dozen Life-Guardsmen came to me, to tell me that the distance had been wrongly measured, and that the men had only run 90 yards, instead of the full distance of 100, and they asked me to come and see for myself. Several of us repaired at once to the

Long Walk, the tape was produced, and, sure enough, when we had measured 90 yards we came to a crease that looked remarkably like the one we had made in the morning.

Now comes the reason why I said before that my being obliged to drive in my pony-cart to see the race proved such a providential circumstance: for, when we were all at our wits' end to imagine how it was possible that the distance could have been measured ten yards short, I, happily, remembered that my pony, impatient at the long wait I made before the race came off, had become fidgety and restless, and had pawed up the ground exactly opposite the finish, where I had stationed myself. I recollected that I had several times been obliged to give a good jerk at his mouth to try and keep him still, and from cutting up the turf; so I told the man to measure another ten yards, and, though the gravel there did not look unlike the rest of the road, yet it was almost too smooth. However, sure enough on the grass at the side of the road were the marks of my pony's hoofs, and where he had cut up the grass. This was good to see, and I called the Life-Guardsmen's attention to it, and reminded them how long I had been there. They were, happily, at once convinced that some miscreant, for his own ends, had filled up the original crease at the 100 yards mark, and had made a fresh one at 90. They asked me to drive to their barracks and explain to their comrades how we had satisfied ourselves that the proper distance had been run by the men. Of course, I did so at once, and I had no sooner entered the gate of the Cavalry barracks than the men came flocking round me, and when they heard what I had to say, as well as the report of their comrades 'that they were quite satisfied that their man had been fairly beaten at the right distance,' there was an end of the matter, and everything passed off most amicably; but had it not been for the marks caused by my pony's feet, it might—and probably would—have led to a lot of bad feeling between two of the best regiments in the Service, and I was quite satisfied that the kick I received at football was a most happy circumstance. What do you think?

I believe that it was during this summer that I became a member of the 'Zingari,' and played many a good game at cricket. The Foot Guards had no ground of their own to practise on in our old barracks, so we often went over to the Cavalry barracks and played there. Many a good hit have I seen on that ground, sometimes clean over the men's quarters, and oftener still, hitting the wall a rare smack and rebounding

almost back to the wickets. The glazier's bill was also pretty heavy, seeing that the men's rooms and the stables all looked out on the cricket-ground.

We used to keep our hands in at rowing, but my favourite amusement on the river was punting, and you had to 'shove a pretty pole' to get up to Surley Hall, which was kept in those days by 'Ducky' Grantham, who was a very good long-distance runner, and it was just about this time that he ran a match of ten miles against a man called Levett. I forget the exact time, but it was a good bit under the hour. I went up to London to see the match, and getting among a crowd of first-class ruffians on the ground, I was eased of my watch, and did not miss it for some time afterwards, when I went to the entrance and told the police of my loss. This was bad judgment on my part, for I subsequently told one of the 'fancy' that I would give him a couple of pounds if he could get it back; but he shortly came to me very crestfallen, and said, 'You have made too much noise about it, captain, and you can't have it.' I spotted a man I thought likely to know about it, and offered to share the quids with him if he would get it, but he told me it was impossible; for though he knew that his brother had taken it, he had to pass it away for fear the police would 'feel him over.' So I said good-bye to my ticker, and felt relieved that it was only a moderate one.

Windsor is a charming quarter, and I know of no better town where an active man, fond of exercise, can enjoy himself to his heart's content. The river runs so handy that you can go on it when and where you like. You had plenty of choice; for you could either scull up to Maidenhead, make one in a four, or even an eight, lounge about at our Guards' Club for an hour or two, or punt down stream as far as the Bells of Ouseley. Then again, if you felt inclined to play at cricket, you had nothing to do but to go to Eton and join the boys in the playing-fields. If you preferred to ride, you had but to get on your hack, and ride up the Long Walk between the avenue of grand old elms, to the Royal Park, and have lunch or tea with one of the charming and hospitable families who lived on the outskirts of Windsor Forest. In other words, you could hardly go wrong for an afternoon's amusement.

The people I knew best in the neighbourhood were old Daddy Seymour at Englefield Green, where also lived the Barnetts, Drummonds, Paulet Somersets, and Francis Seymour, afterwards Lord Hertford, also the present Lord Bridport (Hood) and Peter Wells, besides numerous other hospitable

friends on the opposite side of the park. We used to have plenty of drills and field-days in the park, but our only other duty was finding the Castle guard—not a very irksome one either, as the officer on duty might always saunter about on the terrace, or, if it so pleased him, mount the steps of the Round Tower, from which there is one of the grandest views in England on a fine day, and when the atmosphere is clear you can see a very long distance into the bargain.

In July I made a match one night at mess to walk a mile and run 100 yards in ten minutes. I think it was with Dolly Vane, the present Lord Londonderry's uncle, and the next day it came off on our old battle-ground, the Long Walk. I won this match with thirty-eight seconds to spare.

I took first leave this year, and started on the 13th of August for a tour in Spain with my old Eton and Oxford chum, Edmund Ethelston (now Peel of Bryn-y-Pys). *En route* we stayed a few days in Paris, and then we took the train to Bordeaux, thence to Bayonne and Biarritz; the latter was, even then, a lovely watering-place, though, of course, immensely improved of late years. What used to amuse me most was the sea-bathing, for both sexes used to bathe together; and, to tell the truth, that was about the only fun I saw in it, for I hate getting a mouthful of salt water every now and again, not to mention a fair chance of gulping down a piece of jelly-fish or decayed lobster. We stayed two or three days at Cambeaux, a place at the foot of the Pyrenees, and at early dawn one morning I started with a *braconnier*, a sort of poacher and smuggler combined, who had given me a glowing account of the grand sport to be obtained in the mountains. He hired for me an old-fashioned, rickety fowling-piece, though I must do him the justice to say that I believe it was safer than the one he carried himself. We took our provender with us, and had a tremendous climb up the mountain, but never saw a head of game all day, though I believe one of us had a shot at a dove. Long before we got home it became pitch dark, and it was impossible to see a foot in front of your nose. I was dead beat, and the track was as rough as possible, and so, after several tumbles, my companion produced from his pocket a small bit of candle, by the aid of which I at last succeeded in groping my way home. Although the view from the mountains—especially looking over into Spain—was magnificent, yet wild horses could not have dragged me up that mountain pass again.

I think it was from Bayonne we took the diligence to St.

Sebastian, where we stayed the night, and it was a place well worth seeing, and justly celebrated in the annals of the Peninsular War. From there we climbed a very rough road up the Pyrenees, our team being composed of six bullocks, two abreast, and two horses in front, the near one being ridden by a wonderful clever little lad; and it was only owing to his ingenuity that we were not shaken out of our lofty seat, over the driver's head, in the *banquette* of the diligence, for there were huge boulders sticking up in the road on all sides of us.

When we arrived at the summit of the pass through the Pyrenees the bullocks were detached, and six horses were harnessed in their place; but the same boy continued to ride a fresh pair of leaders. As far as I remember, it took our slow, old conveyance three days and two nights before we arrived at Madrid. Burgos was about half-way, and we stopped there an hour or two; but at no other place where we changed horses did we remain more than about twenty minutes. The same boy rode the leaders from St. Sebastian to Burgos; consequently he must have been about thirty hours in the saddle, the weather being piping hot and plenty of dust, so that it was no mean performance. At any rate, I should not like to try the same ride with five halts, let alone all at one stretch.

Whenever we had occasion to pull up, our coachman used to take an earthenware pipkin of water with a small round spout at the end of it. This always swung at the side of the 'dilly,'<sup>1</sup> and the boy, while sitting on his horse, would hold the pot above his head and let the water trickle right down his throat without swallowing—a feat that I never could accomplish, even with the best liquor to experiment upon; and a good job too, for, if the fluid never touched your palate, you would never be able to tell whether it was P. J. 74 or fourpenny 'arf and 'arf.' Both Ethelston and I were uncommonly glad when we arrived at Madrid; and so was our poor courier François, a stout, burly Frenchman, who was one of six men tightly wedged into a small compartment in the interior of the 'dilly.' One morning during the journey, seeing that François was much upset at something, I asked what was the matter? He replied with several forcible epithets—which I think I had better omit—that a skunk of a Spaniard, sitting opposite to him, had a goat-skin full of the red wine of the country, and of which he partook too freely, forgetting to fasten up the neck of the skin after the draught; in conse-

<sup>1</sup> Dilly, *i. e.* diligence.



quence of which omission, whilst François was sound asleep, he was deluged with red wine, and his pantaloons fully bore testimony to the truth of his statement.

We put up at a very smart hotel, and were treated to some magnificent apartments, the price of which was something appalling; so I never allowed our courier to select rooms for us on any subsequent occasion.

Of course I could say heaps about Madrid, and many other places that I have visited, but probably it is all to be found somewhere else; and I only wish to speak about matters and places actually in connection with my own personal experiences. Therefore, if my description of some large towns of interest or places of note is deemed skimpy, it is because I do not wish to travel over old ground, well trodden before and since by abler men with the pen.

The only expedition we made from Madrid that I cared very much about was that to the Escorial, about twenty-five miles north-west of Madrid, the palace of the sovereigns of Spain. I believe it was built somewhere about 1563, though not finished till twenty years or more afterwards. It is a wonderful old pile of buildings, built in the form of a gridiron, and I was told—though I don't vouch for the truth—that there were eleven thousand windows in the building; as for doors, I am afraid to say how many there were, but certainly quite as great a number of them as windows.<sup>1</sup>

Of course we were bound to do the proper thing and see a bull-fight, and on the morning of the show we went to see some eight or ten bulls driven into their separate loose boxes, and they managed this job very cleverly. An old cow or a bullock with a bell round its neck led the troop of bulls through the boxes, which opened from one into the other. We, with two or three of the men who were well accustomed to separating the herd, were stationed on a gallery immediately over the boxes, which were open at the top, and from their safe position up above the men closed the doors in the face of the rearmost bull; and, after some two hours' hard work, all the eight bulls were located in their respective boxes, so that only one could be let loose into the arena at a time. After this was successfully accomplished, the old cow with a bell, proud of having gulled the herd, calmly walked into her own stable, there to enjoy her *dolce far niente* till required again for a similar

<sup>1</sup> Sir John is perfectly correct in his statement. The Escorial (or Escorial) is reported to contain 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows; while the rooms are estimated to cover an area of 120 English miles.—EDITOR.

purpose—namely, to allure another batch of male companions to their doom.

This morning's work was the only part of the bull-fight that interested either of us ; for in my humble opinion it is a most sickening performance when once the butchering of the wretched, half-starved horses begins.

When the afternoon's performance commenced, after a great deal of ceremony and marching round the arena, the keys of the door confining the bulls are thrown down from the royal box or by the chief personage present, and, amid loud cries of '*Bravo !*' the first bull is let into the arena, and as he passes beneath the archway over the door a rosette of the colours denoting the province from whence he comes is adroitly fastened on his back. I presume it has a barbed shaft to it like an arrow-head ; at any rate it is cast from above and remains firmly fixed on the animal's back during the whole time. The first bull was a grand beast, and came galloping into the arena, tossing the sand and sawdust into the air with his hoofs, shaking his splendid head, and staring wildly round him. All at once he seemed to concentrate his attention upon one of the Picadores, enclosed in a sort of tawdry armour, his only weapon being a long wooden spear, with sufficient point to goad but not materially injure the bull. He was mounted upon a sorry old quad who looked as if he had been respited for the job from the knacker's yard, and at him went the bull full tilt ; but his attention was at once drawn away by one of the active little Banderilleros, who dart backwards and forwards like swallows, waving gaudy coloured cloths and flags in his face, and when pursued in their turn they nimbly nip behind a sort of screen at the side of the arena, or run up some steps—placed for the same purpose—only just in time to avoid the bull, whose horns are buried in the woodwork of the barrier, often only a moment or two too late. After a little of this he made a fresh rush at a Picadore, and with more success, for he lifted both horse and man fairly off the ground and sent both sprawling on to the floor, while the bull's attention was once more speedily diverted from his fallen foes by the Chulos to some other part of the arena.

It is wonderful to see the activity of these men on foot, who often spring right over the bull's neck, and execute all sorts of daring feats too long to describe. So far, no great harm was done, except it is not a pleasant sight to see the wretched horses ripped up by the bull's horns and stretched half dead about the arena, till they are dragged off by a team of mules

which is brought in for that purpose. After several mad rushes and ineffectual chases after his tormentors, the poor bull had to realize that he possessed no chance with his crowd of assailants; then, too, his strength began to fail him, and at last he commenced to sulk, and it took more and more baiting to get him to move. Finally, a wonderfully smart fellow called the Matador advanced into the arena amid loud cheers from the spectators; for he was a celebrated character who had distinguished himself in many previous bull-fights, and after bowing and doffing his hat, he advanced towards the bull with a red *capa* in one hand, and a long straight sword—very sharp—in the other, and cautiously approaching the animal he waved the red cloth immediately in front of his face close to the ground. The bull lowered his head to charge; but before he could do so (weakened as he was) the Matador with one straight, swift thrust drove the splendidly tempered steel into the back of the neck of the bull, severing the spinal cord, and in an instant the animal dropped dead at his feet. The mules once more arrived on the scene, were attached to the dead beast, and he was swiftly dragged out of the arena, amid flourishes of trumpets and vociferous cheering.

I must here observe that there was an enormous concourse of spectators assembled in the building, who were sitting on seats rising one above the other like an old Roman amphitheatre, and there was certainly a preponderance of women over men, many of the former being ladies of rank, and holding the best social position in Madrid.

A second bull was now let loose into the arena, and a splendid specimen he was. He at once charged one of the Picadores and drove his horns into the unfortunate horse's stomach, and then lifted both horse and rider some feet into the air, almost disembowelling the horse, whose entrails protruded from a long lacerated wound. The poor brute got on his feet with difficulty, and moved slowly away, actually stepping on his own entrails as he walked. This truly disgusting sight gave the large majority of 'so-called' women present intense delight and satisfaction, and they shrieked out their approval of the ghastly orgie by clapping their hands and vociferating '*Bravo, toro!*' '*Bravissimo, toro!*' for some minutes, during which time the wretched horse was removed and all traces of his gore obliterated from the ground of the arena, by shovelsful of sand and sawdust.

This truly cruel exhibition fairly settled both of us, and we left our *loggia* in high dudgeon; the softer sex of 'sunny

Spain' falling in our estimation to close on zero. I look back with loathing when I think of the ecstatic joy shown by those female fiends as they witnessed that poor horse's sufferings without showing the smallest compunction or feeling, and I vowed there and then that nothing should ever induce me to witness another bull-fight where a horse had no sort of chance of escape.

I believe, after we left the building, that five or six more bulls were baited by the Banderilleros and Chulos, and then despatched by the Matador ; but we had seen quite enough for one afternoon.

Amongst the Chulos and Banderilleros were some very smart and active specimens of humanity, and the pace at which they bounded up the steps of the barrier, when the bull's horns were close behind, gave me the impression that some of them must possess a 'good turn of speed' ; so I became anxious to find out if they really could go as fast as I could—I mean without the privilege of having the sharp horns of an enormous bull within such exceedingly close proximity. The result of my experiment I will leave to the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VI.

François finds a Flier—The Result—The Royal Stables—Malaga—Ronda to Gibraltar—A Terrible Rough Ride—On to Seville—Seville Tobacco Factory—The Narrowness of the Streets—My Opinion of Spain and Spaniards—Arrive at Cadiz—Meet with Friends—Decline Dining on the Sea—Take Steamer for England—Arrive at Southampton—Part from Peel, after Two Months together—A Spin Round St. James's Park—Advice to Others how to keep Fit—Croydon Fair.

WELL, I told François (our courier) that I would give any man in Madrid a fiver who could beat me at 100 yards. He was delighted of course at the prospect of a bit of sport, and I believe fondly imagined that he could easily find one of these men who would stand him a big drink after winning my fiver, and the next morning he announced that he had found a veritable flier ; so it was arranged that early in the morning the Spaniard and I should meet and run a match. In due course we drove out to a nice, level, smooth bit of road in the Prado. When we arrived there, to my astonishment there was a nondescript crowd of a hundred or more, consisting principally of English grooms and horsey-looking sportsmen of all nations. My antagonist was a smartly-made, likely-looking customer, and I found out that he was a native of the Basque Provinces—a locality, I was informed, justly celebrated for its athletic inhabitants.

The 100 yards having been duly measured, we stripped and prepared for action, getting off to a very even start ; but we had not gone twenty yards before I found it necessary to exhort my young friend to 'hurry up a bit,' if he could. I then quitted him, and literally walked in. I subsequently offered him ten yards start if he felt disposed to have another try for the 'flimsy,' but he would have no more of it ; and although I announced that the money would be handed over to any man who could beat me during the next four days of our sojourn at Madrid, no one came to claim it.

The royal stables were quite worth seeing, and there were a

good-looking lot of Arabs, Barbs, and mules. The stud groom, who showed us over, pointed out a saddle that had been specially made in England for the Queen (Isabella), and I remember being much struck with the vast width between the two pommels, but was assured by our cicerone that the vacant space was none too large for his august mistress, and I consequently came to the conclusion that the Spanish Queen's thigh and a Spanish bull's neck must be of about the same proportions ; but of course I was only guessing !

Our next journey was to Malaga, a place possessing very little interest, but famed, I believe, for its raisins. I saw nothing here worth recording, except that the grapes were the finest that I have ever seen growing out of doors.

From Malaga we returned to Ronda, and from thence we rode to Gibraltar, notwithstanding the fact that the accounts of the mountain-path were anything but encouraging. This was to me a terrific day's work, and not without a certain amount of excitement, for we passed through a very wild tract of country, where, not very long before, some tourists' luggage had been appropriated by the peasants of the district. The pack-horses were obliged to start before sunrise, and we followed at 6 A.M., in order that we might reach the outer fortification on the land side of Gibraltar before the gates were closed at dusk, which is a hard-and-fast rule where a state of siege is always rigorously maintained as it is in 'Gib.' Our two palfreys were Barbs, and their best pace was a sort of amble, and as the bridle-track was very rough and for the most part rocky, we were unable to change our pace to any appreciable extent, especially as our guide rode in front so as to select the best of the ground. We only halted twice, but nevertheless barely managed to reach the gates before gun-fire. We had overtaken our courier with the pack-horses in the Cork Woods, and it took us all our time to urge them on ; otherwise we should have had the extreme felicity of sleeping outside the lines. I never was more done up in my life than I was with that fourteen hours' horrible ride, my ribs ached as though they had been welted with a single-stick ; but my self-esteem sustained a severe shock when I observed that my companion (Peel) was apparently quite comfortable, and could have gone on for hours without the smallest inconvenience.

We put up at a very good hotel, and I was most thankful to arrive there ; but it was late the next day before I could get about at all, and then not without much pain. We stayed

three days at the 'Rock' (or perhaps four), and explored that wonderful stronghold, with its numerous halls and galleries, from which, at various points, you get a rare view over the bay. From the Signal Tower the view is second to none, and well worth riding out to see, for the road is a good one. We met several friends at Gibraltar; but for the life of me I cannot at this length of time manage to recall their names.

Our next ride was to Seville, another very long day, but the track was much better, and the cattle we bestrode were more springy in their action; still, much of the country was ugly and flat during the journey, and a great contrast to our picturesque, hilly ride to 'Gib.' Seville is a pleasant enough town, and the orange and olive groves all around are beautiful, but the dust and heat were overpowering. Of course the great sight of Seville is the Cathedral, and after that the Alcazar (King's palace); but both these places have been so often described, that I shall pass on to the tobacco manufactory, an enormous building, in which some five thousand people (mostly women) are employed. It was then a monopoly in the hands of the Government, and they make close on 100,000,000 reals per annum profits out of this establishment. In one room that we entered, devoted to the manufacture of cigars, the whole of the delicate work was carried on by women, and a very curious sight it was. Several rows of young girls were seated at long narrow tables, on which they rolled the damp tobacco into cigars of various sizes, with astonishing rapidity and skill. Many of the girls were evidently overcome with the heat of the room and the fumes of the noxious weed, for they were leaning forward, with their heads on the table, fast asleep.

We were not specially struck with their beauty, but we had a good opportunity of judging of their charms; for it was evident that many of them had only one outer garment on, and as it is the invariable custom to take this off as they enter, and hang it up in the passage outside, or over the back of their chair, there was nothing much to interfere with the circulation of what little air there was around their lightly-clad persons, this being, I presume, the object to be gained by removing their skirts and working in their petticoats.

I was much surprised, a day or two later, when, it being a holiday, all the factory girls turned out in the Park or principal promenade, to notice how many of them appeared quite good-looking and smart in their gala attire. Several of them displayed great taste in the way they dressed their long black

hair; the prevailing fashion being to coil it up on the top of their heads, with here and there a piece of lace entwined among the shining tresses; but nearly all of them wore some bright flower to lighten up their already picturesque appearance. I quite omitted to mention that the town of Seville is open to improvement, or was when I last saw it; for the streets are so narrow, that there are not above three or four in which you can turn a carriage, and therefore it is next to impossible to do much 'on wheels,' for if you have to make a complete circuit of the town every time you want to turn round, it not only takes a deal of time, but is slightly monotonous.

From Seville, that city of which it has been said—

'Quien no ha vista Sevilla,  
No ha visto maravilla,'

which, I believe, is much the same as 'See Naples and die,' we went to Cadiz, I think by 'dilly'; but, not being violently attached to Spain, I am afraid my memory may be a bit shaky on this point.

I was real sick of Spain, and shall not trouble to visit those parts again, unless under very pressing circumstances. Of course it may be that we went there at the wrong time of year; but the dust, heat, and glare were simply intolerable. It struck me that the male population were a smart, well-made race, but, as a rule, extremely lazy and uncommonly vain. The women had fine eyes and plenty of long black hair which they knew how to put together to the best advantage, but the colour of their skin was a shade or two on the dark side for my fancy, and I doubt if Messrs. Pears would have done much of a trade there with their soap; for, to my thinking, the majority of them were like the proverbial stocking 'that shrinks from washing'; moreover, I could not forget their fiendish joy when the unfortunate horses were so terribly gored at the bull-fight.

Just prior to our leaving Cadiz, Henry Webster brought his yacht into the harbour, and he and 'Jollity Wingfield' landed and called on us at our hotel, at the same time asking us to dinner on board. We went to the quay with the intention of doing so; but when I beheld the graceful undulating motion of the yacht, it suggested to me that I should have no chance of retaining my dinner even if I had the luck to get it down; so we wished them a fond good-bye, and returned to dine at our hotel.

The next day we took our passages in a steamer bound for



Southampton ; but, as is usual with me when upon the briny ocean, I was so horribly sea-sick that I recollect little or nothing of the events of the journey home, except that the gulls took especial interest in me every time I looked over the vessel's sides ; it might be either to search for the sea-serpent, or possibly from a cause known to those who, like myself, suffer from *mal-de-mer*. I have an idea that we stopped at Lisbon, at any rate I have a recollection that it was a bright, clean town, although I did not think the port wine anything like as good as what is to be got in London.

We got home about the middle of October, and I can safely say, what very few friends can under the like circumstances, and that is, that my old chum Edmund Peel and I, though constantly together for two months, never said a cross word to each other the whole time. He was thin, I was fat, and yet what suited one seemed to suit the other. He returned to his charming home at Bryn-y-Pys, near Ruabon, to hunt with good old Watty Wynn's hounds, and, if I recollect rightly, married my lovely cousin Annie Lethbridge not long after. He was very useful with a gun, rode well to hounds, and was a first-class oar, having rowed both in the Eton and Oxford eights, and I was very pleased to hear only the other day that he had seen a good day's sport with the present Sir Watkin's hounds, accompanied by two of his daughters. Long life to him ; for a better pal, parent, or landlord it would be hard to meet with, and so say all of us.

On my return, I found my battalion in Wellington Barracks, and I suppose passed my time in much the same manner as most young Guardsmen do, under such similar conditions. I used to lodge over old Mother Sweetland's dairy in Jermyn Street, and used to keep myself in fair condition by running round St. James's Park, two or three times a week, before breakfast. Now, for the information of those who wish to try the same exercise, I may state that the gravel walk inside the railings is about a mile in circumference, and if you want to feel light and corky, take my tip, and put on a set of sweaters, not forgetting a woollen wrap round your neck, and a good thick pair of worsted gloves, to keep you nice and warm ; then jog down to the Park, so as to get your pulses gently beating before you start really running, and when you begin, jump off at a gait of about a mile in six minutes (faster, if you can) ; only mind this, you must not pull up till you have completed two circuits and find yourself once more in your bedroom, then off with your top clothing and get in

between the blankets, and if you don't perspire real freely, then blame me, or go to your doctor and ask him what is the matter with you? After about twenty minutes of this treatment get your servant to rub you well down with a rough towel, get into your tub, and when dressed and ready for breakfast, you will feel, not only that you have a good balance at your banker's (no matter how hard up you are in reality), but also fit for any amount of brain work or physical exertion. At the time I am writing of, Turkish baths were unknown, or, at least, I never heard of them, and I am morally convinced that the opening of the pores of the skin by strong exercise is far in front of the process of melting yourself in a very highly heated atmosphere. The one tends to develop your muscles and expand your chest and respiratory organs, while the other only pulls off adipose matter, and leaves you limp and listless for the rest of the day—at least that is my experience of the two methods usually employed to assist you to keep your figure.

A well-to-do friend of mine, perhaps the least bit in the world too fond of good living, once asked me how he could best keep his weight down; he was then nearly as round as a barrel, and gradually getting worse and worse. He seldom walked in London, and spent a fortune in cabs; so I recommended him every time he hailed a cab, to catch hold of the iron-guard rail behind, and run instead of getting inside, and I have not the smallest hesitation in saying that, had he followed my advice, he would have been alive now; but as he did not, he has been gathered—poor old Jim, he was a real good sort, and uncommon partial to Piccadilly.

Some time in the year of 1850 I was sent down to Croydon for a fortnight's duty, in charge of recruits, and in those days Croydon Fair was celebrated for sport of all kinds; so I asked a few choice spirits amongst my Ensign friends to come down and dine with me, and though the food was only moderate we had a middling tap of 'Pop,' and when we arrived in the Fair we were about fit for anything, and you may bet that we had a real lively time of it, particularly in the dancing booths. Croydon was not half a bad place; for the 'Surrey staggers' always met within easy reach, and as I had my old hunter Leo down there, I got some real good gallops with them.

One evening, after hunting, I came up to town, and dined at the Guards' Club, and our Adjutant, who was sitting at a table near, heard me describing the sport of that day, and, can you believe it? the next morning I got an order to attend

at the regimental orderly-room to explain how it was that, in my report, I had stated that I had seen the men's messes at 1 P.M., when it was well known that I was out hunting at that very hour. However, the C.O. let me off with a caution; but I made a note to be more cautious with my tongue when officials were about.

Some time after this I happened to be on duty at Wellington Barracks, and had no business, of course, to leave barracks after tattoo; but I knew there was a *bal masqué* at Drury Lane Theatre that evening, and, wicked though it was, no doubt, I could not resist joining the party. Now, in one of the stage-boxes we espied some very fascinating young ladies, of course accompanied by some youthful gallants, whom we at once decided must be turned out; so, watching our opportunity when the garrison was weak, we made a dash and carried the position. We were engaged in getting up a mild flirtation with the fair ones, when the rightful occupants of the box returned, and at once tried to eject us; and, while I was taking part in the defence, and standing on the cushioned front of the box, resisting all efforts of the foe to enter, suddenly one of our own party gave me a violent push forward, and I pitched head-foremost out of the box on to my shoulder on the hard floor. I was horribly afraid that I had broken some bones; but be that as it might, I was bound to get back to barracks again. This I eventually succeeded in doing all right, but in the morning, when I ought to have inspected the bread and meat, &c., at 9 A.M., I found I could not get any sort of uniform on, so had to summon the doctor; and I do not think that I ever saw a man more puzzled (he was a good chap, too) to understand how such a severe contusion of the muscles of the shoulder could have been caused by tumbling out of a bed about two feet high! However, I got a friend to take my duty for the remainder of the week, and was not tried for breaking out of barracks, as I *ought* to have been; but, luckily, we do not always get all we deserve in this world.

One night, when on Buckingham Palace guard, I had a very narrow squeak of being severely singed. After going the rounds at eleven o'clock, and before going to bed, I thought that I would read myself to sleep, so I put one cane-bottomed chair on top of the other, and on it placed the candlestick containing the regulation tallow-dip, close to my bedside. How long I read I cannot say, but I never slept sounder, and when I woke in the morning the transformation scene was peculiar. There had evidently been a thief in the

candle, which had caused the wretched dip to burn all sideways, and it must have toppled over and then burnt the bottom of the top chair out, then fallen on to the bed against the blanket, and, after smouldering a certain time, had quietly gone out; at any rate, when I was roused—partly by the sun's rays, and partly by the horrible smell of burnt blanket—I discovered that I had had a lucky escape, and have never trusted to tallow-dips since, and—don't you, reader!

I was always taking a lot of exercise, and therefore, I suppose, was a very sound sleeper, as the following anecdote will amply bear witness. I had been home to Everleigh on leave for a day or two, and, as was my wont, I ran and walked the fourteen miles back to Hungerford, then our nearest station. Before getting into the evening train for London, I took a sup of real old brown British brandy at the Three Swans; then ensconced myself in a corner of one of the old double carriages on the broad-gauge line, and, the train not being due in London till about 10 p.m., I just shut one eye and then the other, so as to steal forty winks before changing into the express at Reading. Well, the next time I opened my eyes I found myself in total darkness, and on looking out of the window I at length discovered that my *voiture* was in a siding, and the hour 1.30 A.M. I crawled out and found the station deserted, with the exception of one sleepy porter, who told me that the mail train would be along in about two hours, and so it was, and I arrived in plenty of time for parade. 'All's well that ends well,' but these two instances of sound sleeping might have caused me a lot of trouble.

The year 1851 was that of the Great Exhibition, when an enormous glass-case was erected in Hyde Park, nearly opposite where the present Life-Guards barracks now stand. All the country people were crazy to go up to London and see it, and, amongst others, our yokels at Everleigh were very keen to have a peep at the show; so my brother Hugh and I chartered two large omnibuses, which were well filled inside and out. We started at 3 A.M., and did not get back till the same hour next morning—twenty-four hours of real hard work. When we got to Paddington we put our excursionists on the roofs of some omnibuses, and they were driven down Oxford Street as far as the Bank of England; then we turned them out and gave them a good feed all round and drove them back by Fleet Street and Piccadilly to the Exhibition, and I venture to think it speaks well for our management that we got them all together at Paddington on our return, when you remember

that hardly one of them had ever been on a railway, and *not* one of them in London. For years afterwards that trip was the most interesting topic in the village public-house. I fear, however, that there are but few of those highly-travelled villagers above ground at the present time.

The death last Sunday (May 7, 1893) of that grand old lady, Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, reminds me of the many pleasant days that I spent at Tottenham, when she was not only one of the best-looking, but one of the cleverest of her sex, and a kinder-hearted hostess I never wish to meet. Her maiden name also brings back recollections of one of the most enjoyable days I ever spent upon the Thames. Some good soul had arranged a picnic in the grounds of Ham House, and all the food, as well as many of the party, went down by road; but four of us young Guardsmen had the privilege of rowing the good old Lady St. Germans, Miss Lygon (afterwards Lady Raglan), and Miss Graham (subsequently Mrs. Charles Baring) in a four-oar, starting from Westminster Bridge, where at that time the Guards' boats used to be kept.

As long as we had the tide with us we slipped along right comfortably, but about Mortlake the tide turned (a way it has got!) and we had a hard pull right away to Twickenham. I for one wished most heartily that the chaperon of those two beautiful girls had been more of a feather-weight. However, we had a real jolly party, and in the evening we rowed our fair freight back again, and never have I heard any more fetching melody than those two lovely women trilled forth under the light of the moon. Fortunately, they were both so charming that it was quite impossible to give the preference to either, and no matrimony was the consequence of that moonlight trip.

## CHAPTER VII.

Return to Chichester—The Battalion Harriers—Old Ewens and his Hare—The C.C.C.—My Black Cob—Lord Chewton's Discretion—Fish-carts and Dogs—Hippy Damer's Dog—Just a Bit Timid—Employment for the Glazier—Good for Trade—More Cricket—Two Miles best Pace to a Fire—Match with Jim Gorham over Hurdles—Match with Roger Mostyn—The Conditions—The Result of Diplomacy—Colonel Colville—Field-day on Downs—Late for Parade—A Novel Excuse.

ON the 2nd of March, 1852, I was delighted to find myself back at Chichester, a real pleasant change from the sombre old Tower of London. This spring our battalion started a pack of harriers, which were hunted by Buckley, a son of the old General whom I mentioned as living near Salisbury, and we had some capital fun with the 'Jelly' dogs. We invariably used to whip off when we came to the large beech-woods that extend pretty well from Goodwood to Petworth, and many a hare escaped in consequence.

A real good old type of the tenant-farmer, named Ewens, lived at Singleton; he used to ride a very clever old mare, though she was all but blind, and when he got to a fence he used to pull up and shout out to her, 'Hold up, old gal!' and she would rear herself up on her hind legs and give a spring forward, and, as there were no ditches in that country, would in this manner contrive to land the old man safe on the other side. The game old fellow always declared that she was 'a rare safe conveyance,' but I never heard of there being any great rush to ask for a mount on her. Old Ewens was a very early riser, and would ride round his farm most mornings before he had his breakfast, and generally managed to spot a hare in her form. There was one bit of fur in particular that was nearly always to be found on the hillside not four hundred yards from the old farmer's door, and many a time, after refreshing ourselves at Ewens' hospitable board with home-cured ham and the freshest of eggs, to say nothing of 'a glass,' we would trot the hounds round to the far side of

pussy's home, and on being disturbed, away she would go, racing pace, for the same point in the big woods, about a mile or a mile and a half distant. This happened several times, and do what we would we could never overtake her before we were obliged to whip off; but one day the old man seemed extra jubilant, and greeted us thus—'Now, gentlemen, I have got a strange fancy that we shall catch our old hare to-day,' and by the merry twinkle in his eye we could perceive that he thought that he knew something. He declined to give us his reason for being so sanguine, but he evidently had some great scheme on.

Well, pussy was found as usual, and off she scuttled with the pack after her on the old familiar line; but just as she gained the shelter of the woods we heard a shot, and, sure enough, when we arrived at the spot from whence it proceeded, we found not only that our little four-footed friend had been brought to book at last, but that old Ewens' shepherd—to our great astonishment—happened to be on the spot to save her scut from the hounds.

Up came old Ewens and used the most fearful language to the man, saying, 'Thee old fool! didn't I tell thee to *drop a leg*? and now thee hast shot her *dead*! However, I have won my money, for I bet my neighbour that the gentlemen officers would catch her to-day.' It was a fine point, I think, whether he had fairly won his wager; but that did not matter to us, and we all roared with laughter at the comical old boy's pride in arranging the capture of poor pussy by foul means, and we felt perfectly satisfied that we never should have caught her if she had been given fair play.

About this time we started our C.C.C.—Chichester Cart Club—and we used to turn out of barracks in fifteen or sixteen dog-carts, and drive to various towns or villages in the neighbourhood, order dinner at the best hotel, stroll about and lionize the place till food was ready; then, when dinner was over, we would race back to barracks, and I never have been able to fathom the reason why some one of us did not break his neck during the process. I had a black cob, who, once off, was the fastest of the lot; but the job was to get him off, for, when harnessed, it was most difficult to persuade him to start at all, as he would stand stock still, with all four legs well apart, and keep turning his head round to look at me, as much as to say, 'I am master of this situation, and I shall start when it suits me; but when I do, look out for squalls.' It was no sort of use hitting him, for he would only run back,

no matter where he was put to, and this, in a town, meant 'shop-windows' and various other damage, only to be settled by ready money payments, which were by no means included in the programme.

When the cob did start he would suddenly rear up on his hind legs, make two or three bounds forward, and sometimes—worse luck!—sideways, and then, if he did no harm and the harness stood, he would settle down, and land me in barracks at the head of the fleet. The worst part of it was that I could seldom get a pal to start with me, but dear old Lord Chewton, who had no cart of his own, used occasionally to ride with me; still, he always took the precaution to walk on till I overtook him, and then, by nipping up into his seat pretty nimbly, we rode easily enough together.

One night—or, I should say, early morning—I was in a queer fix. I had been home for a day or two, and had left my cart and the cob at Cosham or Havant, I forget which, and I returned by the mail train due at the station about 3 A.M., so as to be in time for early parade. It was uncommon dark, and I helped the ostler to put my cob into the cart inside the station-yard, hoping for the best; but alas! as bad luck would have it, my gee was in a shocking bad temper, and at starting he sprang sideways and I was very near being jerked out of the trap by the wheels coming into violent contact with some remarkably solid substance. Out I got, and with the help of the ostler's lantern I discovered that there were some very large oak trees lying all ready to be loaded and sent off by rail. My cob was fairly planted with his fore-legs over one of these big trees, and was trembling with fright—serve him jolly well right, too! We had to unharness him, mend one of the traces he had smashed, and put to again; when, luckily, he had the sense to abstain from meddling with the timber any more, and I arrived at barracks all safe.

We often used to drive into Bognor, and those among us who did not mind the motion of the boats used to fish, and frequently had good sport. I used to look on, for reasons that I have already touched upon. It was a curious sight to see the small carts that were used in those days, with one or even two dogs attached to them, waiting on the sands for the fishermen's boats to come in, when the said carts would be filled up with fish and the dogs would hurry back to the road, where the owner would jump up on the cart and away would go the dogs at a rare pace, either barking with joy or growling at each other as they went along, and many a



mile inland did they travel before their load of fish was all disposed of.

One day, poor old Hippy Damer, afterwards Lord Portarlington—who died only quite lately—bought one of these dogs as a companion (not for the purpose of driving him), and soon afterwards some of us discovered by pure accident that the dear dog was of a very timid nature, and proceeded to act upon it accordingly. One or two mischievous spirits were making a row in Hippy's hut, and the door being shut the scared dog sprang through the closed window. How on earth he managed it no one could believe that had not seen the feat, for he stood a foot or two higher than the size of the pane. We were so struck with the performance that we decided to have a repetition of it, if possible; so, as soon as the glazier had put in a new pane of glass, and we had marked '*little*' Hippy (he stood six feet three) into his hut, we sauntered in after him; then in course of conversation we all simultaneously stamped on the floor, and the dear dog made his escape through the window as before. As far as I recollect this happened so often (of course, by accident?) that Hippy would stand the glazier's bill no longer, and he parted with his canine friend, who no doubt had to return to his former employment.

During the summer of this year, 1852, we again played a lot of cricket, conveying our eleven about on the coach to the different places in the neighbourhood in much the same fashion as we did in 1849, and every one seemed right glad to welcome us back to the various cricket-grounds. Lieutenant Buckley and Private George Duff were two useful men at the wicket, as well as real good fellows; but, alas! both lie buried in the Crimea. Our principal match, as far as I remember, was one of two days against '*I Zingari*' at the Priory Grounds, Chichester. I think we had the best of the first day's play, and fondly imagined that by administering a good dose of champagne, judiciously combined with plenty of other liquids, at mess that evening, our opponents would certainly not improve on our figures of the previous day. With this end in view a certain number of our non-cricketing brother officers were told off to induce the wily '*I Zingari*' to imbibe glass for glass with them. The most dangerous man of the lot, old Ned Tredcroft, was especially well looked after, and I verily believe took a bumper with everybody at the table; however, it did not signify how much he put away, for at two o'clock in the morning he was just as sober as any one of the party.

I never heard him sing, song after song, better than he did before we retired to bed, and, as far as I could judge from sitting pretty adjacent to him, he generally mixed two parts of gin to one of water each time he filled up.

Poor old Billy Ridley again distinguished himself on this occasion. (My readers will recollect he did so on the evening I joined the battalion in 1848.) Several of us had agreed that we should have a bit of supper before turning in ; but as the *chef* and his satellites had gone to roost, Ridley was called upon to produce some grilled bones and fried potatoes. Now, the said Billy had done himself fairly well (as per usual). The fire was made up in the kitchen and the bones and the potatoes placed before him, but it was far better than any play to see him, with his glass fixed in his eye, resolutely set to work to produce something out of the common. After a good deal of strong language the pickle-bottles were handed to him wherewith to flavour the savoury mess, and with a look of determination he seized a fork and kept dabbing at the orifice of the bottle, in hopes of extracting some succulent gherkins that were bobbing about in the vinegar therein. But the soup or else the coffee had been too strong, and had interfered with his aim ; for, notwithstanding that he removed his eye-glass from his eye, and rubbed it well with his pocket-handkerchief, he had to give it up as a bad job, and hand over the pickle-bottle to one of the Ensigns to manipulate. He then called loudly for the potatoes, and essayed to slice them before placing them in the frying-pan. Always disposed to be kind and lend assistance in helping the Major, I contrived to hand him a bit of soap—not a bad imitation of a potato I will admit—and with renewed energy, after a pull at his glass, he went to work on it and tried to slice the saponic atom ; and I am under the belief that he added some very strong expressions, almost unheard of, even in *his* extensive vocabulary, when he discovered by smelling it—this was the only sense he appeared to retain in any perfection—that he had been handling an article not usually employed for culinary purposes. He hurled it at my head, and was awfully riled at our jeering him when he fancied he was doing his best to titivate our appetites with something nice and tasty.

Supper over, I grieve to admit that one or two of our non-cricketers required assisting to their respective huts. So Buckley and I took charge of our best musician, who was wonderfully clever with the big fiddle ; but, instead of showing his gratitude, he did actually the reverse, and while we

were undressing and putting him to bed we gathered from his language that he was under the impression that he was being ill-treated.

After breakfast we drove down to the Priory Ground and resumed our match; but, to our astonishment, never did Ned Tredcroft play better cricket, and, owing to the accuracy of his eye and nerve, batted exceptionally well and brilliantly; so much so indeed that I think he was mainly instrumental in gaining a victory for 'I Zingari.' I consider that this forcibly illustrates that good liquor will not hurt any one if he only takes plenty of exercise; no matter what Sir Wilfred Lawson and his 'tea-leaves and snowball' admirers may urge to the contrary.

One night, just as we were finishing mess, the sergeant of the picket reported to us that there was a big fire raging at no great distance from barracks. It was just before harvest began, and the fields between us and the fire were mostly standing corn, and, though I was average fit, I never ran a much more severe two miles than on that night, as I went straight from point to point. However, we did a lot of good, and were mainly instrumental in saving several of the live stock; otherwise they would have been burnt to death in the stables of the farm-yard, which were much injured by the fire.

I must here relate two or three tales connected with my favourite sport which happened during this summer. The good old Duke of Richmond used to give prizes to those of his neighbours who excelled in sheep-shearing. The competition usually took place in Goodwood Park, and the pens, containing three sheep for each competitor to try his hand upon, were arranged under the shadow of a splendid cedar not far from the garden gates. When the men had finished their task, the large gathering of tenantry sat down to a capital dinner provided in the tennis-court, and it was during the latter part of the day's entertainment that I challenged any man in Sussex to run 100 yards and jump ten hurdles. As no one responded, I offered any one, bar my own regiment, ten yards start. A young farmer, Jim Gorham—who I am glad to say is alive and well still, for I met him last July at Goodwood Races—said he did not mind having a try; so it was agreed that the match should be run on the Parade Ground in the barrack-yard.

It came off on a market-day. A great lot of people came to see it, and there was a deal of excitement over it, not to say

betting on the result. Gorham stood with his back to the first hurdle, and, therefore, only had to jump nine to my ten. We went off to a good start, and just as I was getting to him at the ninth hurdle I sang out, 'Go it, Gorham!' and if I had shot him dead he could not have come down sharper than he did, and, naturally, I walked in. Poor Gorham was, fortunately, not hurt, or any the worse for his tumble; but his feelings must have suffered severely from the remarks of some of his neighbours, who had doubtless lost their money, for several were heard to declare that he had a 'soft spot' and could not struggle when collared, &c.

As his falling was an accident I offered him another chance; but he was satisfied and wished for no more.

We had a dapper little Ensign called Roger Mostyn, and he is well to the front now, I am glad to say. Now, Roger could jump a good bit higher than I could, and moved pretty smartly as well. He was celebrated for being very cautious in making any wager; but one evening he and I made a match to run 100 yards over ten hurdles. He was to write it all out, and I let him have it all his own way, one condition being that he was to get the hurdles made, and that they were to be 4 ft. high. I may here mention that the usual height for hurdle-racing is 3 ft. 3 in. and 3 ft. 6 in. When he had quite finished writing out the conditions, I suggested that the loser should pay for the hurdles, and that each man should be permitted to fix the obstacles in the ground upon his side of the track. To this he agreed, and I found in practising that 4 ft. hurdles were too high for me to hurry over; more particularly as Roger had had the hurdles made tremendously stiff and fit to turn a round shot.

The day before the race I cut the upright stakes of my hurdles very short, so that they only went into the ground a few inches, and, as luck would have it, there was no wind the day of our match, or my hurdles would certainly have been blown down. Roger's were firmly driven into the soil, and would have upset a bullock. We dashed off, and I jumped the first hurdle clean, but caught all the other nine with my foot in rising, knocking them down, and naturally chancing a fall, but I breasted the tape some two yards in front of poor Roger, who, I fancy, had been laughing up his sleeve at the cropper that I should probably come—only the hurdles fell on this occasion, instead. There was a slight wrangle over it; but in the end it was decided in my favour, and poor Roger had to part.

About this time my young friend Roger had been practising walking, and he made a match to walk forty miles in eight hours, fair heel and toe. I, for one, laid against him; but, as the sequel will show, I knew nothing: for he got back the money he had lost over hurdles and won with a nice little bit in hand. He walked on a common about half-a-mile out of barracks, and a very smart private in our left flank company, named Carter, walked with him all the way, attending to his wants with bottle and sponge. Roger was a bit tired at the finish and, being a light-weight, Carter picked him up on his shoulder and carried him into barracks—quite a useful performance upon the part of both officer and private. I ran one other match this summer with Buckley; but I think I will only mention that I won it, for we have had almost enough of foot-racing for the present, and will say a little about our trade, viz. soldiering.

Our commanding officer, Colonel Colville—the most gentlemanlike of C.O.s—was very fond of experiments, and one of his pet notions was to arrange a method of passing signals to and fro an extended line of men by means of various devices. For this purpose we paraded at an early hour and marched on to the hills about two miles from barracks, and when we reached the top of Trundle Hill, where the horses all pull up after the finish of any race at Goodwood, we deployed right and left into line, each man opening out till he had taken up such a position from his right- and left-hand men as enabled him to observe all their movements without fear of error, and taking all advantage of the nature of the ground—for instance, suppose he wished to pass the word from right to left ‘The enemy is in sight,’ the right-hand man held his firelock horizontally over his head; and, if all went well, it was wonderful to see how rapidly the signal was passed along a line extending perhaps five or six miles. Of course there were various signals, but I merely allude to one as an example of how the thing was worked.

One fine morning the old gentleman thought he would fire blank cartridge from right to left; the popping went on nice and smoothly for about two miles, when, terrible to relate, a boy who was ‘tending crows’ about that distance from the left-mid flank let off his pistol, which started the signal-firing from that point to the extreme left some time before the real signal had reached the centre of the line, and led to a dreadful fiasco, besides worrying our C.O. very much into the bargain.

The following story may not appear half as amusing to read as it appeared to us who were present, but I think it is worth recording. It was after a field-day that we had gone through early one morning on the Downs that the Colonel ordered the battalion to 'pile arms.' The ramrods were then drawn, and every three were formed into a tripod, from which a cooking utensil—which was carried by every man when in full marching order—was suspended some six or seven inches from the ground. Then the men were told to 'collect fuel,' as if to cook the rations; both commodities being scarce, it was very funny to see the men returning at the bugle-call some carrying a stick or two, others with a bunch of gorse, two or three straws, or an odd thistle. When these various articles for making a fire had been methodically placed under the cooking-kettles, and we were supposed to have finished our meal, the bugle sounded 'lie down,' and, it being a very hot morning with a blazing sun, we all flopped down readily enough. The word was then passed down the ranks that it was night, and we were supposed to court balmy sleep after the fatigues of the day till such time as 'reveillé' sounded, when we were all to jump smartly up and be prepared for the worst. Now, we had a man in our sixth company who could imitate the various calls made by the denizens of the farmyard at break of day, and he, being a bit of a wag, started crowing like a champion rooster at sunrise. Naturally the whole battalion burst out into a roar of laughter, much to the annoyance of our chief, who shrieked out to the drill-sergeant: 'Take that man's name! take that man's name!' But the sergeant, being equal to the occasion, drew himself up to his full height and, with a pattern military salute, said: 'I beg pardon, sir; but, as it's night, I cannot see him.' As this was true according to the instructions issued, the Colonel told the bugler to sound 'reveillé,' and we all jumped up, and the matter passed off; but it was all very funny at the time, I can assure you, and quite enough to tickle your risible faculties had you but seen and heard it as I did.

Our C.O. was rather disposed to resent unpunctuality on the part of his officers, and one day he had occasion to find fault with me for being late on church-parade. We were quartered at Portman Street Barracks, and it was a very windy morning—in fact, it blew half a gale—and the gusts that swept round the corners of the streets almost blew my bearskin off. Well, I was called to the front and reproved for my want of punctuality, when I had the audacity to urge

in my favour that I had been unable to procure a cab, and that I had made such bad weather of it in the high wind with so much 'head sail set' (to wit, my high bearskin) that I was a long time fetching round the corners. I was complimented on the extremely novel nature of my excuse, but, at the same time, I was advised '*not to do it again.*'

## CHAPTER VIII.

Leave Chichester—Death of the Duke of Wellington—The Funeral—Boxing-lessons—Ned Adams—Playing Light—A Word of Advice—Jock Dalrymple—Fred Thesiger—Dick Bateson—Tom Steele—‘The Shaver’ and ‘The Giant’—Prize-fight: Broome v. Orme—Match with Duncan Baillie to Run 100 Yards and Walk 20 Miles in Four Hours—Stay with Peel in Norfolk—‘The Norwich Pet’—Biters Bit—‘Flying Tailor’—A Bit of Fatherly Counsel—E. C. Burton—My First Defeat—Some Account of ‘Doey Burton.’

WITH many regrets from nearly all of us, we left Chichester for London, arriving at St. John’s Wood Barracks on the 1st of September, 1852. Three companies in all were quartered at St. John’s Wood, and the other five were distributed among the various other London barracks.

I do not think that I have anything special to record during the following six months, save the death of the great Duke of Wellington. This national calamity took place on Tuesday the 14th of September, and all England mourned the loss of her greatest warrior. The body was, of course, embalmed, and lay in state for six days before the funeral in Chelsea Hospital. Each regiment of Guards alternately found a guard of honour of one hundred men and three officers, and they were on duty at the lying in state. Enormous crowds of people from all parts, and of all denominations, kept continually pouring in and out of the darkened chamber to catch a farewell glimpse of the face of England’s departed hero, before he was borne to his last resting-place in the crypt of St. Paul’s Cathedral, where his coffin was placed almost immediately above that of Nelson.

The guard and the officer in charge of the body were relieved every hour. It was a most impressive scene. I was one of the three officers detailed for this duty on the 13th of November, which fell on a Saturday, the crowd being more dense than upon any other day in consequence of the numbers of working people and others who were enabled to view the



solemn pageant on account of it being a half-holiday. The men lined the hall of Chelsea Hospital with their firelocks reversed and with bowed head resting on the butt of the firelock; this was a very tiring position, and an hour at a time was ample. The officers on duty had to stand at the head of the coffin. Tall wax candles were placed under and around the canopy, which shed a brilliant light upon the remarkable features of that greatest of men. Not a sound was heard, except when, perhaps, the police would say 'Move on, please.' All was solemn and silent as befitted the occasion.

The funeral took place on Thursday the 18th of November, and, though the weather had been somewhat unsettled previously, yet the morning of that day was bright and sunny in the extreme, and lasted so till the obsequies were at an end. Our battalion formed part of the procession, in which there were representatives of every corps in the British Army. We paraded at 6.45 A.M. at the Horse Guards, which entailed our leaving barracks about 6 A.M. We fell in at nine o'clock, and marched four deep at slow step up Constitution Hill, along Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, the Strand, and Fleet Street to Ludgate Hill, where the Guards lined each side of the street till the service was over. It was a most wearisome trudge, as the procession was such a long one that we had often to stand still and wait from five minutes to a quarter of an hour before we could move on. As I have said, it was, fortunately, a fine day, for we had all got our dress uniforms on. We wore a broad crape scarf over the right shoulder; all our gold lace and ornaments were covered with crape, and all officers wore black gloves. The men had only biscuits served out to them; but as the spectators, who not only thronged the streets, but also the windows of pretty nearly every house on the route, had provided themselves with hampers of eatables, besides plenty to drink—which they foolishly, although good-naturedly, passed down to the men lining the thoroughfare—it took very little time before some of the men showed the effect of their libations. One party in particular, who occupied a window about the centre of where my company was posted, would persist in letting down bottles of spirits by a string; so I was compelled to do what I have never done purposely before or since, namely, wantonly waste good liquor; for, as soon as a bottle was within reach, I held my sword by the blade and swung the hilt round against the bottle; which action, of course, resulted in the liquor finding its way into the gutter, and caused no

little grumbling among the men. Nevertheless, had I not executed this manœuvre I am convinced that I should never have succeeded in getting my company back to Portman Street Barracks; several were none too steady, as it was.

I always look back upon this day of the Duke's funeral as one of the hardest day's work I ever took part in; for when I dismissed my company at barracks, I got into a cab and rattled off to my lodgings, intending to put on mufti and go down to the Guards' Club and have something to eat, as it was getting on for nine o'clock; but I rashly lay down for what I meant to be a five minutes' snooze, and never woke till between two and three in the morning, when, the Club of course being closed, I could get nothing to eat till breakfast next morning. Thus ended the last tribute of respect which a grateful country paid to its preserver, and though laid to rest, his unblemished character and renown both as a statesman and soldier will never, I trust, be forgotten. I omitted to mention that the Prince Consort acted as chief mourner, and the Duke of Cambridge was in command of the troops on the day of the funeral.

Now, to return from chronicles of the dead to those of the living. It was during this autumn of 1852 that I gave up a spare hour occasionally to practise the 'noble art of self-defence'—a study I can conscientiously recommend to any young man, as it cannot possibly do him any harm, and may stand him in good stead sooner or later. Would that all my compatriots could be taught to rely upon their ten digits, and then we should hear less of the use of the knife or revolver, as all differences might be settled with Nature's weapons. I used to take frequent lessons from one Ned Adams, who was as clever as a monkey, and we used to start our boxing-bouts with the distinct understanding that we were to 'play light'; but, deary me! it is much easier to intend to do so than to carry it out; for I put it to any man—if you get one or two smart taps on your proboscis, just sufficient to make your eyes water, it stands to reason that you must do your level best to give your opponent something just to equalize matters, and, with a vicious lunge, you revel in feeling that you have got well home with your left; but, quicker than thought, in comes his right, and if you only see stars you are pretty lucky, while if you have the audacity to reproach him for his interference with your nasal organ he meekly replies: 'Well, you see, guv'nor, you 'it me first, and it wasn't altogether playful, neither. Still, I'm sorry as

I let go, and 'opes it 'ain't 'urt yer.' I soon found out that to box well you must have a wonderful command over your temper; for the moment that you get riled at receiving a sharpish tap, you as surely lay yourself open to punishment, as, regardless of consequences, you lower your guard and rattle away like a bull in a china-shop.

There were many officers in the Guards well known to be fairly clever with their 'dukes,' notably, Tom Steele and Jock Dalrymple ('Black Dal'), Dick Bateson, and Fred Thesiger (now Lord Chelmsford). These two last were a capital match, being both long, lathy men, with tremendous reach, and very active on their pins; but some of the best sport we had with the gloves was when the old Blues were on duty at the Horse Guards. No two men were fonder of this invigorating sport than the late Sir Robert Sheffield ('The Shaver') and the present Lord Fitzhardinge ('The Giant'), and they seldom went on guard without having some of the 'fancy' down to put on the gloves with, for a bit of practice.

Among those professionals who used to be summoned for this purpose I may mention Joe Hoiles (commonly known as 'The Spider') and another well-known name in the pugilistic world, Alec Keane. Jack Hannan, too, frequently appeared on the scene, and was always ready for a little practice with any one at all desirous of the same.

I used now and again to go and see a merry mill, and often found a portion of the battle-money for one side or the other. The fight that I recollect most about, before I went to the Crimea, was the match between Broome and Orme, at Mildenhall in Suffolk, and hardly ever did I see a greater contrast between two men of about the same weight. Broome was much taller, and his reach far longer, than Orme's; he was also very fair. Orme was, as we should say of a racehorse, 'too set,' and had not the liberty of his opponent. He was as dark-skinned and swarthy as a gipsy, his splendidly-developed chest being covered with a forest of black hair. It was a long and protracted battle, but eventually reach and science told its tale, and Broome gained the day.

One evening, dining on guard, I made a match with Duncan Baillie of the Blues. I was to give him five yards start in a hundred—running, and to walk twenty miles inside the four hours. As I was pretty well at the time, I tried to get on some money that I walked the first twelve miles in two hours; but nobody would bet. The match came off on a mile of ground near a public-house called The Magpies, at Arlington

Corner. I think I walked the first twelve miles a minute over the two hours, so, had the pieces been down, I doubt not that I could have knocked off that minute and landed the coin. The remainder of the distance I walked at my ease, except in the last half-mile, which the famous Charley Westhall, who attended upon me during this match, persuaded me to do at my best, to show that I was not tired, and that spurt regularly settled me. I fancy I had about twenty minutes to spare at the end. By the bye, I quite forgot to mention that I polished off my old friend Duncan before starting for my walk.

Whilst ruminating over this match, I have just recollected a little morning's diversion that happened shortly before the match I have just mentioned. I was paying my old friend, Edmund Peel, a visit at a place of his in Norfolk, and several of the men staying there for shooting expressed a wish to see me run; so a challenge was despatched to Norwich by the post-cart that I would give any man in Norwich five pounds that could beat me. I hardly expected that the bait would take so readily; but the very next morning, while we were finishing breakfast, a dog-cart was seen driving up the approach, containing two men, whom from their appearance we at once guessed to be the running representatives of the town of Norwich. We all repaired to the stable-yard and surveyed the East Anglian athletes. Addressing the elder and larger of the twain, I asked him if his young friend that he had brought with him had come to fetch my 'fiver.' He replied: 'Oh, no. I've come for that.' When I suggested that he looked more like hurrying than the speaker, he answered: 'Bless yer 'art! I can give 'im five yards in a 'undred.' However, I thought otherwise, and determined to play 'possum.'

At that time I usually took about with me on my country visits a little man named Jimmy Patterson ('The Flying Tailor'); he was employed at my old tailor's (one of the best), Hill, of Old Bond Street, who was himself very partial to the 'cinder-path.' Jimmy and I were much about the same form at 100 yards, and many a score of times have we stripped and run together in all parts of the country to which I used to go shooting, and, for fear that the inhabitants who looked on at our practice should know too much, we used to beat each other alternately in our gallops. But 'to return to our muttons': I had left the men in the stable-yard and ran up-stairs to put on my running kit. When I returned, the

whole *posse comitatus* marched out on the high-road, and a motley group we were. Keepers, beaters, young swells with their loaders, and any one from the house that could get out for half-an-hour. I was rather astonished that my opponent did not take off his overalls, though he had put on a pair of spiked shoes to run in. We had not gone thirty yards before I found that I could lose him; so I ran with him and only beat him about half a yard. He had no sooner pulled up than I began to chaff him, telling him that he could not go fast enough to keep himself warm. When he replied: 'Well, my young friend 'ere shall run yer'—'What is the good of that?' I answered; 'you told me that you could beat him easy just now.' Upon which he retorted: 'Never yer mind about what I said just now, 'e's good enough to beat you, 'cause you only just bested me.' Curiously enough, the lesser and younger man, who was so inferior to his comrade, was, when divested of his superfluous clothing and had toed the scratch, about as near naked as decency would permit, and had a lovely little pair of spiked shoes on as well. From the buoyancy of their spirits it was pretty plain that they thought they had got a real good thing on this time; so I recommended the keepers and beaters to put their dollars on me, till quite a heap of silver depended on the result.

Off we went, and I beat the 'Norwich Pet' about five yards, and I do not think I ever saw two sportsmen more flabbergasted at the result. My first opponent was now lost in astonishment, and said to me, 'Well, guv'nor, you've done us to rights this time! Why, 'e can give me five yards, and heasy too, and you only beat me 'arf a yard!' 'Never mind,' said I; 'I don't believe that either of you can run a little bit. Look here! my servant shall run you.' The 'Flying Tailor' was out of his clothes in an instant, and, of course, polished off 'The Pet' as easy as I had done.

Poor things! they looked so down on their luck that I was obliged to give them a bit of gold and some fatherly advice gratis—to the effect that they should not try to be too clever with a poor, innocent young soldier.

I have reason to believe that the two would-be sharps returned to Norwich considerably crestfallen, and somewhat lighter in pocket than when they started in the morning; but they did not so much mind 'being beat by the Captain,' it was being found inferior to his servant that they did not relish.

I must now relate a tale which concerns little Jimmy

Patterson. While he was carrying my second gun that day, I asked him if he had ever been in Norwich. He said, 'Only once, and for a short time, as he found it would be a little too hot for him if he remained there.' My curiosity being aroused, I bid him tell me his experiences there. As far as I recollect, here is the story in his own words—

'Well, you see, Captain, it was in this way. Two or three years ago there was a sprinter in Norwich who was thought a deal of by his fellow-citizens, and no doubt but what he had beat the best men in that neighbourhood. Well, a gentleman comes to me in London one day and says, "Jimmy," he says, "are you in want of a job? because I think I can put a pony or fifty pounds into your pocket; but it will take a bit of doing, mind you. First of all, you must let your hair grow, and don't you go for to shave till I tell you, and practise walking a trifle lame, and if you can whistle nice and shrill between your teeth, all the better." "When are you likely to want me?" I says. "In about three weeks or more," says he; "but mind you keep yourself straight: for you'll have to hurry when I send for you." Well, sure enough, about a month after, I found the gent had called, and, not finding me, he sent a letter to say I was to meet him at a small town about ten mile out of Norwich. When I got there, I found a lot of drovers who were taking their sheep to Norwich Fair. My gentleman soon picked out one of these men, who was short and thick-set like me, and we adjourned to a small public-house, near to a field where this drover's flock of sheep were shut in for the night. The gentleman soon showed he had plenty of money, and as the drover was accommodating in the way of thirst, he quickly became unconscious. We slept in the same bed, he and I, at the pot-house, as there was none too much room in the place, and this just suited, for before leaving Norwich my gentleman give me a couple of powders, and told me his plans for the morrow, which, for my part, I carried out to the letter.

'Before turning in for the night I brought up two pints of beer, and set them on the table. I clapped a powder into each pot of beer, and lay down for a sleep. Just before the sun rose, I, with difficulty, aroused my bedfellow; but he said he wouldn't get up unless I brought him some beer. This was just what I wanted; he drained off one pint, and half the other, and, to my satisfaction, went off in a deep sleep. I then put on the drover's old clothes, and rolled up my own into a bundle, which I slung over my shoulder upon the

drover's stick ; then I went to the field where his sheep were, let them out on the high-road, and with them in front of me, started for Norwich Fair. When I was within about a mile of the town I heard some wrangling going on in a public by the roadside, and, sure enough, there was my gentleman, and as soon as I got the sheep a bit settled, I waddled up, as if to see what was going on. My disguise was so good that, had we not arranged a password, my gent would hardly have known me, as I leaned first on one leg and then on t'other, as if lame and very weary. However, I listened pretty eager, and heard my gent say to a nobby-looking sportsman with whom he had evidently just driven out of the town in a dog-cart, "What!" he says, "do you mean to tell me as that man there, the 'Norwich Pet,' or the 'Mouse,' or whatever you like to call him, can do level time for a hundred yards?—not he!" and beckoning to me, my gentleman says, "Here, drover, can you run at all?" I pulled my forelock and says, "I could at one time, sir ; but I've met with bad times, and though I'm a bit lame, it's a strange nice level bit of road just here, and I'm game to take five yards off that man" (meaning the "Pet") "in a hundred yards, just for a quart of best ale."

"Well," says the nobby one, "that's pretty good check, surely! I'll bet a pony or fifty on my man." Thereupon my gentleman says, "Well, I don't think much of your man, so I'll have you for fifty on t'other." "Done!" says he, and with that we all goes into the public, and we two takes off our outer clothes ; and you may be sure, Captain, as I was jolly glad to get out of the old drover's toggery, for it wasn't altogether quite Eau de Cologne as they smelt of.

'The distance was measured. I was put five yards inside the mark, and the money staked in the hands of the landlord. Off we jumped, and, about halfway, I let him get nearly up to me, when, after apparently a regular ding-dong race, I won by half a yard ; but I made up my mind that I could have given the countryman a bit of start, and not he me. Luckily, I got the chance to whisper this to my gentleman ; so, after a friendly glass, the nobby one agreed to go double or quits, both to start level. It was a pretty race, but I won much as before, and am pretty confident I could have given my opponent three or four yards. I was to meet my gentleman by appointment that evening in Norwich, and after they had all driven off, I left the old drover's clothes and sheep in the landlord's charge, got back into the town by a roundabout way, and walked about the Fair, listening to the different

accounts of the morning's performance, which was great fun ; but I was a bit uncomfortable lest my last night's bedfellow might turn up. He did not, however ; and so it was all right. I duly met my gentleman, and he was a real gentleman too, Captain, for he gave me twenty-five pounds ; but advised me to clear out of Norwich, and go up to London by the first train, along with him, which I did, for I think, as you'll agree, it wasn't worth my while to stop when there was a lot of the "Fancy" about as knew the "Flying Tailor" well by sight ; and he wasn't no dead nuts on meeting with them, seeing that they might have made it a bit too warm for him.'

This story is a long one ; but it is pretty much as he told it to me, and I thought it a pity not to relate it intact.

We had a first-rate shoot that day, and killed some uncommon large hares, one elephantine pussy turning the scale considerably over ten pounds, the heaviest I have ever seen before or since. I take it they did not follow my precept of taking lots of strong exercise, but probably lived well, and therefore accumulated adipose tissue !

Now I am going to tell you of my first defeat upon the running track, which happened soon after my return to London, when the party at Edmund Peel's broke up. I was beaten at 120 yards at the 'Old Cope' by E. C. Burton, the best all-round man I ever knew ; and glad I am to say that he was fit and well as ever only last year, when we were standing together at Sandown Park Races watching the National Hunt Steeplechase (won by Captain Crawley's Van der Berg, ridden by a real game Guardsman, Sir C. Slade). Now 'Doey' Burton was at that time reading for the law, and I did not take as much trouble as I should have done in my training. Firstly, because I underrated my antagonist, and, secondly, because I was given to understand that he was not training over hard—in fact one of our mutual friends told me that he was in the habit of taking a bottle of claret every night for dinner. Of course, it was soft of me to listen to these tales ; at the same time I felt confident then, and I do now, that the best man won. I extract the following from a book called *The Record of the University Boat-Race*. In writing of the crews of 1846, in which year Burton rowed number two in the Oxford eight, the writer says : 'Of these, the best all-round man, not only of that day but of any age in University aquatics, was Mr. E. C. Burton, now residing at Daventry, Northamptonshire. Among his many accomplishments, he could run. The Guards had a crack sprinter in those days—



to wit, the present Sir J. D. Astley—and a match was made between these two celebrities. Each side backed their man boldly, and the public believed for choice in the Guardsman; but young Oxford was too many for them, and when Burton walked in a winner it was said that Christ Church and its coterie “spoiled the Philistines.” To do my old pal more honour I quote once more, from a book called *Rowing at Westminster*; here it says—‘E. C. Burton also went to Christ Church in 1845, where he won the University fours, rowing number three in the Christ Church crew. In 1846 he won the Oxford pairs with A. Milman; rowed number two in his University boat against Cambridge, and the same oar in the Eton and Westminster crew at Henley and the Thames Regatta. At the latter he won the Champion Sculler’s cup, beating Peacock, and Russell the winner of the “Wingfield Sculls,” and five others. He won the Oxford fours again in 1846. In 1847 he was elected President of “Oxford University Boat Club,” and won the Oxford Sculls, beating sixteen others. In this year he took Christ Church to the head of the river, and kept her there three years. At Henley he rowed stroke of Oxford University and won the Grand Challenge Cup; also in the Christ Church four, the Visitors’ Plate, and Stewards’ Cup, and Oxford fours for the third time. In 1848 he again rowed stroke of Oxford and won the Grand Challenge Cup, and number six in the Christ Church eight which won the Ladies’ Plate, and both four-oared cups with the Christ Church crew. In 1851 he trained and steered the Oxford crew at Henley, when they won the Grand Challenge Cup. Mr. Burton is well known in other fields as a sportsman of the very first rank.’

I will dilate further on E. C. Burton’s mighty deeds in the saddle, &c., later on, when I treat of the time after my return from the Crimea; for I shall always look upon him as the best all-round man I ever knew, and his many exploits are well worth recording.

## CHAPTER IX.

Stay at Tredegar—The ‘Bristol Mouse’—David Williamson—Match with Rowland Hill—Give Five Yards, Same Result—Move to Windsor—‘Ducky’ Grantham—Training-quarters at Surley—Frost and Levett—Dan Dismore—Catch a Weasel Asleep?—The Race—Doing the Double—A Speedy Retreat—Nearly Done Twice—No More Backers for Frost—Cricket with the Blues—A Row to Marlow and Back—Shakespeare—Fire at Windsor Castle—Strawberry Jam and Noyau not a Good Mixture—My New Command—Matches with Fred Sayer—Hockey on the Slopes (pond) at Windsor Castle.

DURING this winter of 1852 I spent a very jolly time at Tredegar Park, near Newport; this was when the old Lord (father of the present man) kept and hunted his own hounds there. A nicer lot of boys and girls no parent was ever blessed with. Godfrey (the present peer) is well to the front, and is one of the few remaining 17th Lancers who behaved so brilliantly in the ever-memorable Balaclava charge; Fred, M.P. for Monmouth, late Rifle Brigade, hunts the hounds and has some useful olive branches of both sexes that are amazingly like their sire in looks and make, as well as in their intense fondness for all kinds of sport; Arthur, who is a bit handicapped by going rather dotty on the near fore, or would be bang among ‘em now—comprise the sons with whom I was, and am, best acquainted. As for the daughters of the house, their good qualities and good looks are too well known to need any mention by me. I was asked by the latter to show them a bit of running, and it so happened that just at this time a man called the ‘Bristol Mouse’ had vanquished the ‘Newport Stag’; therefore I sent a message to the ‘Mouse’ to say that he could earn a fiver by coming to Tredegar and running me 100 yards. The ‘Mouse,’ on arrival, looked such a puny specimen of humanity that I gave him five yards on the road outside the lodge-gates, and beat him so easy that he would not try again, though I offered him ten yards.

The ladies seemed much pleased with my performance, and

Lady Tredegar presented me that evening with a scarf-pin, and crowned me with a wreath of laurel-leaves. When I left the house I was commissioned by David Williamson (of Lawers), who was in the Coldstream Guards, to buy him two hunters at Tattersall's on the following Monday, and send them down to him at once, as he was very busy courting one of the Miss Morgans at the time, and was anxious to distinguish himself over the reens (deep ditches or drains) with the hounds.

I was fortunate enough to make a good selection of two, and they did not cost more than £150 the pair of them. They answered his purpose so well that he took the young lady to church very shortly afterwards, and a comelier couple parson has seldom, if ever, tied up.

Next, I went to Bryn-y-Pys again for more shooting and some capital hunting. Amongst the guests was Rowland (now Lord) Hill, who was styled the champion runner of Wales. Of course I was obliged to try and take his number down; which I did so easily that I condescended to give him five yards start, and, to his unfeigned astonishment, I beat him further than when we ran level. He and his brother Geoffrey were wonderful keen sportsmen, much addicted to the noble sport of otter-hunting, and possessing a first-rate pack of 'water dogs.' Now this, though no doubt a very exciting sport, has, in my humble opinion, one very great drawback: for the huntsman must needs be in the water, and the consequence of wearing saturated clothes for so many hours at a stretch is nearly certain to make him a victim to rheumatism, and I venture to think that those plucky brothers would have been all the better if they had left otter-hunting alone.

In the spring of 1853 we moved to Windsor, and I was delighted to get back to our old quarters again. As I could not afford to keep racehorses, I thought that I might try keeping *men* that could race, and Grantham, who had now retired from the 'cinder-path,' was the landlord of the well-known public at Surley Hall, the favourite resort of Eton boys after a hard row up stream, and which had a lawn sloping right down to the river. By road it was about a mile and a half from Windsor. I found this a very suitable spot for my purpose, and where I could put up a pedestrian or two and arrange matches for them at different distances; besides superintending their training, run them trials, and so afford myself a lot of amusement, as well as make myself acquainted with each man's capabilities. On the whole I did not pay my expenses with these nimble atoms; for I found

that a favourite saying of old Fred Swindell's was but too true, viz. : 'Never back anything as can talk.'

I had matched a man named Frost against Levett to run ten miles, and what with my own and 'Ducky' Grantham's assiduous attention, Frost had done such a good trial on the Maidenhead road against the watch, that we looked forward with confidence to his being victorious. Now, I had heard that the other man, Levett, had been coughing, and I rather expected he would pay forfeit ; but his backer, a very cute and somewhat unscrupulous old party of the name of Dan Dismore, made up his mind to try and get the best of this young soldier. So one day when I had punted up from Windsor, and was just making fast to the lawn at Surley, I heard a trap drive up to the door, and on running up to see who it was, I discovered that the cab contained old Dismore and his *protégé*, Levett ; so I went up to the bedroom in which Frost was getting ready for a five-mile trot, and from the window I thus hailed the new arrivals. 'Good-morning, gents. What brings you down here, and how is Mr. Levett ?' The cute one looked up, and with considerable self-possession replied that 'They had only come to see Mr. Frost.' I then produced Frost at the open window and said, 'Here he is, you can say what you have got to tell him from where you are.' I went out of the room, turned the key on my athlete, and joined the gentlemen (!) from London in the bar. I offered them a certain amount of hospitality, but informed them that it would be no manner of use waiting any longer, as I did not consider it expedient that they should hold any converse with my man. They regretted that I should be so suspicious, and, getting into their trap again, informed me that they would be off to London, in that case. I pretended that I was going home by river, and, running down the lawn, I hauled up my punt, chucked in the chain with a rattle, and shoved off ; but very shortly pulled up behind an eyot and listened. Sure enough I soon heard a trap on the road ; so I jumped ashore, and hastening to the front of the inn I met my friends again. After exchanging a few pleasantries, I suggested that to make sure they were off this time, I would ride as far as the station with them, and away we went. After I had seen them off by the train, I drove back and took my man out for his five-miles' spin ; and from what happened subsequently, there is no doubt I was not a bit too suspicious ; for their object in coming down was to square Frost.

A few days later the match came off (I think at Hackney

Wick). There was a tremendous crowd, and as they laid 5 to 4 against my man, I felt pretty sure that there was something wrong, more particularly as I knew for certain that Levett was amiss. So I engaged old Tom Paddock at a sovereign, and he was to provide eight or ten other useful men at a dollar each, to scatter themselves round the side of the track to see that my man was not interfered with. I took 100 to 80 twice, and told Frost that I would give him the stake (£50) if he won, and that he was to cut out the work at his best pace, as I was sure the other man was all wrong. He followed my instructions to the letter, and won anyhow. I was paying Paddock and his men, when I got warning to be off at once, as my man had 'put the double on,' and both he and I were to catch it; so I hurried off to my cab (I always had a first-class hansom that took me backwards and forwards on these expeditions), and when I jumped into it, to my astonishment I found Frost, who I had been told had already made himself scarce, enveloped in a rug, with nothing on but his little short running drawers. He implored me to take him off at once. I said: 'What does all this mean?' He replied: 'I put the double on 'em. I behaved all right to you, Captain; but just before I left my room to go down to the start, one of the other side came with a pot of porter and said: "If you drink this, I will give you a fifty-pound note." I said: "No, but bring me a pint bottle corked and the wire on, and I'll drink it; stake your fifty pound." I did so, and they had to hurry out, as some one was coming up the stairs. I put my finger down my throat, and got rid of the porter; and here's their fifty, I ran with it in my belt. Now you understand what makes 'em all so wild.' Of course I was very angry with him; but he did not care about it at the time, for he got my £50, their £50, and his share of the gate-money, which amounted to another £50. (There was £150 taken at the gate in sixpences.)

Well, he never found a backer again, and you must admit that I was very near 'carted' twice over that little affair.

The Royal Horse-Guards Blue were quartered at the Cavalry Barracks during this summer, and I have lately been reminded by an old friend ('The Giant') formerly in that regiment, of the excitement caused by a cricket-match played at these barracks between the Blues and my battalion. He wrote: 'We won and nearly broke all you chaps; so, to get a little money back, you gave poor Duncan Baillie five

yards start in a race across the green, and you got beat a head.' I have no doubt his account is correct, but I ought to have beaten Baillie, as I had done so previously at Arlington Corner under similar conditions.

Many of our men were constantly on the river, and I suggested to some of the non-commissioned officers to get up a crew to row up to Marlow and back; so one fine day I hired an old ten-oar at Tolliday's and we went. I rowed stroke, with eight N.C.O.s behind me and Wenny Coke in the bow. We started after the men's dinner, and got on nicely as far as Maidenhead, when the N.C.O.s began to tire; but, by the aid of copious libations at every available spot, we reached Marlow, some sixteen miles by water from Windsor.

We had a meat tea, and then started to row home again, hoping to get back to barracks in time for tattoo; but, though the stream was with us, all the N.C.O.s were so done up that we failed to do so, and thereby incurred the displeasure of the commanding officer by just missing tattoo. However, I explained to him that the eight men in the centre of the boat did not pull their own weight; therefore stroke and bow had to do all their work. There were some real good men among them too, namely, Sergeant Goodey, who rowed number nine, and Corporal Murtland, eight, and they amused me considerably, as well as provided me with instruction, by capping each other with quotations from Shakespeare—an author, I am ashamed to say, I know very little about, and I certainly never gave them credit for knowing more of England's greatest poet than I did; nevertheless it was so, I fear. Of the other men in the boat I fail to remember their names, but both Goodey and Murtland died of cholera in the Crimea. I have never heard soldiers of any grade quote Shakespeare since; although the present system of competitive examinations would lead me to suppose that without vast culture of the brain no man can turn out a good soldier.

On the evening of the 19th of March, 1853, when I was still doing duty at Windsor, a fire broke out in the Prince of Wales' Tower at the Castle, which I believe was caused by some defect in the heating apparatus, and was very near being serious. We had just finished mess, and I was orderly officer that day, when one of the Castle guard came running down to say that we were required to help subdue the conflagration. The alarm was at once sounded, and the battalion turned out wonderfully quickly, and were marched up in their shell-jackets in about fifteen minutes. The fire had got a good hold

on the tower, which is on the terrace. There was a plentiful supply of water, and I took charge of one of the hose. I had some very pretty shots from one of the passages into the dining-room below, which was well alight, and while I was thus engaged it was reported that the floor where I was standing was not safe ; but as I was in the doorway I thought I was all right and stayed where I was, although I heard a voice behind me telling me to come away, as my position was most dangerous. I replied that I was having capital sport where I was, and that my friend need not be alarmed about me. I was proud to discover later that it was the Prince Consort who had been so anxious to induce me to leave the spot.

After avalanches of water, we finally got the fire under, but we were all wet through and through as a matter of course. When I descended the spiral staircase of the tower to the ground floor, I found that the lower chamber was used as a store-room, with stone shelves all round it and a pillar in the centre, also encircled with shelves, upon which reposed dozens of pots of jam and a number of bottles of liqueur. The water having run down the steps had flooded the floor as high as the first shelf, and upon this our men were sitting and floating pots of jam and other luxuries across to each other in their forage caps, and sad havoc they made among the preserves and the various liqueurs. I remained on duty on the terrace till between three and four o'clock in the morning, and I had plenty to do to get the last batch of men back to barracks, for the good old ale had been served out to them with no sparing hand.

That day when I went round the messes as picket officer, quite half of the men could not face their food on any terms, and were lying upon their beds with complexions varying from light green to pale yellow, the result of a mixture of strawberry jam, noyau, and old ale, and I do not believe that they could have been induced to try the two first again under any consideration whatever. Barring the fact that I spoilt a brand-new coat, I was none the worse ; though I nearly had a nasty cropper off a ladder, but saved myself from falling just in time. I was given considerable *κνδός* at the time for my exertions upon this eventful evening.

Before I left Windsor I had a sickener of both training and backing bipeds. I had taken a lot of trouble with a man named Conway, a first-class runner at a mile. He was at a very low ebb when I took him in hand, and I fed and clothed

him for between two and three months. He had done two very useful mile trials, at four minutes twenty-two seconds by the watch, so I matched him against another speedy man ; but on the day of the race, though apparently perfectly well in the morning, he was disgracefully beaten in the afternoon, and the victor had no sort of right to win, for his time was only four minutes forty seconds. How my man was got at I never found out ; but he was a most ungrateful toad, and I never heard of him again.

My battalion formed part of the camp at Chobham this same summer, but as I had contrived to get a touch of lumbago, I was left behind at Windsor in charge of a few decrepit old soldiers and the women and children. Truly a noble command ! But I soon got all right again, and rejoined the battalion on their return to London, when they went to Wellington Barracks once more.

I again took up my quarters over the dairy in Jermyn Street, and took in as a lodger young Erskine of Cardross, who was thenceforward known as 'my lodger.' Great luck for him, as both by precept and example I was—under Providence—the means of fitting him for the distinguished career which has culminated in his not only being an acquisition at Court, but also the representative of physical force in the House of Commons ; for is he not Serjeant-at-Arms, and a worthy successor to dear old Gossett, the essence of *bonhomie* ? My other *protégé* in the regiment has also turned out extraordinarily well ; for when the present military secretary, Sir Reginald Gipps, joined a year after I did, I received a letter from one of his relatives asking me 'to take care of dear little Reggie,' and he and I have been fast friends ever since ; though I must own that he has taken as much care of me as I of him. During this autumn I made a match, or, I should say, two matches, with Fred Sayer of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. We were to run 150 yards on the flat on the Salt Hill Road, and the next day but one, 150 yards over ten hurdles in the Home Park at Windsor. He went down to train at Slough under the care of a noted old ten-mile runner yclept the 'North Star' ; whilst, as I was doing duty in London, I used to take my gallops round St. James's Park, of course running the distance two or three times a week with the 'Flying Tailor' (the same party of whom I told the story of his adventure as a Norwich drover). There was a good deal of interest shown over these races, and one day I heard a rumour that my opponent had strained his knee. I am afraid that a feeling of



joy rather than of commiseration pervaded my system ; but I got into the train and went down to Slough to see for myself whether there was any truth in the report. I duly arrived at my destination, and as I mounted the stairs of the public where Fred Sayer was located—and which was kept by a curious old fellow called Bragg, noted for the number of prizes he had taken for dahlias of his own growing, and also for his luck in breeding a useful greyhound or two—the well-known and pungent aroma of hartshorn and oil pleasantly assailed my olfactory organs, and no more delicious scent ever greeted the nose of the keenest old foxhound when, after a long and unprofitable draw, he at length winds bold reynard. Well, I opened the door, and on the bed before me lay one of the most perfect models of a well-made man that I ever saw stripped. ‘Fred, my boy,’ I said, ‘you have not broken down, have you?’ upon which he answered, ‘No ! I ain’t quite settled, but I have got a rare dicky knee, old chap ; for I strained it jumping a gate on the roadside the day before yesterday ; however, I sha’n’t pay forfeit yet.’ You may be sure I took a very careful survey of his injured limb, and as it was only four or five days before the race, I—like a real flat—inwardly decided that the abstemious habits of high training were no longer necessary for Astley, not that I believe my taking a glass or two of ‘pop’ when I got back to town made any very great difference.

A crowd of people went down to Salt Hill on the day, and though my opponent’s knee looked very red, it did not interfere with his action. I am bound to say that, after a good start, he always had the best of it, and the Royal Welsh took a lot of ‘ready’ out of the Scots Fusiliers that day. On the second day after this match, we met in the Home Park for our second trial, and as Fred Sayer had proved himself the speediest, and was known to be a beautiful jumper, his friends laid as much as 3 to 1 on him for the hurdle-race. Now in foot-racing a man must use his head as well as his legs, much the same way as a finished jockey does on a horse, and the task before me did not appear to be any great ‘catch’—assuming, as I did, that he went faster and jumped better than I could ; so, after considerable cogitation, I came to the conclusion that Sayer would wait on me, and then come and beat me for speed ; therefore I made up my mind to practise a little artifice, and this was it. I settled that I would make running at a false pace, but as soon as ever I got over the seventh hurdle I would go like blazes for the eighth, in the

hopes that Fred, not being prepared for such a sudden dash of speed on my part, would, in his hurry to overtake me, get put out of his stride and so not take off with quite his usual precision for the eighth hurdle; and oh! be joyful, my little ruse came off right, for he, being hustled, took off wildly, overjumped himself and all but came down, losing so much ground that he could never recover it, and I won comfortably. We all got back with interest the money that we had lost on the flat, and I think this was my last match before I started for the Crimea.<sup>1</sup>

Just previous to Christmas we had a lot of hard weather, and with it some first-rate ice, which gave me ample opportunity of playing my favourite game of hockey on the ice. Our other battalion was then quartered at Windsor, and it reached my ears that a match was to be played on the pond on the slopes below the terrace of Windsor Castle, and, though I really had no business there, I felt very keen to show my powers before Royalty (the Royal family being at the Castle); so I smuggled myself down to the pond, and, as I was known to be useful at the game, Dudley de Ros of the 1st Life-Guards and I tossed up for sides. The pond—as I recollect it—was an oval one with an island in the centre, on which the band of our regiment was stationed. At one end of the pond her Gracious Majesty was seated, surrounded by several of the ladies of the court, watching the game with evident interest. The Prince Consort—who was a beautiful and graceful figure-skater—kept goal for the opposite side, and Lord Listowel (father of the present Earl) kept ours. I don't think that I ever enjoyed a game more, and it was that day I first had the honour of making the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales. The game waxed fast and furious, and I am afraid that I was sufficiently wanting in respect to interfere once, at least, with the Prince Consort's equilibrium in my eagerness to get a goal.

The edges of the pond sloped up to where her Majesty was sitting, and in a desperate rally with De Ros I lost my balance and came down in a sitting posture, the impetus I had on carrying me right up to the Queen's feet, and the hearty laughter which greeted my unbidden arrival is still vividly impressed upon my mind.

It was altogether a glorious afternoon's sport, but as the ice was beginning to thaw, and the surface to a certain extent

<sup>1</sup> Appended at the end of chapter are the several races run by Sir John previous to embarkation for the Crimea, February 1854.—EDITOR.

covered with water, I was wet to the skin, and only escaped a rheumatic attack by imbibing plenty of deliciously mulled port wine, which was served in a conservatory under the terrace. To this decoction I suppose I must attribute my audacity in venturing to go down to the Foot-Guards barracks, where I received a jobation from the C.O. for having the effrontery to take part in a game to which I was not asked; but as I had played well I was not cashiered on this occasion.

The following record shows the foot-races in which I took part prior to the Crimea, and the result of the various contests:—

Name.	Distance.	Place.	Result.
1. H. Blundell .	100 yards over 10 hurdles .	Oxford .	W.
2. Pack, 1st Life-Guards }	150 yards on flat . .	Windsor .	W.
3. W. Beach .	150 yards on flat . .	<sup>1</sup> Old Cope .	D.H.
4. W. Beach .	150 yards on flat . .	Old Cope .	W.
5. F. Bathurst .	150 yards on flat . .	Old Cope .	W.
6. E. C. Burton .	110 yards on flat . .	Old Cope .	L.
7. King and Mace .	100 yards on flat . .	E. Peel's .	W.
8. 'Bristol Mouse' .	100 yards on flat . .	Tredegar .	W.
9. Rowland Hill .	100 yards on flat . .	Bryn-y-Pys .	W.
10. F. Sayer . .	150 yards on flat . .	Salt Hill .	L.
11. F. Sayer . .	150 yards over 10 hurdles	{ Home Park, } Windsor }	W.
12. Against Time .	{ Walk a mile, run 100 } yards in ten minutes }	Windsor .	W.
13. D. Baillie . .	{ Run 100 yards giving 5 } yards start, and walk 20 }	Arlington Corner	W.
14. Buckley . .	100 yards on flat . .	Chichester .	W.
15. Gorham . .	{ 100 yards over 10 hurdles } giving 5 yards start }	Chichester .	W.
16. Roger Mostyn .	{ 100 yards over 10 hurdles } 4 ft. high }	Chichester .	W.
17. F. Eden . .	150 yards over 10 hurdles	{ Home Park, } Windsor }	L.

By this table I ran seventeen times with a record of thirteen wins, three defeats, and one dead heat, and this brings me up to the time I left for the Crimea.

<sup>1</sup> 'Old Cope'—the name by which the Old Copenhagen Grounds were known—near London.

## CHAPTER X.

Home on Leave, January 1854—Rumours of Foreign Service—Littlecote and Wild Dayrell—Orders for the East—Embarkation of the Brigade of Guards—Embark in *Simoom* at Portsmouth, 28th of February—My Cabin—Personal Discomfort Therein—The Voyage Out—My Miseries—Engines Break Down—Gibraltar—Malta at Last—In Lazaretto Barracks—Renny at the Malta Club—Embark in *Kangaroo*—‘From Frying-pan to Fire’—Perils of the Deep—Gallipoli—Scutari—Our Camp—Berkeley and Coke Join—Death of Macneish—Shooting Trips—Duke of Cambridge Joins Army—Review by Lord Raglan—Sports and Games—Review by the Sultan—Beat Hickey—Varna.

On the New Year I took my leave and went home to Everleigh, and I think that it was during a visit which I paid to Frank Popham at Littlecote, near Hungerford (in Berkshire), for shooting, that I received the first intimation that my battalion would be shortly sent out for service in the East, and I well recollect the thrill of satisfaction I felt at the prospect of seeing foreign service. One morning at Littlecote, as we were leaving the house for the day’s shooting and walking across the park, our host, who bred a few horses, pointed out with great pride a very fine dark brown colt, then a two-year-old. This was none other than the afterwards famous Derby winner Wild Dayrell (he won in 1855) by Ion, his dam being Ellen Middleton. His trainer, Rickaby, was Popham’s hunting-groom, and that morning rode a hack in rear of his charge. Another groom was on an old hunter in front of the big two-year-old, who had a small boy on his back, with a man walking by his side leading him in a cavesson, which Mr. Popham told him to take off, as he was anxious for us to see the young one’s action. The old hunter jumped off to lead him; but the two-year-old, being very fresh, gave a buck and a kick and sent the boy flying, and, though we had a first-class opportunity of judging of his action, poor Popham, who was of a very excitable temperament, experienced a *mauvais quart d’heure*: for it was some little time before the colt could

be caught. However, he seemed none the worse, and for a big baby of a horse he moved wonderfully well. I took 200 to 5 about him for the Derby early in February of this year, and as he started at even money it was a pretty bet. The present Robert Sherwood, who now trains at Newmarket and who had hardly ever had a mount before in a big race, rode and won with something to spare—at least so I read in the newspapers, for I was in the Crimea when the race was run.

On returning to Everleigh I got the straight tip that we were pretty certain to start for the East before February came to an end, and I think it was about the 14th, St. Valentine's day, that we got the definite orders to embark within a fortnight; so I went to town and got my kit ready, and though wishing good-bye to all my people rather took the gilt off the gingerbread, yet I was wonderfully pleased when the order came that my battalion was to embark on the 28th of February.

Hitherto I have trusted almost entirely to memory for all that I have recorded in these pages; but now as I write I have the advantage of some notes in an account-book kept by my best of pals, the late General Goodlake, V.C., and also a diary, or rather copy of the Brigade orders, beautifully, and no doubt accurately, executed by our Orderly Room Sergeant, Feist, left at his death to his widow, from whom it was purchased by my friend, Sir Reginald Gipps, who has kindly lent it to me for reference. Feist had also copied the medical history, compiled by Surgeon-Major Bostock for the Army Medical Department; so that my dates are now sure to be accurate, though I cannot absolutely vouch for their being so through all my reminiscences. All the same, I have endeavoured to keep them so as far as possible; but lapse of time, and paucity of notes touching on the first fifteen or sixteen years has rendered my task somewhat more difficult.

The Coldstream Guards embarked on the 22nd of February, 1854, in the *Ripon* transport. We paraded at an early hour on the 28th of February at Wellington Barracks, and, I believe, marched down the Strand to Waterloo Station, and the enormous crowds that lined the streets were most enthusiastic and demonstrative as we swaggered along, our band playing the well-known airs so dear to the British soldier, of which I think 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' and 'Auld Lang Syne' are the greatest favourites. There were very many touching episodes and heart-rending grief as we drew near the

station-gates, where only the soldiers were admitted, and at one time it seemed almost impossible to shake off some of the poor women who broke into the ranks and would cling to their loved ones. Liquor, of course, flowed very freely, and there was hardly a man who had not several flasks stuffed into his uniform, let alone his bearskin cap; however, we were soon entrained and whisked off to Portsmouth, where we at once embarked on board a horrible, half-rotten old steam-transport, called the *Simoom*. The battalion consisted of nine hundred and thirty-five sergeants and rank and file, and twenty-nine officers. A real fine body of men they were too, averaging near upon twenty-eight years of age and five feet ten inches in height, and, if we could only have gone straight on to the Crimea, we should indeed have made the old 'Ruskies' sit up.

I was stowed away in a horribly dark, stuffy cabin, in which were two berths, and this luxurious apartment was shared by my pal Gipps; but we had not been out long before I would have gladly changed 'Cabin J' for the Black Hole of Calcutta or any other coloured hole. The old *Simoom* was supposed to be a sailing-ship, but had auxiliary steam-power, and, as our cabin was right amidships, we had the full benefit of the savoury odours arising from the engine-room. This last privilege at once settled me, and I verily believe that I was absolutely the first man to feed the fishes. I kept that performance up well, for I was real sea-sick both day and night, and my sufferings can more easily be imagined than described. As soon as it was fairly light I used to stagger up on deck, while the sailors were washing decks, and most of us were in the habit of snatching that opportunity of taking a bath, by getting the hose turned on to us, thereby receiving a good sousing with salt-water—a regular douche, in fact—for such a thing as a tub was an unknown quantity aboard that beastly old transport. Our ablutions being over, and well clothed, I used to sit in a coil of rope the livelong day, with a basin by my side, keeping body and soul together by an occasional nibble at a bit of dry biscuit and cheese.

But oh! the fearful moments that I endured when I was officer of the watch, and had to go my rounds between decks, after the men had turned into their hammocks!—one of the drummers, armed with a lantern and a tallow dip therein, taking the lead. The heat and general aroma were simply appalling, to say nothing of the fact that in hurrying along to escape from this fearful atmosphere it was by no means

unusual to come in contact with a naked foot or leg, suspended gracefully from his hammock by some slumbering warrior.

More than once our engines broke down, and we had to trust entirely to the vessel's extremely moderate capabilities under canvas—and she was no flier, I can assure you. During half a gale of wind, in the Bay of Biscay, our main shaft broke; consequently the propeller had to be disconnected, and all hands told off to haul it up out of the water; and from that time till our arrival at Gibraltar we had to make what progress we could by means of our sails, though, as I have already remarked, this species of locomotion was singularly ill-adapted to our old tub. One morning, after I had passed an extra bad night, I asked a friendly old 'salt' how many knots we had made by daybreak; and, to my horror, he said: 'I don't think as we've lost much; but, Lord love yer! we ain't made nothing'—cheering news indeed for a poor, seasick land-lubber to hear! It was not only being so ill that made one wild, but it was terribly galling to watch some of my brother officers, most of whom I could far surpass in activity on shore, briskly walking up and down the deck, whilst I languished in my coil of rope, firmly grasping the friendly basin.

However, 'all things have an end' we are told, and it is fortunate that it is so, as at last, on the 12th of March, we arrived at Gibraltar; but no sooner had we let go our anchor than the quarantine flag was run up, and all our hopes of a run ashore at an end. We got lots of oranges and some decent cigars, and I am glad to say that our engines were set to rights and the shaft repaired. I have described Gibraltar previously, and perhaps it is lucky that I did so: for on this occasion I had only what the lodging-house keepers advertise on the bills in their windows, 'a commanding sea-view.'

We arrived at Malta on the 18th of March, and the following day we landed and marched to the Lazaretto Barracks on the Quarantine Island in Valetta harbour, where we found the Grenadiers and Coldstreams, who had arrived some fortnight or so before us. Though these barracks were not very luxurious quarters, yet they were heavenly compared to the discomfort and pestilential odours of 'Cabin J' in the *Simoom*.

Francis Baring and I had a room together, and at first did our own cooking, and I found I was very handy at making an omelette; but we soon discovered our way to the Club in the town, which was very comfortable. I bought a pony and cart and drove about all over the island. We played some

capital games at cricket on the Florian Parade. Some of our best matches were between the old and new garrison; our battalion against the 68th Regiment, who had a very good cricketer in Torrens; also the Guards against 'The World.' Fred Bathurst and Jerry Goodlake were about our best performers, and, the ground being about twice as hard as the Horse-Guards Parade, you received due value for a good swipe. There were a capital lot in the 68th, and they had a very good mess. We used to have some rather cheery suppers at the Club, where, prince amongst songsters ranked Renny of the Artillery, and he really could do the nightingale trick to perfection, after about three parts of a bottle of gin, which was his favourite beverage at that time.

Dear old Jerry Dixon (who was one of three brothers nicknamed Ramrod, Fishing-Rod, and Nimrod) commanded our battalion at Malta, and had brought out from England with him a real steady old charger. Now, whether it was the result of Maltese beans, or oranges, I don't know; but, one morning when we were all on parade and the old boy—apparently well home in his saddle—had commenced the order 'Present arms,' and got as far as the 'present' part, hearing the men's firelocks go up with a rattle, the old horse stood straight up on his hind legs, and before the gallant old fellow could get out 'arms' he slipped off his perch and over the horse's tail to mother earth, where he lay writhing on the gravel, which set the whole battalion roaring with laughter, and I must admit that it was too comical a spectacle to witness unmoved.

Scarcely a day passed but what some new slave was started as to when and where we were to go, and several transport-ships arrived, either with fresh troops, or put in to coal on their way to their final destination. On April 21st we embarked on board the *Kangaroo*, and that reminds me how very nearly I missed getting on board before the vessel sailed, through the harbour-gates not being opened till 6 A.M. I had been assisting at a jollification at the Club, which had the effect of making me a trifle early that morning (in one sense of the word), and while I was waiting for the gates to be opened, I recollect being mightily amused at some of the sailors, who came rolling up quite three sheets in the wind (in nautical parlance), and none of them with less than two bottles of the 'best' stowed away in their blue frocks or jumpers.

The *Kangaroo* well kept up the credit of her name for activity, as she was a very narrow vessel, with even worse



accommodation for the men than our last ship, and rolled, if anything, even worse ; consequently I presented, if such a thing was possible, a still more pitiable spectacle of sea-sick humanity than in the old *Simoom*.

When we arrived in the Archipelago, which is by no manner of means a pleasant sea to navigate a vessel through, we very nearly came to grief and had a narrow escape of being shipwrecked. One morning, just at daybreak, there was a thick fog, and our captain, having lost his reckoning, was a trifle doubtful of our whereabouts. Just then the look-out on the port-bow sang out 'Rock ahead !' I was nearly dressed, and, hearing the engines reversed, I ran up on deck, and, sure enough, there was a huge steep rock just ahead of us. Luckily it was deep water all round, and so we slewed off and never touched it, though one could have easily chucked a biscuit on to it. We made the Dardanelles all right, and came to an anchor off Gallipoli for a few hours. Several of us landed, got ponies, and rode up to the Rifles' camp, about five miles inland, where I had a glass for luck with Tottenham and two or three other old pals ; but when we got back to the spot where we had left our ponies the ruffian in charge of them had made off ; so two or three of us had to make the best of our way to the boat on foot, and, as it was a sweltering hot day, you may take my word for it that there were not any great number of icicles hanging about us by the time we re-embarked.

On the evening of the 27th of April we anchored off Scutari, and the anchor was hardly down before I heard a strident voice, which I at once recognized as proceeding from an old friend who was at Oxford with me, named 'Sidebottom'—called, for short, 'Sidey.' He was in a caique, and was eager that I should come on shore with him ; so Gipps and I got leave, and we enjoyed a right pleasant evening in his house at Pera. He did us real well, and we were aboard again in the morning. During the day the battalion disembarked, tents were served out to us, and we encamped on an open space of ground near the great Turkish Military Hospital.

Colonel Berkeley and the Hon. W. Coke, who had been travelling in Abyssinia, joined us on our arrival here in camp, and a superb camp it was. On one side was the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, Pera and Stamboul beyond, with innumerable mosques and minarets all glistening in the sunshine, and in the far distance, well inland, a long range of mountains, crowned with snow-clad Olympus standing out white

and distinct among his fellows. Close to our camp was a large cemetery, with numberless tombstones and tall, straight cyprus-trees. The tombstones all seemed to be at different angles, and to lean in opposite directions—so much so that one of our men described them as looking like a ‘chiney shop as had been upset by a bull.’ The climate was extremely changeable. One day it would be too hot in shirt-sleeves, and the next you wanted a couple of great-coats on. Thunder-storms were also very prevalent.

There was a small brook that ran below our camp, and one of these thunderstorms would suddenly transform this small stream into a roaring torrent. One day, Macneish, an Ensign of the 93rd (Highlanders), in trying to cross it, was washed off his legs and drowned, though he was as strongly built a young fellow as you need wish to see, for I happened to have sat opposite him a few days before on a General Court-martial.

At this time I got leave to go up the Bosphorus on a shooting expedition, and started with six companions—viz., Gipps, Coke, Buckley, Jolliffe, N. Sturt, and Ennismore<sup>1</sup>—in three caiques, with provisions, guns, revolvers, and ammunition. We landed at Therapia and hired three horses to carry our traps, walking inland to a small village close to the forest of Belgrade, where we bivouacked for the night, making a good blazing fire and cooking our food, after eating which we rolled ourselves up in our waterproofs and slept soundly. The next morning we procured some beaters, and penetrated into a splendid forest composed principally of beech-trees. We seven guns posted ourselves in the different likely spots, and were prepared to slaughter any number of wild boar, jackal, or deer; but the only two animals that we saw the whole live-long day were two roe-deer, and I was in real luck, for they both came straight to me. I bowled the buck over with my right barrel, and the other (the doe) with my second, using shot for my first and a bullet for my second venture, which was not bad work for a smooth-bore. Not another shot did we any of us get, so we returned to our bivouac of the previous night and set to work to flay and cook the doe, which having succeeded in doing, we had our dinner and retired to rest under the forest trees. Next day we returned to camp, having enjoyed our trip immensely. The forest was quite lovely, and with a beautiful undergrowth of various kinds of heath, wild lavender, and narcissus.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards (present) Lord Listowel.

On our return we found the Duke of Cambridge had arrived on May 11th, and on the 24th (the Queen's birthday) Lord Raglan reviewed the whole of the troops in camp, after which we had some athletic sports and games. I beat the 'Army' at 120 yards, a quarter of a mile, and 200 yards over hurdles. In the evening two bands played and the men danced to their hearts' content round an obelisk, which we had built of wood, some forty feet high, with a crown on the top and various devices of the letter V in evergreens. At night it was lighted up. Just before tattoo sounded I climbed a short distance up the obelisk and proposed three cheers for 'Her Majesty,' and then three more for the Duke of Cambridge, expressing a hope that he would lead us on like 'Old Boots,' though I must confess I never was led by 'Old Boots,' or 'New Boots,' for that matter; still, my speech met with approval: for, on descending from my perch I was caught up shoulder high by the men, amidst hearty cheers, and carried round the obelisk. It is a pity if I did not sleep soundly on that memorable night.

A man in the 33rd (Duke of Wellington's regiment) who had formerly been a professional runner, named Hickey, challenged the 'Army' at this time, and I took him on; but the party firing the pistol to start us did so when Hickey was some distance over the scratch, and I did not start. However, I challenged him to run again that day week, and upon this occasion I beat him very easily.

We frequently went out shooting, as there were a fair lot of quail and a few hares. The dogs beloved by the grand old Turk were a horrible nuisance, for they slept in the cemetery pretty well all the day, and at night they started off scavenging round our camp, and often enough engaged in furious combats over bones and other delicacies just outside our tents, thereby much disturbing our night's repose; so we organized a 'murder party,' and with the assistance of the men of several other regiments we slaughtered over eighty great, hairy, useless beasts. You may depend that the old Turks made a fearful row about it; for they considered that their dog scavengers were sacred, and an order was issued to the effect that we were to leave the canine species alone for the future.

Having procured the necessary 'firman' we made a party and went over the principal mosques and sights of Stamboul, and they were well worth a visit. As far as I could judge from the women's eyes, they were many of them lovely; but

their horrible yashmaks hid all other features, while their loose draperies rendered their figures all precisely similar. There were some Greeks who used to visit our camp, and a bigger lot of thieves I have seldom met. One day I was picquet officer and caught one of these wretches in the very act of stealing; so I had his hands bound behind his back, and fell in a file of men with fixed bayonets, and marched him off to a tree not far distant from our camp, and there made him fast. I told the men to go through the motions of loading when I gave the order, and to kneel down and take aim at the brute. He yelled for mercy like a madman, but I think I succeeded in frightening him pretty well, before I cut him loose and kicked him out of the district—hurting my toe in the operation. Nothing could have answered better than this plan of mine; for we were never afterwards troubled with thieves.

We played some good cricket at Scutari, beating the crack regiment (the 49th I fancy) somewhat easily. Now for a little anecdote of my method of batting. In one match against the Rifles I slogged away at every blessed ball, and in one over (six balls) I got no less than twenty-six runs, and I am not sure it was not twenty-eight. The bowler—who fancied himself a bit above the ordinary—threw down the ball and vowed that it ‘was not cricket, as four of the said balls had been dead on my middle stump.’ So I said: ‘Never! Why, those are just the sort I like best, because I can hit ’em to “square leg.”’ It took a lot of coaxing to get the gentleman to bowl again.

I only set eyes upon the Sultan on one occasion, and that was when he reviewed the whole English force on the 30th of May, 1854, and a poor, pale, enervated-looking toad he was, to my mind; but I could have done with his Arab charger, it was a real beauty.

I have discovered a curious note in our (then) Orderly Room Sergeant’s diary which states: ‘May 27th. The 1st Division exchanged their smooth-bore muskets for Minie rifles. On leaving England the battalion took out new arms with them, which were placed in store at Scutari on the supposition that they were for the use of the battalion; however, those issued turned out to be old arms bearing the marks of no less than fifty-one different regiments. A report on this subject was made to General Bentinck without any result.’ This was a nasty jar for the War Office!

After several parades of the baggage-animals, all loaded as

for the march, we finally got our orders (which were sealed), and embarked on board our old friend the *Simoom*. I had devoutly hoped that I should never see the nasty old tub again ; but it was ordained otherwise, as we embarked in her on the 13th of June, reaching Varna—where we disembarked again—on the following day, the 14th.

## CHAPTER XI.

Camp at Varna—Unhealthy State of Same—Move to Aladyn—Visit Camp of Light Division—Dr. Bostock's Diary—Embark on *Kangaroo*—Cholera and Dysentery—Narrow Escape of being Run Down by *Hydaspes*—Landing of Troops in Kalamita Bay, 14th September—Our First Night on Shore—Hepburn and Ennismore—A Foraging Party—The 5th Company's Breakfast-table—Billy Ridley Scents Mushrooms—Picquet Duty—Attempt to Persuade a Stray Bullock to Visit our Camp—Mutton-hunting—Heartrending Episode connected therewith—The French General and his Game—We obtain some Poultry—Orders to March—First Brush with Enemy, September 19th—Battle of Alma, September 20th.

THE whole of the 1st Division encamped about two miles inland of Varna (a wretched town), on a large plain mostly covered with scrub, and by the side of a good-sized lake, from which a small stream flowed into the bay. We used to bathe in this lake of an evening, and after some trouble persuaded our ponies to accompany us into the water, and they soon appeared to enjoy their dip as much as we did.

The health of the men soon began to fail in this camp, and diarrhoea, dysentery, and cholera became prevalent, owing to the low nature of the ground and the pestilential miasma which arose from the lake and the marshy swamp around it. The general idea was that we were to make our way up to Silistria, where it was rumoured that ninety thousand Russians were entrenched, and only kept in check by the Turkish army under Omar Pasha ; but whoever started this shave must have been an idiot, as, in the first place, the roads, or rather sandy tracks, were utterly unfit for the transport of stores, and, secondly, the country in question was a most unhealthy one. We spent a miserable time at this camp, and on July 1st we moved inland to Aladyn, on the Devna road. Here we remained till the 27th, when we again moved, this time to higher ground near Grevecklic ; but disease still followed in our track and we lost several men, and the hospital tents became crowded with the sick,

and many a poor fellow full of vigour and burning with enthusiasm at the chance of a brush with the Russians, fell a victim to that terrible scourge, cholera, and never lived to see a shot fired.

I sometimes took my gun in the early morning, or else after sundown, for it was too hot in the middle of the day for work of any kind, and now and then got a little sport. We used to make arbours of the underwood, and they were far more airy than our tents. I frequently rode over to the camp of the Light Division, which was at Devna, about six miles from us, and the only cheery times we had were after a late supper, when we had a few songs which put a bit of life into us. Tim Riley of the 88th Regiment was a real cheery chap; he and some of his brother officers used to come and dine with us now and again, and we would go out after wild boar, watching for them in the marsh about two miles from camp; but we never had any luck and were half devoured by mosquitoes. During this time, Jerry Goodlake and I went on several minor expeditions, shooting and foraging with varied success, but not worth detailing.

The following extract from Dr. Bostock's medical diary speaks for itself: 'In August the British army began to concentrate round Varna, and the brigade of Guards commenced its march from Grevecklic on the 16th. Eighty sick were carried in native arabas, the worst cases were left in charge of an assistant-surgeon who had joined at Varna. The strength of the men was so much reduced that the distance to the new encamping ground on the Adrianople road, situated on the heights above the south side of Varna Bay, about eighteen miles distant, was divided into three days, and the packs were carried by the Commissariat in order that the men might march as light as possible.'

The doctor's statement is only too true, and it is difficult to believe that these were the same men that had embarked at Scutari some two months since, and at that time not a man of the battalion would have thought twice about carrying two packs. Before I give an account of our trip by sea in the *Kangaroo* to the Crimea, I must once more quote from Dr. Bostock's journal:—

'On the 28th of August the battalion embarked on board the *Kangaroo*, leaving the sick in camp under the charge of an assistant-surgeon, who subsequently joined us in the Crimea. Sixteen days were spent on board the *Kangaroo*, which was far too small a vessel to contain a battalion for so long a period

during the hottest month of the year. The accommodation for the sick was totally inadequate, and their sufferings were much aggravated in consequence. During the passage to the Crimea sixteen cases of cholera occurred, of which eight were fatal. Choleraic diarrhœa was also prevalent. After the landing, which was effected on the 14th of September, no fresh cases of illness took place, and the general condition of the men rapidly improved.'

I cannot do better than quote from certain portions of my letters written home at this time when on board the *Kangaroo*.<sup>1</sup> 'We started at last at 6 A.M. this morning, and a wonderful sight it was, to see each steamer tow her two transports round a sort of pivot out of the harbour, and get clear out to sea—no easy matter, as so much room is taken by the ships in swinging round. I hardly saw a single collision, though one or two hawsers broke, but were soon made snug again. The line-of-battle ships waited till we were all out of the bay, and they covered our flanks in case the Russians should dare to molest us; and if only the elements keep propitious, as they do now, we shall be at our landing-place in about four days, they say. It would be a different matter should it blow, as the tow-ships would be a great drag on us. We go along very steadily as I write, and I don't feel a bit sick, which is a great pull, as I should like to land with all my energies at concert pitch. I fancy the "Ruskies" are in an awful stew, and if their glasses are good enough to see the little lot that is coming to pay them a visit, it will by no means make them any easier. On the evening of the 9th (of September) we anchored in about twenty-five fathoms of water, and lay at our anchors all next day; and a quiet day we had, it being Sunday; and had service morning and evening on board. In the afternoon I made one of a crew, and we rowed General Bentinck round the flotilla; and we went on board several ships, and I saw a great many mates, mostly doing well, though in one or two of the regiments cholera is still rather bad. An officer in the 23rd, named Sutton, is dying, I fear.

'On the morning of the 11th we got orders to weigh anchor, and now (8 P.M.) we are going along easy, all close up, and are off the coast of Eupatoria and Sebastopol, they say. Lord Raglan and Sir J. Burgoyne coasted along here yesterday close in shore, and decided on our landing-place. I have been getting my kit in order to-day, and mean to carry my three days'

<sup>1</sup> All these letters written by Sir John are quoted word for word from the originals.—EDITOR.



salt pork and biscuit, some brandy, my cloak, two revolvers, and several useful things on my belt round my waist, the two greatest treasures being an axe and a frying-pan ; and having smuggled a Greek servant on board, he will carry my knapsack with a change of clothes in it, my blanket, and waterproof. I have also put some writing-materials in my haversack.' Then, again, on September 12th I added to this letter as follows : 'Sept. 12th. I must add another half-sheet to tell you of the narrow escape we had last night. At 9.30 P.M. I was sitting at the table in the cabin, making some neat little packets of mustard, salt, and pepper, when there came on an awfully sudden squall, and the effect was magical and terrific. Nearly all the steamers ran straight before the wind. We did not do so quite soon enough, and just ahead of us we descried, during the momentary flashes of lightning, a steamer (the *Hydaspes*), with her two transports, coming right across our bows, and as our two tows were driving wildly on in our rear, we could not stop to let her pass ; so we had to cut our two hawsers to free ourselves from our dangerous tows. Just as we had done this—which enabled us to back our engines—the *Hydaspes* cleared our bows, but one of her transports swung across our bows and tore the whole of our bowsprit, jibboom, and figure-head bang off, and our ship gave one great lurch over on her side.

'Some of the men sang out, "It is all over, we are going down." I shouted out, "It is all right ; don't make such a row." I hardly believed my own words though, for it looked terribly bad for us. There were lights of other ships in all directions, scudding before the wind, and rendered almost unmanageable by being hampered with their transports behind them, and ships ahead and astern. A bitterly cold wind was whistling through the rigging, when, all of a sudden, the squall ceased, the moon beamed out, and it became quite calm. Our captain afterwards said that, "if we had been six yards forwarder we should have been sunk by the other steamer." I think nothing of this nautical business ; what with that infernal rock in the Archipelago, and the old *Hydaspes* only missing cutting us in two by a boat's length, and me only a moderate swimmer, I long to be on shore again and chance the reception, warm or otherwise, that the poor "Ruskies" are waiting to give us.

'Well, we have been in sight of land all this afternoon and have now let go our anchor for the night. With some difficulty we recovered our two transports, and the sight on deck is very curious. Innumerable lights of red, blue, green, and white are

hung from the masts of every ship, so that it looks more like a big town in the dark with illuminations going on, than a host of ninety odd ships on the bosom of the Black Sea.

‘Eupatoria Point is just ahead of us, about ten miles, and on our left is a line of coast which I have been investigating with my glasses all the afternoon, but can only make out a few nice-looking farm-houses and some trees, and on the top of the cliffs some Cossacks are galloping wildly to and fro, brandishing their spears; but they will evaporate as soon as we land, I guess. To-morrow morning we hope we shall have orders to run in and land, but I am afraid to say we shall, for I have written so often that we were just on the eve of a row and no row has come off. Now I must go up on deck and keep my watch from eight to twelve; so good-night.

‘September 13th, noon. We have just got the order to land, and we are steaming in close along a flat beach, with cornfields right down to the shingles.

‘September 14th. At last we set foot on hostile shore. This is more like business, and all are in the highest spirits.’

The army began to disembark with the Light Division, which were first on shore; then came our turn to land. We were packed in boats in light marching order, each man carrying his knapsack in his hand, and as soon as our craft touched the shingle out we jumped, and when we had got on solid ground, fell into our places, stacked our knapsacks in rows, and waited patiently for orders. In the afternoon we got the word for the men to put on their knapsacks, and we marched inland about three miles. This was a long day’s work, and it was getting dark before we piled arms and were told to fall out and prepare for a night’s rest.

Hepburn commanded our company, sometimes called the ‘Fighting Fifth.’ I was the Lieutenant, and Ennismore Ensign. A nice, dry ploughed field was our bed that night, and, fortunately (the farming not being high class), the land bore a plentiful supply of ripe tall weeds. These were nice and dry, and we pulled several armfuls up by the roots, and soon made a splendid bed wide enough for we three to lie on. I was the only one that owned a waterproof sheet, and I took the precaution to select the middle position, and a luxurious place it turned out; for no sooner were we settled on our bunch of weeds, each one wrapped in his cloak, with the jolly old bearskin for his pillow, than it began to rain sharp; so we got my waterproof sheet and spread it over us, and I was soon sound asleep and never enjoyed a better night’s rest; but

not so my boon companions, for, poor dears! the waterproof was not quite large enough to cover all three of us, and the consequence was that first Hepburn pulled it off Ennismore, then he pulled it off Hepburn, and they spent a miserable night; but 'Astley' was as dry as a bone, in the middle, and when I woke up, about 5 A.M., they both upbraided me for having slept and snored the whole night long like a hog, whilst they had been on the rampage pulling the waterproof backwards and forwards, and christening each other well in consequence of a selfish wish to keep dry.

The rain had now ceased, so I started on a foraging expedition, as fuel and water were required to cook our breakfast, and great fun I had. I got two of our company to come with me, and we each carried eight wooden water-bottles; I also took my axe and a brace of revolvers. We had not gone far before we discovered that the French were in camp a short distance from us, and many of them were foraging about like ourselves. We soon espied a well with a low wall round it, and, running up, we perceived some water ten or twelve feet down. Having brought a mess-tin with us, we fastened the water-bottle straps together and let it down into the water; when, to our horror, we found it fast, and on looking over the wall we discovered that a Zouave had hold of our tin. As I could talk a little French I made him understand that he should never come to the surface alive if he did not help us fill our bottles. This he consented to do if we would let him fill his own. A bargain was at once struck, and, with the assistance of 'Froggy,' we succeeded in filling all our bottles after some trouble, helped the Zouave up, and drank to our better acquaintance and the destruction of the 'Ruskies.'

Now the next thing was fuel. There was a small farmstead near the well, and I fastened myself to a small post I saw stuck in the ground and tried all I knew to raise it; but, though it wobbled about as if it would come to hand every moment, it beat us altogether. Just at this moment I spotted a French soldier carrying a lattice side of an araba on his head. I ran up to him and offered him 'two bob' to exchange his load for the beautiful post we had been lugging at. He jumped at the idea, *pauvre bête* that he was, and we trotted off and heard him using some very strong expressions to the post; and I venture to think that if his hot coffee depended upon that post, he did not get much that morning.

As luck would have it, while returning to camp across some plough-land I lit on some ripping mushrooms. Little

dears ! perhaps we didn't just cuddle them up in our handkerchiefs, and, thus amply laden, we returned to our bivouac by about eight o'clock, to find most of the battalion trying to boil their coffee by means of the dried weeds ; but they only gave a flare up and then died out, without even warming the liquid. I distributed some of our wood (a popular move) and soon made a lovely fire.

I cut some fat off my salt pork and popped it in my frying-pan, and when it had nicely melted, introduced the fragrant mushrooms and some bits of biscuit.

The first to scent out the delicious fungi was dear old Billy Ridley ; with his glass firmly wedged in his off eye, he, in the most genial and mincing tones, congratulated our little coterie on our good fortune. Of course he was allowed a bite, and shortly after several pals hurried up and were given leave to heat their coffee at our fire—in fact the 5th Company's breakfast was as popular and enticing as the well-filled hamper of a wealthy boy at Eton.

Most of our mates had got a good soaking during the night, and Sergeant Feist in his diary writes : ' Rained heavily the first night ; the battalion lay on a ploughed field. Every one rose next morning wet through, and my boots were full of water (on my feet). '

I was detailed for picquet duty on the shore ; so I marched off with fifty men and spent the afternoon and night in charge of all material that had been landed from the ships. It was a funny sight to watch some poor bullocks which had been purchased at Eupatoria for the Commissariat. There were no means of landing them from the ships, so they were shoved overboard, and the sailors in the boats guided them to swim on shore, which most of them managed very creditably ; but several were too exhausted to be driven any further. Our picquet was relieved in the morning, and I had a fancy to coax a stray bullock to our camp ; but he showed temper and, though the men did all they could to bring him along with us, it was no go, and we were most reluctantly compelled to leave this truly succulent morsel by the roadside.

About midway to our camp a sheep crossed our path. I halted the men, piled arms, and I and two of the men took off our coats and ran down the mutton, bringing him back in triumph. We were on our way to camp with our prize when, as bad luck would have it, we met a General and his staff riding down the beach, and I asked permission to convey the animal to our quarters ; but only got a wiggling for my pains

and for meddling with property not my own by purchase or gift. It was quite heartbreaking to watch the fleecy darling scamper off, and then to actually behold his capture by some French soldiers shortly after, whose ideas of *meum* and *tuum* were not nearly so strict as ours.

Tents were served out to us, and we remained on the same ground for four days, on one of which Jerry Goodlake and I took our guns and went some distance beyond the Cavalry vedettes, and had fair sport—viz., two hares and twelve or fourteen quail. On our return we fell in with a French General and his staff, all mounted, and having with them a spotted Dalmatian carriage-dog, with whose assistance they had also been indulging in *la chasse*. They were paralyzed at the result of our bag, and in melancholy tones admitted that '*Monsieur le Général a tué un épervier seulement.*'

The next day I took my Greek servant and went to a Tartar village to buy poultry. The natives shook their heads and said that they 'had nothing to sell'; but my Greek, being up to their little games, removed some straw upon which we were standing, and, lying down with his ear to the ground, he soon reported that 'he heard some turkeys and fowls talking it over' in one of the large round caverns in which these people store their grain. He soon found the stone that closed the entrance, and, lifting it off, we made a Tartar boy get in, and he handed up as many birds as we could carry, and we chucked an equal number of shillings on the ground as an equivalent (it being a shooting matter to steal anything). We then returned to the camp, well pleased with our day's marketing.

The day after, I sent my Greek out to try and buy a pony, and he returned with quite a decent animal, and its owner. I pulled out four pounds—all that he demanded for it—with great glee, and at once set to work to rig up a pack-saddle. I got leave to take our bell-tent with us when we moved, on condition that I paid the Commissariat Department for it. These few days were jolly enough and the weather was splendid; but on the 18th we got orders to march the next morning to the Buljanak, a small stream between us and the river Alma.

On the morning of the 19th we fell in about 5 A.M., and had a long day's march, much lengthened by the large body of troops to be moved, and we did not reach our bivouac on the stream of the Buljanak till 5 P.M., although I do not believe that the actual distance covered was more than twelve or

thirteen miles. I carried a lot of things, and was pretty well baked. Our Cavalry and Horse-Artillery had a slight scrimmage with the advanced posts of the Russians about 4 P.M., and killed several of them. We only had two men wounded and six or eight horses killed.

I now come to the most exciting day of my life, namely, that of the battle of the Alma. I am quite aware that this memorable victory has been recorded and chronicled many times previously ; but I am anxious to give my account of the fight, and I am vain enough to believe that what I jot down here is actually correct.

It was a glorious day in more senses than one ; for the sun shone brightly on us from start to finish, and I now give my version of that day's work, compiled partly from memory, and partly from two letters which I sent home, one written on the very day of the engagement, and the other three days later.

When the dawn broke on that eventful morning (about 5 A.M.), we shook ourselves up a bit, and after a snack of salt pork and a bit of biscuit, with a drop of hot coffee, we paraded ; but were told we should not march before seven o'clock. The majority then lay down again ; but as I felt wonderfully well and extra keen to have a peep at the ground in front of us, I took my haversack with my writing things in it and my telescope, and made my way a little beyond our outposts. As I was going I met Colonel Gordon, of the Grenadiers, who was on the staff, and asked if there was any chance of getting our letters, as they were three or four days overdue. He was in a great hurry, and as he rode off he said : ' Oh no ! we shall be in a general action in an hour or so.' This fairly woke me up, and I got on a bit of a hillock, pulled a good armful of dry weeds, and, lying on them, took a good spy towards the Alma. As the sun rose and dispelled the mist, I could discover a few Cossacks prowling about in our front, and examining the ground where we had killed a few of them and their horses the evening before.

Beyond these Cossacks were some regiments of Russian cavalry. About a mile off and straight to our front, extending some five or six miles, was a long undulating range of hills, steepest just next to the sea-cliffs on our right front. As the sun rose I could detect large bodies of Infantry on the hill-sides. I could see their camp-fires and the glitter of the sun's rays on their piled arms. I was soon joined on this small eminence by Sir Richard England and one of his staff, and after a lively chat with him—my young eyes having been of

service in enlightening him as to the position and great strength of the enemy—he rode off to command his Division (the 3rd; but it was hardly under fire that day).

I wrote a line to the governor and told him ‘we should soon be at it, and that I had a feeling I should be hit high up; but, with luck, should be able to shoot a cock-pheasant at Everleigh before Christmas.’ This presentiment, curiously enough, turned out very nearly correct; for, though I did manage to shoot several bunnies, I could not (owing to my wound) get my gun higher than my hip. But to return to business. I rejoined my battalion at once, and about 7 A.M. we fell in and took ground to our right, and then waited some time to give the French, who were on our right, a chance to get in proper alignment with us. About eleven the whole army moved off, the French on our right next the sea, the English in the centre, and the old Turk on our right, in rear of the French. We marched forward in column of Divisions, and in front of us were the Light Division, the Artillery being on the flanks, and our body of Cavalry, 1000 strong, hovering about where required.

We went ahead steadily but slowly; it was a fine stretch of open country, so that we kept to our formation pretty well. About 12.30 we reached the summit of an incline which sloped gently down to the river Alma, and, all of a sudden, some small outhouses and stacks which fringed the vineyards close to the river appeared to be in a blaze, the enemy no doubt thinking it unwise to leave us any shelter that they might afford. From this brow the numbers of our foe and the strength of their position were clearly discernible. About a mile to our front was a long low line of wall enclosing the vineyards, which were about 300 yards deep. Then came the river, varying from 20 to 30 feet wide, and fordable nearly everywhere. Beyond the river was a very steep bank, about 20 feet high, and above this bank the grounds rose gradually in undulating lines, being in some places quite steep and in others much easier. These heights were decked with masses of troops, and here and there a battery or field-work along the face of the hill, the guns of which could be plainly seen peeping through the sand-bag embrasures, and, to show to what degree of accuracy the ‘Ruskies’ had reduced their firing, they had placed white posts in the ground, and from continual practice they had got the range to a nicety; for they had been encamped there about two months, and, as two of their old generals (who were subsequently taken prisoners) told us: ‘They were con-

fidant that they could hold the hill-side for three weeks, unless their flanks were turned.'

Well, we had now arrived on the top of the slope, and the Rifles and some of the Light Division opened out into skirmishing order, and as they advanced, the Ruskies let drive with their big guns, the work of destruction thus beginning about 1 P.M. For the first time in my life I saw men carried past on stretchers, pale and bleeding, on their way to the doctors in the rear, and the row became awfully exciting. Our division consisted of the 93rd, 79th, and 42nd Highlanders, and the three battalions of the Guards. On our immediate left were the Coldstreams, with the Highlanders on their left; while the Grenadiers were on our right, and we all deployed into line. As the round-shot began ricochetting through our ranks, the word was passed to 'open out and let them go.' *Entre nous* we did not want much telling, you may bet, and just about this time, when I was marching in rear of my company, a big shot came bounding along and passed through the centre. A capital chap, named George Duff, who was our best wicket-keeper, was just in front of me, and I sang out to him, 'Duff! you are keeping wicket, you ought to have taken that.' He turned, and, smiling quietly, said: 'No, sir! it had a bit too much pace on. I thought you was long-stop, so I left it for you.' It was wonderful ready of him, was it not? when you remember what we were about and where we were.

Poor Duff! he never played cricket any more. Every now and then we were told to lie down, and then, as we advanced, the shot and shell kept whizzing and whistling over our heads, and the dirt sent flying every now and again as the shot struck, and some poor fellow to the right or left would be carried to the rear. Now we got up for the last time and marched down to the corner of the wall—no running for its shelter, mind, but all as cool as lettuces. By this time the skirmishers were nearly through the vineyards, and we got the order to advance, and over the wall we went. I gave one or two fellows a hand up, and the balls did whistle round like 'old Billy.' We were now in the vineyards, and pushing our way through the tangled vines (for the vines were allowed to grow loose, and there were no stakes to bind them to, as in the wine-growing districts). Few stooped to pick the grapes; but the grape and canister made many a poor fellow double up. We reached the edge of the stream—already tinged with blood—and I saw poor Charlie Baring, who was with the right flank of the Coldstreams, tumble over. I ran up to him for a



second and saw that his arm was broken. I cut back to my company and went into the river, but it was only up to my knees. There was an old pollard willow lying half across the stream in our track, and, curious to say, some of the men would try and cross the water by its aid, so as to keep their legs and feet dry. We crossed and got under the steep bank which I mentioned previously, where we were as safe as if we were in the ditch of the Tower of London. We were getting our men nicely into their places—for the vines and the river had broken our touch; by rights we should have had time to re-form, and have taken off our packs, for then we could have charged up the hill in proper form; but our Colonel, Sir Charles Hamilton, shouted to us to ‘advance and support the Light Division,’ who were catching it uncommon hot at this time; so we clambered up the steep bank and doubled up the hill in the teeth of a tremendous fire.

## CHAPTER XII.

Battle of Alma concluded—Rush for the Battery—The True Reason of our Line Wavering and Retiring—Wounded—Under the Vineyard Wall—Tea—Poor George Duff—A Bit of Luck for the Cook—Conveying Wounded on Board the Ships—I am taken aboard *Sanspareil*—Hepburn, Ennismore, Bulwer, Baring, Chewton, Haygarth, all Wounded—Fifth Company without Officers—Letters Home—Horace Cust Killed—Bob Lindsay to get the Victoria Cross—Death of Thistlethwaite—Embark in the *Colombo*—Terrible State of Ship—Arrival at Scutari—See Fred Sayer—No more Running for him—Deaths of Colonel Cox and Jolliffe from Cholera—Death of Chewton—My Wound on the Mend—Narrow Escape of Gibbs—Invalided Home in the *Vectis*—‘Home, Sweet Home’—A Word about Everleigh—Foxhall—Old Picture of the Combat—Our Woodman on Rabbits.

Up to this, nothing could have gone better, and the men had behaved splendidly; for, one or two might have tumbled down among the vines, and thought it prudent to lie snug. But now came a lull in our ardour, and when the circumstances are dispassionately considered, I think there are few that will deny that we were the victims of real bad luck. Immediately in front of us was one of those infernal earthworks armed with eight or nine big guns, well served with grape and canister, also a regiment of Russian riflemen, some lying full length, others kneeling, and the rest standing; but one and all taking pot shots at us as we came up the hill, and they must have been bitter bad marksmen, or else our line of two deep ought to have been annihilated. We had fixed bayonets, and I verily believe we should have driven the Ruskies out of their battery; but just at the critical moment the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers—who had been terribly cut up, and had gathered round their colours at the corner of the battery—got the order to retire, and they came down the hill in a body, right through the centre of our line, and carried a lot of our men with them.

This caused our line to waver and retire, leaving the officers in front, and just as I was yelling to our company to come back, I got a fearful ‘whack,’ and felt as if some one had hit

me hard with a bludgeon on the neck. Fortunately I did not fall, but turned and went down the hill, feeling awfully queer and dizzy. How I got there I don't know; but I found myself standing in the river and sousing my face with water, which somewhat revived me; then one of our drummers came running up and gave me a go of brandy, and helped me through the vineyard, and there I lay down behind the wall which we had so lately crossed.

Before I did so, however, I managed to look up the hill, and had the intense satisfaction of seeing that our men had gone right through the battery; for the Grenadiers and the Coldstream Guards on both flanks had poured in such a heavy fire, that out bolted the Ruskies, and our fellows followed them up and killed a lot of them. In a short time I could hear only an occasional shot, and so learned that we had gained a complete victory, and that the enemy were in full retreat towards Sebastopol.

I lay very still, and never took my hand off the back of my neck, where there was a tidy hole, and I bled freely. I felt no other wound, so I concluded that I had a ball in my head, and that I was not long for 'here.' My head throbbed fearfully, and when the doctor came to have a look at me he said, 'Well, what's the matter with you?' I replied, 'I've got a ball in my head and am as good as settled any time.' He rejoined, 'Not you! Let's have a look at you.' So I took my hand off the hole in my neck, and he felt about and discovered a little hole in front, where the ball had gone in; and as soon as he told me this I felt a different man, for I knew that the bullet had gone bang through and out. He put some bandages round my neck, and was then obliged to hurry off to more urgent cases.

I got up and had a look round, and a terrible sight it was to see many pals and lots of wounded men, being constantly brought to the rear and laid under the wall.

However, they told me that 'none of my brother officers had been killed'; and that, coupled with the proud feeling of joy at our glorious victory, soon made my spirits rise, and I was able to assist some of the men to boil some water and make a lot of tea; this I carried round, and gave several of our fellows a go down of that good old beverage. Amongst others, I found poor George Duff, with whom I had been chaffing about the round-shot not four hours before. Poor fellow! he was in a terrible plight: one of his thighs was horribly smashed, and he had lost a lot of blood; but he said

in a very low voice: 'It's all up with me, Captain.' I shook his hand and realized that it was; but it fairly upset me, and does now when I think of it, for we had not a cheerier or more willing soldier in the whole lot, and many is the half-crown or shilling that I had given him (or, as he called it, lent), especially when we lay at Chichester; for his parents lived at Midhurst, he being the son of a sweep there, and he had a brother in the 3rd Buffs, a real good sort too.

I must here allude to an eye-opener I experienced while brewing the tea. The very first man I saw bowled over was an old soldier, batman to our Sergeant-Major, and often employed as cook. I had positively seen him drop down like a dead man before we got to the vineyards; and now, lo and behold! this very individual was the first to come and help make tea. I could not believe my eyes, and said, 'Hallo! old boy, I made sure you were dead!' He promptly replied: 'So did I, Captain; for I felt sure that I had got a ball in my stomach when I fell down, but the bullet had hit the buckle of the leather strap that I wear round my waist,' and pulling up his flannel shirt, he showed me the most extraordinary discoloration of his skin, like two or three miniature rainbows, caused by the force of the bullet, which had indented the tongue of the buckle, but had not even broken the skin. Tidy luck for 'cooky,' was it not?

Feeling very queer, I returned to my place under the wall, and found Hepburn with his arm in a sling, a ball having passed through his fore-arm and out at his elbow, fortunately missing the joint. Ennismore was there also, nursing his leg, a bullet having found its way through the calf; so the 5th Company was without an officer that night, as all three of us were hit. My Greek came up with my pony and tent, so we turned in there for the night; but I found that I could not lie down, and had to prop myself up as best I could, passing a very middling night, I can assure you.

I was up early and went to see how the wounded were doing, and met a man carrying a leg to the big grave that had been prepared for the dead, and he told me that the limb belonged to poor Duff; so I made my way to where he was, but found him dying fast. When I spoke he just opened his eyes, and I could see that he recognized me; but his work was done in this world, and he passed away. Several men had died during the night, and it was with a heavy heart that I returned to the tent. In the forenoon a naval officer arrived and told me that he had orders to convey the wounded on

board ship, and shortly afterwards a lot of sailors appeared, and — stretchers being scarce — they had rigged up some impromptu ones by fastening bits of canvas between two oars, and on this rude conveyance I was carried some three or four miles.

The sailors were cheery chaps, and kept talking all the way about the battle, and, though they showed a lot of sympathy for the pain I endured as they swung along, yet, when they halted to rest, they took the precaution to shelter themselves from the broiling hot sun under the shade of some trees, but left me fully exposed to the heat and flies. However, thank goodness! we soon got on board a very fine ship, the *Sanspareil*.

I will now quote from my second letter home. ‘September 22nd, on board the line-of-battle ship *Sanspareil*. Here I am, as comfortable as need be, bar my neck and shoulder being awfully sore and stiff. You will see by the papers an account of our victory, and such a one has never been surpassed. All seem to think it a most plucky affair; I cannot say, as it was my first action; but I never imagined in my wildest moments that men could go ahead in face of such a shower of bullets, grape, shells, and round-shot. We lost heavily, as our company, being just opposite the entrenchment, had about the worst of it—all three officers wounded, and thirty-four out of eighty-eight men missing on calling the roll over that evening; so there was no mistake about it.

‘Hepburn, Ennismore, and I stuck together, and here we are, in a fine ship, with every comfort and kindness. I do not know what we shall be done with yet. Bulwer of ours is here, shot through the hand, and poor Charlie Baring of the Coldstreams with his left arm taken off at the socket. We had nine fellows put *hors de combat*; Colonel Haygarth, one through the leg, and when on the ground a fearful wound which has taken off the top of his shoulder. Poor Lord Chewton, most awfully cut about, five wounds in arms, head, and leg; he was bayoneted and beat about the head as he lay on the ground with a broken thigh, and his life only saved by a Russian officer during the momentary retreat we made. Colonel Berkeley, leg broke, but doing well. Annesley, shot through the cheek and mouth, and jaw cut about; he cannot eat or speak, but doing well. Buckley, a ball in the nape of his neck, extracted behind the shoulder-blade. Gipps, a bayonet-wound in his hand, but not much hurt; doing well. Dalrymple, a spent ball on the knee, also going on well—

making eleven officers hit out of twenty-nine. The Brigadier, two Majors, and the Adjutant had their horses shot under them, and bullets through their bearskins.

‘Poor Horace Cust was killed; he had his thigh broken by a round-shot, and died from exhaustion after amputation. The Coldstreams did not suffer near so much as we did, through not being in front of the battery.’

I now quote a few lines from Sergeant Feist’s diary:— ‘The colours (Queen’s) were carried by Lieutenant R. Lindsay, and the regimental by Lieutenant A. H. Thistlethwaite, both officers escaping without a scratch. The Queen’s colour had *twenty-four* shot-holes, and the pole shot asunder about the centre and again at the lower end. The regimental colour had no shot-holes. The sergeants with the colours were McKechnie, slightly wounded; Nicholas Lane, killed; Boyce, unhurt; and A. McLeod, shot through the arm, of which wound he died a month after. It may here be remarked that Sergeant J. Lane—Pay-Sergeant, 4th Company, and whose place in the line was next the colours—was also killed within a few yards of his brother Nicholas. This Sergeant J. Lane left his wife at Varna (ill), and she died about the same time, and neither knew of the other’s death.’

To quote from my letters once more:<sup>1</sup> ‘Bob Lindsay (now Lord Wantage) I look upon as the luckiest and pluckiest of our lot, for, though the colour he carried was riddled, he was untouched, and of those who were near him and best able to judge, all said that he displayed conspicuous bravery, and we were all pleased when he was awarded the Victoria Cross. Poor Thistlethwaite died afterwards of disease in the hospital at Scutari.

‘The “Ruskies” have gone on towards Sebastopol, most likely to the river Katcha, where they will make another stand if they ain’t too frightened, and we are to follow them up at once. Officers run very short throughout the divisions that were engaged.

‘5.30 p.m. Hepburn has just come to say that we had better go on board the *Colombo*, which starts with wounded officers and men for Scutari to-morrow. I have been keeping quiet in my cot all day, and, beyond being very stiff and helpless, I feel little pain, and the doctor says I shall be all right in a month.

‘On board the *Colombo* I shared a cabin with a Russian

<sup>1</sup> It has been deemed advisable to give these letters without alteration of any kind, which fact will no doubt kindly be remembered.—EDITOR.

officer. He could talk a little French, and was a very plucky, good sort of chap; and as I could get about a bit, I was useful to him, for he could not move, having a broken thigh. There were about eight hundred wounded on board, some of them very bad cases. Over fifty men died and were consigned to the deep before we arrived at Scutari. I was just glad to get out of that putrid tub; what with the doctors practising on the limbs of the wounded, with their shirt-sleeves all rolled up above their elbows, the moans of the dying, the crowded state of the decks, and other discomforts, it was real joy to be rowed on shore, where we three, and Bulwer, had a nice airy room to ourselves.

‘Not the slightest provision had been made for the wounded, no more than if we had gone to Alma to play a cricket-match with the “Ruskies.” We four lay upon mattresses on the floor and the men on the bare stone passages, having nothing to eat that night except what we bought for them ourselves.

‘September 27th. I found this morning that the bullet had made a tidy hole in the side of my jaw (in my whiskers), which was hidden by clotted blood, I not having an opportunity to get well at it till this morning. Poor Chewton is next door to us and is terribly bad; I go and see him three or four times a day, and write letters home at his dictation; but I fear there is no chance for him.’

The next letter is dated October 4th, and is as follows: ‘I am getting on wonderful well and can sleep for some time together, but I can’t lie down yet. I really believe in a fortnight I shall be as right as nails. I hope my head will get straight again; they say it will, but at present it has a very knowing lurch to the near side, and, of course, is quite a fixture. I am getting a first-rate hand at making plain puddings, and cook nearly all that we four eat, two being unable to use their hands, but “Whack” (Ennismore), with his leg up, can help a bit. We get some splendid fruit, grapes in particular. Hepburn and I managed to walk over to the hospital yesterday. Poor Fred Sayer of the 23rd (the man I ran at Slough) has got a bad shot-wound in his ankle, and when we entered his ward he said to me, “It’s all over with the running now, Mate,” and true enough; for he has got a terrible foot, and it don’t look like carrying a spiked shoe any more. A thousand pities! for he was real nimble.

‘We saw a lot of our men, and they are most of them doing well. The arrangements are now first-rate, and they

have every comfort. Mrs. Grantham Scott, who is at Pera with her sick husband, sends them over plenty of splendid grapes every day. Lots of fellows called to me by name as I passed through the wards, some of whom I did not know; but many are old mates at cricket or football, and we are all real cheery. I suppose it's the feeling that we have done our duty well that gives us a light heart!

'I saw one extraordinary case that day and knew the man well, but just now forget his name. A ball had passed slap through his body, entering his stomach on a level with his lower ribs and coming out just by the side of his spine. He was doing right well! We hear constantly from the front. The "Ruskies," after Alma, scuttled straight off to Sebastopol, never even making any stand on the Katcha or stopping to blow up the bridge; so they must have been jolly well demoralized. As an old Russian General who died here a day or two ago expressed it: "They expected to meet men, but they had met devils in red coats." Poor old boy! the red-coats had played the devil with him and no mistake! *On dit*, old Menschikoff has bolted out of Sebastopol (like a rabbit with an old dog-ferret behind him, out of his burrow), and our fellows took his carriage, full of champagne, and his portable kitchen—don't I wish I had been there.

'Gipps writes me cheerily from the front; but tells me that he had a narrow squeak the other day, having ridden out to a village on a foraging expedition. He was chatting to some natives (Tartars) when bang! whiz! close to his head, and looking round he saw a Turco (French Algerian), who had mistaken him for a Cossack or some sort of enemy, and all the ignorant toad said was, "*Mon Dieu! ils sont Anglais*," and rode away hard all.

'We hear the cholera is bad at the front—Colonel Cox (Grenadiers) was marching with his company at eleven o'clock, and at four was *dead* and *buried*. Poor Jolliffe, of the Coldstreams, is dead of cholera, and a rare good sort he was, too. Poor Chewton! he died at 2.30 A.M. on the 8th. I shall never forget his sending for me the afternoon before, when he said, "The doctors tell me, through the clergyman, that I have not got many more hours to live. I am not afraid to die. I wish to see you all and bid you good-bye." I was with him at 9 P.M., when he said, "Good-bye, old fellow." I went to lay down, but bid his servant call me if he got worse. At 2.15 I was roused; he lay quite still. I put a bit of looking-glass to his mouth, and a faint dew overspread it; but the next time I did



so it remained quite bright, and he was gone. He was a gallant soldier, and I think I am right in saying that he was the only man in our battalion that had been under fire before Alma, and, curiously enough, he had a strong presentiment that he would be killed. I had written a lot of letters for him, and was much touched at his death.

‘October 15th. My neck is certainly getting much more pliable, and I can sleep on my side, which is a great boon. Seven officers of the Guards arrived here yesterday, on their way to the front, and two of them, Colonel Hunter Blair and Lord James Murray, go to join our battalion. Poor Blair had bad luck as he was disembarking to bring us our letters. I must tell you that he is very particular as to his appearance and dress. He got himself up *en grande tenue*, I presume, to inspire awe into the feeble minds of the Turkish boatmen who were to row him on shore in a caique. All being ready, as he thought, he jauntily stepped on to the companion-ladder to descend to the boat; but it was not made fast, and the moment that he was fairly on the ladder down it went, and he was ducked over head and ears in the Bosphorus, our letters that he had with him being soaked, of course. “Punter” (alias Blair) used fearful language on coming to the surface; however, he was pulled into the boat and, having changed his swell uniform for a more seedy but drier kit, he and Murray came up to our room, and we had a long chat together; for we were real eager to hear home news.

‘Poor “Punter,” it was his last trip, for I grieve to say that he fell at Inkerman on the 5th of November, and Jim Murray was invalided home in May 1855.

‘October 15th. Blair and Murray have both gone on to the Crimea. From the front we hear that we shall soon have three hundred guns in position, and, when ready, the whole lot are to let drive into Sebastopol at the same moment. Jolly for the “Ruskies!” if our fellows hold straight, won’t it? Gipps writes: “Our trenches are now about 1200 yards from the town; we can hear the bands playing, and see the women walking about.” Poor dears! they will have to shift their quarters very soon, I take it.

‘Now for some cheery news. A board of medical officers sat on us yesterday (19th), examined our wounds, and decided that we must all be sent home. I almost fancy I ought to have waited here a bit to get well, then joined our battalion and helped them get into Sebastopol; but the doctor said “it would be some time before I was fit for duty; for, though

my wounds are healing over nicely, my neck and left arm are deuced stiff; so we three really start by the next ship, and we expect to have a jolly time of it on our way home.'

Well, in due course we started, and I find that on November the 14th I wrote: 'Here we are, on board the *Vectis*, and at last really in sight of Marseilles. A nice time we have had of it! This beastly steamer stopped five days at Smyrna to take in cargo, consisting chiefly of figs, and as our skipper says every fig has a worm or grub in it, we must have a tidy lot of bait on board for those fond of fishing.

'We went on shore at Smyrna and were entertained by our Consul and the Turkish Governor, and drove about the country. At Malta we had to wait for the Indian mails, and it was jolly enough there, as several of our acquaintances of last March and April were very glad to see us, and it was very pleasant to talk to the ladies again; for I had not had a drop of tea with any of the fair sex since leaving Malta in April, excepting a moderate brew with Dr. Reid and his four girls at Scutari Hospital one evening, and a friendly cup with Lady Errol (the best of wives), who is on board our boat tending her somewhat peculiar husband, whom she has stuck to with extraordinary pluck through thick (and plenty of it) and thin. We have been four days, instead of two, crossing from Malta, as one of our paddle-wheels broke down twice.

'November 20th, Guards Club. Here we are all right. We arrived at Dover at eleven o'clock yesterday morning, where we had to wait, *mirabile dictu*, till 7.30, there being no train. I have been to see Sir W. Fergusson, to ask him about my neck and arm. He was very glad to see me again, and said I had had a wonderful near squeak, and, opening a cupboard full of surgical instruments, remarked, pointing to them: "I've not got an instrument there that I could pass the same track as that bullet took, without tapping your carotid artery and letting out your life-blood. The artery must have yielded to the bullet, and it was most fortunate that no bullion or cloth from your coat-collar was driven into the wound!" But I told him that I was so jolly hot "Alma day" that I threw my coat open and had nothing round my neck—luck for me again! Good old boy! he would not take a fee, and said that my head would get straight in time, and my arm be useful too.

'I meet mates at the corner of every street, and am pulled

about and admired like a "new bonnet"; in fact I'm so bewildered and joyful I hardly know what to do next. However, I shall be with you all to-morrow, hip! hip!

Here I come to an end for the present of quoting from my letters home, as I joined my people at St. Leonards next day, and folks of every degree made a regular doll of me. My family and I soon returned to Everleigh, and I had a high old time there, and, after all sorts of rejoicings, a plantation was made in the grounds and called the 'Alma Clump.' I have never described my old home, and I think that I ought to do so; for it is a real nice old place of the sort.

The house was built for Queen Elizabeth's falconer, Sir Ralph Sadler, and there is now in one of the drawing-rooms a full-length portrait of him painted in oils on only a half-planed wood-panel. On his wrist he carries a hawk with jesses and bells on. Everleigh is a sort of oasis on Salisbury Plain. The house and park are well sheltered by plantations, and other coverts have been planted from time to time, which are bounded on all sides by vast stretches of open downs, now much more broken up by the plough than they used to be; though even at the present time you can ride from Everleigh to Salisbury, eighteen miles as the 'crow flies,' without jumping a fence or even opening a gate, and nearly all the way you are on fine springy old turf. It is a fine sporting property for everything save fishing, the nearest trout-stream being four miles off, and the kennels of the 'Tedworth Hunt' are just about the same distance. I do not know a better place to train horses than on and around these downs. Fox-hall was prepared close by, when he won the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and for years I fondly hoped that I should have been man enough to have a stable of horses there; and so I should, if I had had better luck.

There used to hang in the hall at Everleigh—but now removed to Lincolnshire—a very curious old picture descriptive of two combats in which an old ancestor of mine took part. The first is thus described: 'The combat in Paris between Sir John de Astley and Peter de Masse, 20th August, anno Dom. 1438.' The two knights are portrayed encased in armour and on horseback, their only weapons being long lances. There are three curious sorts of 'grand stands,' erected, I suppose, for the accommodation of 'members only,' interested in the proceedings. I believe the centre figure is that of the King of France (Louis XI.) at that period. At the sides of the picture are small square panels, with the

following inscriptions beneath each one. Figure 1: 'Here the King granteth him license to perform the combat.' Figure 2: 'The manner of his being conducted to the lists.' Figure 3: 'Here he taketh his oath in the presence of the High Constable and Marshal, that he hath no charm, herb, nor any enchantment about him.' Figure 4: 'Here he pierceth the helmet of Masse with his spear.'

In the same frame is also depicted the second combat, as follows: 'The combat in Smithfield between Sir John de Astley and Sir Philip Boyle, 30th January, anno Dom. 1441;' and at the sides, in similar fashion to that of the first combat, are described the different situations. Figure 1: 'Here having got the victory he returneth thanks to God.' Figure 2: 'Here the King (Henry VI.) girds him with the sword of knighthood.' Figure 3: 'Here he presented Masse's helmet to his lady.' Figure 4: 'Here he is invested with the robes and order of the Garter.'

This latter combat was fought on foot in full armour, and each combatant fought with a shield and short sword. In the centre stand at Smithfield, appears the King in royal robes, with the 'Fool' at his feet. There is also a portrait of 'Good old Astley,' from which I gather that he was a man of moderate stature, very grim and determined-looking, and his hands (as drawn) are particularly small; in fact I should say about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  gloves would be his size. From this picture I conclude that my ancestors were fond of a 'round in the ring,' and also, from the fact of his presenting the defeated gentleman's helmet to his 'lady,' that they were as devoted to the fair sex as I am myself.

The picture of the two combats has been copied in worsted and floss silk cross-stitch, which are at present in wonderful good preservation on the backs of two settees and six antiquated old chairs. There is a replica of it at Arbury (the late Colonel Newdigate's place in Warwickshire), which was left, I believe, as an heirloom in Astley Castle—an old place which formerly belonged to our family. Everleigh has always been famous for the quantity of rabbits that abound in the large patches of gorse which are scattered about on the open downs, and many a pleasant day have I spent in their company with gun and ferret. The little rascals played havoc with some new plantations I planted, and on one occasion a Scotch woodman we employed tickled me very much, when I was deploring to him the mischief they had done, by remarking: 'Aye, what a fule old Noey was when he brought they

two rabbits out of the ark wi' him !'—a sentiment no doubt thoroughly in harmony with the feelings of dwellers in the Antipodes, where the coneys are masters of the situation, but not in accord with mine, for there is no better fun than toppling over the nimble rabbit when you hold well forward, and bunny is in a hurry.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Go on Duty in London—Recruiting in Sussex—Country Visits—Letter from Hepburn—‘Where Duty Calls’—I Volunteer to Return to the Crimea—Disapproval at Home—Embark at Portsmouth—On Board *Alma* Troopship—Arrive at Malta—Buy a Pony at Pera—In the Sea of Marmora—Arrive at Balaclava—Old Friends and Faces—Rejoin Battalion in Camp on Balaclava Hill—Rough Work at the Front—Curtis, Carter, and Lempriere Killed same Night—Dine with Jerry Goodlake—He Receives the Victoria Cross—Francis Baring—Potatoes £20 a Ton—Nigel Kingscote—Neville—Keith—Gordon—De Bathe—Russians Fear our Men—Billy Russell and Sayer—Marshal Pelissier Succeeds Canrobert—My Pony Dies—Buy another for £40—Halford and Hutchinson—Foot-races on Queen’s Birthday—Wild Dayrell Wins Derby, 1855—‘Crow Corbett’—His Death—Taking of Mamelon—Death of Colonel Yea—Catch Fever.

AFTER enjoying myself thoroughly in my old home, I went up to London to do duty. The dreadful privations to which our army was exposed during that terrible and never-to-be-forgotten winter of 1854 had so much reduced the number of our battalion before Sebastopol, that the authorities at the Horse Guards invited officers to go into different districts and endeavour to get recruits for the Brigade of Guards, and as I was not only well known, but I venture to think fairly popular, in Sussex—particularly round about Chichester—I volunteered to go recruiting in that county, and met with middling success, though the limited standard of education in this district was rather against me; for often when I drove into a town on market-day in a brake, with six or seven musicians blowing ‘hard all’ on their instruments some exciting martial strain, such as ‘See the Conquering Hero Comes,’ or ‘Rule, Britannia,’ thereby collecting a goodly crowd of yokels, I found that even my most winning ways, and display of plenty of gay ribbons, to say nothing of having paid for lots of drinks all round, fell rather flat. I was repeatedly met, on offering a likely-looking customer the Queen’s shilling to enlist, with the remark: ‘Not me; it was

only last night, when we stood the parish clerk drinks to read us how the war was going on in the East, and we heard there was no beer, and wonderful little to eat for the sodgers out there, that we made up our minds that men couldn't fight on an empty stomach, and we ain't a-going to try.'

At Lewes I heard that the Militia were to be disbanded after their term of training had expired; so there I went, and obtained leave from the commanding officer to say a few words to the men when he formed them into square, previous to dismissing them to their homes. I was sanguine enough to believe that I had roused the martial spirit of not a few, and invited them to meet me in the yard of the principal hotel, where I fondly hoped to enrol a goodly number for transportation to the clutches of the drill-sergeant.

As the beer began to tell, I, my private servant (Hopkins), and a corporal of fine physique belonging to my regiment, took the names of between thirty and forty men, decked them out with ribbons, and bestowed the shilling on them. I left soon after dark, and drove over to stop with my old comrade, Colonel Hepburn, at his place (The Hook) not far from Lewes. I left my servant, and gave him my forage cap and sword to wear; and as he was a very clever fellow, he personated an officer with considerable success, and I bade him and the corporal keep up the military ardour of those I had enlisted. I returned in the morning to take the men before the doctor. I found Hopkins all right, and inquired for the corporal; but my servant informed me, with a knowing look, that 'he was not quite fit to appear yet.' It seems that the gallant soldier had been obliged to take so many drinks with his would-be future comrades that he could not come up to time, and, as Hopkins expressed it, he had had the corporal's head several times in a bucket of cold water, and hoped that in a short time he would be able to produce him fit for duty.

To cut a long story short, we marched our squad to the doctor's residence; but, alas! from sundry malformations, mostly of toes and veins, about one-half of the men were rejected. One or two paid 'smart money,' and I do not believe I sent off (with the now resuscitated corporal) more than eight recruits from Lewes; neither do I think that any other officer had better luck.

During the early spring of 1855 I paid several visits amongst my country friends, none of which did I enjoy more than a trip to my old travelling companion Peel at Bryn-y-Pys, where I met with a hearty reception from the many good

fellows I knew in that neighbourhood, and had some cheery days hunting with old Wattie Wynn, and his paragon of huntsmen, old Walker. Early in March I got a letter from Hepburn, when I was at Everleigh, telling me that a draft was shortly to be sent out to join our battalion at the front, and that he intended to volunteer to accompany them—would I go too? As I was all right again, my head pretty straight, and my left arm in full play, I could do no other than follow his lead; at the same time I must confess that it was a bit of a wrench: for no man could be enjoying himself more than I was in ‘Old England,’ and, from all accounts, the utter discomfort and continual peril in the trenches before Sebastopol were only too graphically and truthfully described in every letter from one’s pals who were there; but also in Billy Russell’s interesting and thrilling articles from the scene of action, as published in the *Times* newspaper.

However, ‘where duty calls, &c.,’ I felt bound to obey, and accompanied my Captain to the Horse Guards; nor can I ever forget the intense curiosity with which I listened to Hepburn’s earnest pleading to be allowed *the favour* of joining the draft. The old boy at the Horse Guards into whose presence we two were ushered, and heard our request, utterly scouted the idea, pretty much in these words: ‘Certainly not; you have done your share and the country is proud of you. Let others go out and earn glory.’ He seemed so determined, in fact, to adhere to his resolution that I felt convinced my jolly time at home would not be cut short. We both pleaded with renewed energy (mine was begotten by a feeling of intense security that he was too stubborn to yield), but my fond hopes were dashed to the ground—I believe it was owing to the earnest way in which we put it to him, that ‘the men of our company would sooner be led by us than by comparative strangers to them.’ At all events, he, in a torrent of beatitudes on our noble conduct, ‘whispering no, consented.’

Oh dear! oh dear! how I despised his vacillating mind! And I am half afraid that I upbraided Hepburn for not letting the old boy have his own way and give our novices a chance of courting ‘death or glory.’ However, we had ‘been and done it,’ and had but a short time to renew our kit, and go down to Portsmouth to embark with a draft of quite young and only half-drilled recruits.

When I reached home, the good old governor was most explicit in his opinion of the folly I had perpetrated, while my mother (a long way the best of women to my thinking)



was much cut up ; but the feeling that I had done the proper thing kept my spirits up. There was considerable delay in starting, caused by the scarcity of proper transports to take us out. The Horse Guards wanted to send us in the *Resistance*—an old tub in which Lord Methuen had refused to take out his regiment of Militia to Corfu—but this was luckily overruled ; so we waited in London till the first week in April, when we received orders to start for Portsmouth, where we duly arrived one afternoon, and found that instructions had been received for us to sail early the next morning. So, as soon as we had seen all the men comfortably stowed away on board the *Alma* troopship, Hepburn and I returned on shore and dined at the mess of the Lincolnshire Militia, commanded by that quaint old gentleman Colonel Sibthorpe (who was for some time M.P. for Lincoln), and a long night we had of it : for the C.O. never moved off his chair till 3 A.M., and, as his guests, of course we could not leave him, and some very funny stories he told us ere we parted.

As soon as it was light we went on board, and soon had wished our many friends and relatives ‘good-bye’ and steamed away to join our comrades in the East. Now, I can refresh my memory once more from the many letters that I sent home, which I have before me at the present moment while I write.

‘On April 19th we had a death and a birth on board the *Alma*. The former was Gordon Drummond’s charger, who got down in his box and broke his back ; the latter, the advent of a lamb, one of our sheep meant for the table having become a mother. On the 21st we had two burials—a corporal of Coldstream Guards died of heart-disease, and a private of ours of a sort of low fever. On the 23rd we arrived at Malta, and, though I had been rather a shy feeder on board, I made up for it by a good dinner on shore.

‘We found Colonel Haygarth, who was so fearfully wounded at Alma, and, fortunately for him, he had been taken straight to Malta and is getting on well ; he hopes to be able to get home in May. Also our good friend Dr. Bostock, who had been very seedy, but is now recovering. We looked up all our old friends, and started again the next day, and had a very prosperous and quick passage, and on the 27th we were in the Sea of Marmora.’

Quoting again from my letters I find I wrote : ‘The shores of the Dardanelles are beautifully green ; but so are the Wiltshire Downs by this time, I expect. The islands dotted

about the Archipelago are pretty enough, too ; but I would sooner see Ash Wood,<sup>1</sup> with the rabbits cutting about on its broad rides, than all the Tenedoses and Plains of Troy, with Byron's Sestos and Abydos thrown in ; for all those places of ancient renown sink into insignificance when one's mind looks forward to the Plains of Balaclava and the Valley of the Tchernaya, amongst which we ought to be soon. On the 28th we arrived early at Constantinople, and about six Hepburn and I went ashore at Pera, and, after a lot of haggling, bought a couple of ponies and got them on board all right, and started for the Crimea.

'On the 30th we anchored off Kamiech, where we had to wait till the wind dropped, as the entrance to Balaclava Harbour is very narrow and not safe to try for, except in smooth water. Maxse, of the *Agamemnon*, came on board and told us that he had dined with Hughie Drummond, of our battalion, the other day, and had "the best of everything"—not bad news for us ! On May 2nd we steamed into Balaclava Harbour, and no sooner had we taken up our berth than a lot of old mates came rushing down to see us. It was like getting home almost—in fact I felt as if I had a home at both ends. We disembarked and joined our old battalion, who were encamped on a steep rocky hill about a mile from the harbour, and wonderful glad I was to join my old comrades again ; though it was sad indeed to miss so many of those who had been with us at the Alma ; in fact there were not more than 300 fit for duty out of the 800 we had started with from England the spring before.'

Our battalion, we found, had been relieved from duty in the trenches, and had been marched down to our present position over Balaclava, to give the men a rest, and much they needed it. I soon landed my pony, and it turned out a very simple process, for he was slung over the side of the ship, then tipped into the water and left to swim ashore. I clapped a saddle on his back and rode him up to camp. I quite forgot to say that I had brought out a black retriever with me, called 'Punch,' and a great comfort he was to me. Hepburn and I took possession of a hut lately occupied by some of the Highlanders, who now formed part of an expedition of a mixed force of about fourteen thousand men, French and English, who were embarked on board ship with the intention of attacking Kertch. To quote again from letters :

'From our camp we have a splendid view over the whole

<sup>1</sup> A favourite covert at Everleigh.

plain of Balacava, where the memorable cavalry charge took place on the 26th of last October, and across the Valley of the Tchernaya to Canrobert's Hill, whence we can see the white puffs of smoke from the Russian battery opposite to our Inkerman picquets, and we can hear all night and day the big guns booming in the distance; also, when nature is at its stillest, the roll of musketry.

'*On dit* the French advance trench is only about one hundred yards off the Mamelon, and our advanced attack about one hundred and twenty yards from the Redan. Our 77th Regiment took some rifle-pits one night and *held them*, though the French had lost them six times after taking them. Our fellows in the front had a very rough night. Five officers killed, Curtis (46th) and Carter (Engineers) both killed by one round-shot as four or five of them were talking together in a group. Poor little Lempriere, whom I had met when staying with the Scots at Rotherfield, was also killed.'

Quoting again from a later letter home: 'I dined last night with my good old pal Jerry Goodlake, and met John Adair there. Jerry is very fit and has done a lot of hard work, and never has been off duty a day. He had charge of the sharpshooters soon after the army took up its position in front of Sebastopol the beginning of last October, and for distinguished bravery was given the Victoria Cross.

'I like the life out here much; I dine out most nights with different pals. We have now got our kitchen built, and last night had a guest to dinner. Francis Baring, who has been on duty right through the winter and looks well on it. Our *menu* not bad—carrot soup (potted), mutton pudding, salad of dandelion leaves, mashed potatoes, and marmalade roly-poly. What can a man want more? Potatoes have been very dear—twenty-one shillings a hundredweight!'

Seeing that I can only get forty shillings a ton now, I think my readers will allow that prices ran a trifle high in the Crimea at that time. But let me add a few more extracts from my letters:

'I rode up to the front yesterday to have a peep at Sebastopol and its fortresses, the English and French camps, and miles of parallels and trenches: wonderfully interesting it was; and from the top of a house called *Maison d'Eau* I had a perfect view with my glass of the French position and our left attack. I lunched on my way with Nigel Kingscote, who is on Lord Raglan's staff and as fat as butter. I dined with Neville, and Charley Keith, A.D.C. to Sir R. England, and

rode back with George Gordon and Henry de Bathe at night. The expedition to Kertch is a complete fiasco; it seems, Canrobert is an old goose, for when our combined fleet, with 15,000 men on board, were close to Kertch, a gunboat was sent after them, and the expedition was ordered to return immediately. *On dit* Lord Raglan is awfully annoyed about it, and both soldiers and sailors are beside themselves with rage. Lord Raglan can do nothing, as he has only 20,000 English, and Canrobert has 100,000 French; and so our good old Commander has to play second fiddle. I have made a bit of a garden round our hut and sown the seeds I brought out with me. The last mail brought the *Gazette*, in which I am made a Brevet Major—good luck for me!—but I feel I have scarcely earned it. It sounds quite familiar being called Major, having enjoyed that title amongst the small fry at home, ever since my brother joined me at Eton.

‘The “Ruskies” make constant sorties now, but get terribly cut up and hurry back to cover again. One of the prisoners taken the other night said they were literally soaked with raki, and then told they were going against the French, but, to their terror, they found themselves opposite our works and bolted at once. The French fire rounds and rounds of musketry at the least movement of the “Ruskies” at long range; but our fellows wait till they are within 30 or 40 yards and then let them have it bang in the eye! Four thousand “Sardines”<sup>1</sup> under the command of General<sup>2</sup> “Marmalade” (as the men put it), have just arrived, and the Allies will soon have 200,000 men here of all sorts, and we shall look poor fools if we can’t do something with such a force.

‘If you have a chance, send me out a round of boiled beef in tin. Old Soyer, the French cook, has just come out, and I am going to meet him at dinner at Billy Russell’s, the *Times* correspondent. I have just had a bit of very bad luck—my stupid soldier-servant gave my pony its water too soon after his feed of barley, and inflammation, *alias* fermentation, set in, and he is dead and buried, and I shall have a job to get another. I forgot to tell you that I had found my old white mule, “Alexander” (that I bought at Malta last April), in the Commissariat lines. I have got him back, and very useful he is.’

In another letter I find that I wrote: ‘My garden is the admiration and envy of all beholders, and my hens lay nicely.

<sup>1</sup> Sardinian troops.

<sup>2</sup> General La Marmora.

We are all pleased to hear that Canrobert is superseded by Marshal Pelissier—a good rattling sort of chap, they say—and more Turks and “Sardines” are constantly arriving. We had some capital games on the Queen’s Birthday. I won two foot-races; but, the ground being very hard, uneven, and down-hill, I lost the skin off my toes. The 12th Lancers have just arrived from India, and I bought a capital pony of Colonel Fyler, who commands them. He gave £10 for the pony at Cairo; I gave him £40 for him—not a bad profit! He had only been used for carrying water-barrels, but as he has a nice mouth, and very sensible, I shall soon make a nice hack of him. I call him “Jimmy.” I dined with the 5th Dragoon Guards last night and met two old Eton mates, Joey Halford and Hely Hutchinson, and we had a cheery evening. The second expedition to Kertch has been quite a success, as we easily occupied that town, took over 50 big guns, a large amount of stores, and lost very few men.

“Our advanced trenches are now getting very near those of the “Ruskies,” and they say our men make miniature shells by filling soda-water bottles with powder and small stones, then stick a fuse through the cork, and light it up and throw it across into the enemy’s advanced works. How’s that for mimic warfare? We keep losing a few men of cholera and low fever, and, as no parson could be found, the other day I had to read the burial-service over one of our young soldiers that came out in our draft in the *Alma*.

“I often go out in the very early morning with my dog and gun, and have had fair sport with some nice fat little quail who arrive here during the night, on their flight from Asia Minor northwards, and it often happens that some of the French soldiers are out on the same job; they melt and roll out their bullets, and then cut them into small tiny squares, as they cannot afford to buy shot. The peculiar noise which these angular atoms make when leaving the muzzle of their rifles is very peculiar, and at no other game-shooting have I laughed as much. My faithful Punch ranges about and puts up a quail. I knock him down; but perhaps two or three red-breeched Frenchmen have fired at the same object, and rush forward to claim the savoury morsel. But Punch is always there first, picks up the little bird, and gallops back to me with it; when I at once put it in my haversack, and perhaps the Gaul don’t talk quick over it! “*Mais c’est moi qui a tué cet gibier, absolument c’est à moi!*” I say: “*Doucement, mes amis; soyez tranquille. C’est le mien, et il est dans ma*

*poche!*” I don’t know a more delicious breakfast than two or three real fat little quails when, daintily picked, trussed and covered with a vine-leaf, they are kept moving in the frying-pan over the fire, floating about in a gravy of fat from the salt pork!

‘I must give you a specimen of the crude state of the Telegraph Department out here. A telegram, directed to “Captain Ashley, Grenadier Guards,” was brought to me, and it read thus: “*Votre père est mort.*” This announcement, of course, startled me not a little. I at once jumped on my pony and galloped up to Head-quarters, to see if I could learn any particulars, and, if the news proved true, to ask for leave to go home. I found the mail had just come in, and, fortunately, the telegram had taken as long to arrive as the newspapers, in one of which I found the death of Ashley Ponsonby’s father announced, which, of course, set my mind at rest; but I should like to have had five minutes with that telegraph clerk who had coolly left out “Ponsonby” altogether. I learnt that A. Ponsonby of the Grenadiers had started from England, so that this telegram had been sent after him. It was a nice, reliable way of transmitting news, wasn’t it?’

Early in June we got the news that Wild Dayrell had won the Derby. (How well I recollect it, even at this length of time afterwards!) I had taken two hundred pounds to five about him when he was a two-year-old (possibly the reader may remember how, in a former chapter, I mentioned his breaking loose during exercise at Littlecote), and I felt highly delighted. I rode up to the front, and lunched with the 88th Regiment—a very cheery lot of fellows, and one of the best of them was ‘Crow’ Corbett, a very great pal of mine. He was also in high glee, as he had won about two hundred over the race. After luncheon we were having a smoke and chat together, when orders arrived that a storming-party was to be sent into the trenches that night, to take the ‘Quarries’—an excavated bit of ground lying midway between our advanced attack and the Redan—which was now held by the enemy, and from which spot their riflemen had been harassing our men somewhat severely.

Poor Corbett was detailed as one of the storming-party, and I think I never saw so sudden a change come over a brave man. He took me on one side and said: ‘I feel a strong presentiment that I shall be killed before morning. Will you take care of my Derby winnings when they arrive?’ I told him that the Paymaster of his regiment had better look after

that, and tried all I knew to cheer him up ; but all to no purpose, and when the party fell in, and he was marching off with them, he stopped a moment to wring my hand, and we wished each other good luck and good-bye ; for he again said that he was firmly convinced that he should not return alive, and, though I took care not to let him see it, I felt grave misgivings as to our ever meeting again in this planet. As a matter of fact we never did.

When the party were out of sight I rode over to watch the attack that the French were to make on the Mamelon, and, tethering my pony, I walked up to the brow of a small hill, from which I could see the Mamelon and its embrasures quite nicely. It was a lovely still evening I remember, and apparently both besieged and besiegers were for the time being enjoying repose ; when, suddenly, up went a rocket, and from their advanced trenches out swarmed the French Zouaves and ran up the hill, on the crown of which the Mamelon was situated ; and before the 'Ruskies' were aware of the presence of their foes, many of the Zouaves were already inside the huge earthwork, and, with a splendid dash, drove the enemy out towards the town. Had their supports shown the same pluck and daring, the Zouaves would have held the fort ; but the latter were too impetuous, and, rushing right through the Mamelon, they encountered a host of Russian infantry and were driven back on their supports, who gave way and made for the cover of their trenches, a large proportion of them being knocked over in their hasty retreat ; but, fortunately, the Zouaves had spiked many of the Russian guns, or very few of those gallant Frenchmen would have been left alive.

Whilst I was lying down watching these operations, one of our navvies (a number of whom had been sent out from England to make the railway from Balaclava to the front) was standing bolt upright, staring about him, not a hundred yards from where I was lying, and I had already shouted out to him more than once to lie down, as many of the ships and harbour forts had opened fire from their big guns, so that the round-shot came bounding and ricochetting along far behind where we were ; but the foolhardy fellow took no notice of my remonstrances, and presently down he flopped quick enough, with, I believe, a broken back. Some of his mates came up and carried him off, and I thought it was about time to get my pony and make tracks for safer quarters ; but before I reached my peaceful hut I heard the news that our men had

taken the 'Quarries' (or 'Ovens,' as they were sometimes called), and that the 88th had suffered severely. Alas! poor Corbett's presentiment of coming ill had been realized, for he was dead.

The next day, June the 8th, I heard that a flag of truce was hoisted, so that both the Allies and the Russians might carry off their wounded and bury the dead. I rode up to camp, therefore, and walked to the Mamelon, and a truly terrible sight that hill-side presented; for the slaughter had been appalling, and the French lay very thick on the ground, the 'Ruskies' having slated them fearfully on their retreat after the first attack on the fort. However, they had accounted for a good many of the enemy, and during the night had again assaulted, and this time retained possession of, this great earthwork.

The ambulance corps of both sides were very busy removing the wounded to the hospitals and collecting the dead for burial. I walked on through the Mamelon, and out on the other side towards the Round Tower or Malakhoff, finally reaching the line of Russian sentries, beyond which we were not allowed to pass. Lots of officers of both sides were chatting away freely to each other, but I did not feel that way inclined. I fancied that the 'Ruskies' looked a bit down on their luck, but the officers were very smartly got up, with their white gloves and polished boots. I then wandered back to the Mamelon, and a wonderful work it was, the inside of it divided into numerous small squares by traverses of gabions filled with earth, so that if a shell pitched into one division the men employed there could have run round into the next compartment out of harm's way (providing that the fuse was long enough). There were also bomb-proof shelters for the gunners, and bullet-proof screens, made of enormously thick rope, hanging inside the embrasures.

As soon as the flag of truce was hauled down, both sides began firing away again right merrily as before. On my way home I looked in at the camp of the 88th, and learned that, out of the nine officers that regiment sent into the trenches the night of the attack on the 'Quarries,' three were killed and four wounded, among the former being poor Corbett, who was shot through the forehead while leading on his men to the attack; so he did not suffer any pain, poor fellow. His servant gave me his master's flask, and I have it now, and treasure it as a memento of one of the cheeriest and best of pals.

On June the 16th the Brigade of Guards marched up from



Balaclava to the front, to be ready for the assault on the Redan, and on the morning of the 18th we paraded at 3 A.M., and marched to the top of Picquet-House Hill, from whence we had a splendid view of the town and the unsuccessful attack. We were in support and hardly under fire. As soon as we reached the ground we were ordered to occupy, we loaded our rifles and piled arms; we then built up little walls of stones to protect us—as we lay down under their shelter—from any stray bullets that now and again came whistling over us. The smoke from the big guns of both sides considerably obscured our view of what was going on; but by 9 A.M. we knew that the English attack on the Redan had been repulsed, and about 10 A.M. we were marched back to camp, all of us being very depressed, and the men real mad at not having had a chance of taking any part in the morning's work.

Every mother's son of our battalion gave it out as certain that, if *we* had only been allowed to try, we could have driven the 'Ruskies' into the harbour. My own candid opinion is that the dual command was the principal cause of our failure; for, had the Redan been well shelled before the assault was made, the large bodies of Russian infantry could not have been concentrated in that huge fortress. They say that there were eight thousand Russians in and about the Redan that day, and as our storming-party was under five hundred, they had but little chance of carrying—let alone holding—the fort. Many officers were killed and wounded; amongst the former was Colonel Yea of the 7th. No better soldier ever existed; he had done a lot of hard work with his regiment and was universally beloved and respected.

That evening the Brigade had to find two thousand men for the trenches; but it did not take me, which was luck, as they had a very harassing time of it, and several were wounded. As I was now a field officer, and subalterns were more wanted in the trenches, Lord Rokeby sent me down to take command of the Brigade Hospitals at Balaclava, and I relieved Buckley, who had been kept in charge there; so I found myself once more in my comfortable hut; but the duty was a very depressing one, as I had constantly to attend to the wants of the convalescents, sick, and dying, my mornings being pretty well taken up in writing letters home to the friends and sweethearts of those poor fellows, many of whom would never see their homes or the faces of their loved ones again.

One morning my servant came and woke me by imploring me to get up and drive away an Arab stallion belonging to the

10th Hussars, who had got loose from their lines and was worrying my pony who was hobbled close to my hut. As I found stones perfectly ineffectual in driving him off, I got my gun, which was only loaded with dust-shot for quail, and thought I would pepper him at about 40 yards; so I aimed at his tail and 'let go,' when, to my amazement, down he sat on his quarters and blood rushed from his mouth and nostrils: so I put the other barrel to his head and finished him off out of his misery. I then discovered that he was branded on his off fore foot, and, with the aid of some of the convalescents, I soon got him under ground; but he was scarcely well out of sight when up rode a trooper of the 10th Hussars, inquiring if one of their missing horses had been seen that way. But the men were staunch, and I felt much relieved when the said trooper rode off to continue his search elsewhere; for I should have had to pay £40 for my clumsy shot if the crime had been brought home to me. I never *heard* that the gallant Hussar succeeded in finding his missing horse.

On the 28th of June Lord Raglan died, and they say that mental anxiety killed that good old gentleman quite as much as any bodily ailments he may have suffered from. The dual command had been anything but a bed of roses, and it was generally supposed that he had but a rough time of it with the French Marshals. At Lord Raglan's death he was succeeded in the command by General Simpson.

One morning I rode out near the cliff and monastery overlooking the Black Sea. I started and bowled over a nice leveret, and Punch was immensely pleased at retrieving the first 'bit of fur' I had come across in these diggings since my arrival.

This way of spending my spare time I enjoyed far more than any amount of reading, though plenty went in for literature: for instance, one of our young doctors was one morning reading a book called 'More Worlds than One,' and puzzling his head as to whether the sun and moon were inhabited. When I asked him what it mattered to him one way or the other, he shut up; and I told him that I thought he had far better be employing himself by killing some of the hosts of flies which worried our poor sick fellows in the hospitals, and I hope he took my advice.

I had ridden down to Kamiesch (the French port) and bought several yards of muslin wherewith to keep the flies off the faces of the invalids, and for this little act of attention they were most grateful. After about a month's work in and

out of the hospital I was taken with low fever, and the doctors ordered me off to the Sanatorium, on the other side of Balaclava Harbour. With great difficulty I mounted my white mule, Alexander, and rode over. I was put into a comfortable bed in a long hut overlooking the Black Sea, and a kind nurse, Miss Shaw Stewart, sister to 'Beetroot Bill' (so called from his high complexion) in my battalion, brought me a bottle of Eau-de-Cologne, which was delicious, and next day some port wine, which, if anything, I liked even better than the scent. I soon rallied, and so did my mate, who was in the next cot to me, Luard of the 77th, and we spent some pleasant hours sitting out on the cliff, with the pure breeze from the sea to cool us, and a lovely view to interest us; besides watching the numerous transports continually arriving, loaded with men and material, from England and Italy. My servant brought me over a lot of eggs, laid by my good-natured hens, and I made some bread-and-butter puddings, the composition of which quite astonished the good nurses when I asked to have them baked. I had to put eighteen eggs in one pudding, as milk was not to be had.

After seventeen days I was declared convalescent, and rode back to my hut again, finding my garden in fair order, and the radishes just fit for drawing. I was much grieved to hear of the death of Hely Hutchinson of the 13th. He had a touch of fever and cholera, and was sent down to Scutari, but never rallied. He was at Eton with me, and afterwards in Switzerland; he was a wonderful good-looking, nice chap; but, curiously enough, had all along a strong feeling that he would never return home again. Teddy Wynne,<sup>1</sup> of the Grenadiers, brought me up a fine box of good things from home, he having just arrived from England. I gave a dinner-party on the strength of it. Hammer Lane, Jerry Goodlake, and three others enjoyed the feast much.

I had a nasty accident soon after this, which might have turned out a serious one. I had ridden down to the harbour, and was returning with a fine turbot hanging from my saddle, and was in the act of turning round to whistle to my dog, when I felt something pressing against my chest, and, looking round, I perceived that some rafters which were loaded askew upon a mule cart (coming in the opposite direction) were pushing me out of the saddle. My pony jumped forwards, and I tumbled backwards; when, before I knew where I was, the wheel of the heavily laden cart went bang over both my feet; but,

<sup>1</sup> Since dead, I regret to say.—EDITOR.

strange to relate, beyond a tingling sensation in those extremities, I was not a bit hurt. I think it must have been the thick soles of my boots that saved me. I was too pleased to find that I had escaped injury to pitch into the driver, whose only excuse was, 'These stubborn brutes of mules were in fault, not *me*.'

## CHAPTER XIV.

Death of Hughie Drummond—Battle of Tchernaya—Cricket at the Front—We give a Dinner-party—Shooting in Baidar Valley—Bat Buckley Killed—Grand Assault—Russians Evacuate Town—What I saw there—Road-making—Anniversary of Alma—*Ripon* Transport arrived with Colonel Berkeley—Knollys and Gipps—Match with Slade—A Wrangle—Building Mess Hut—My Leg in Difficulties—My Sardinian Charger—Ennismore and Fraser arrive 27th of October—Explosion of the Siege-train Store—Visit the Scene the next Day—Steeplechases—I tackle Billy Russell—Urgent Private Affairs—Lord Rokeby to Dinner—Huts blown down by the High Winds—Bad going from Hut to Hut—A Path in Prospect.

On the night of the 13th of August—the bombardment being in full swing—poor dear Hughie Drummond, our Adjutant, was killed in the trenches by a shell. Henry Armytage (Coldstream Guards) was standing talking to him when the shell came hissing towards them. ‘Armit’ ran out of the way, put poor Hughie seems to have run right under it, and, as bad luck would have it, the missile burst just over him and killed him. It was too truly a case of ‘one shall be taken, the other left.’ He was a universal favourite with both officers and men, and a cheerier comrade never lived. He had been all through the hard work, had his horse shot under him at Alma, and was severely wounded at Inkerman; we buried him on the 14th in the cemetery at Cathcart’s Hill, where so many brave hearts are mouldering side by side. I was one of his pall-bearers. Bob Lindsay took his place as adjutant, and George Gordon of ours succeeded ‘Bob’ on General Simpson’s staff.

On the morning of the 16th, *à point de jour* (as a Zouave described it to me), the French and Sardinians in the Valley of the Tchernaya were suddenly attacked by large masses of ‘Ruskies,’ who had crossed the plain from ‘Mackenzie’s Farm’ during the night, and, favoured by a thick mist, they advanced in column—their only chance, as the rearmost companies in this formation shove the foremost ones along; a

very different style of proceeding to our advance in line at the Alma. They had crossed over the Tchernaya before the French were ready for them; but, fortunately, there were two regiments of those splendid Zouaves opposite the bridge over the river, and with great coolness they held their fire until the enemy were within short range, and then they gave them such a warm reception, aided by a flank fire from the 'Sardines,' that in less than half-an-hour the 'Ruskies' broke and turned tail. In their retreat across the river and aqueduct they got most awfully mauled; the French guns, assisted by one of our field-batteries with two 32-pounders, playing on their retreating masses with terrible effect for the greater part of two miles; finishing up by pitching some rockets into their columns at an immense distance. I believe there were about sixty thousand Russians on the plain, and from fifteen to twenty thousand of them engaged.

Though not above two miles from my hut, I had slept soundly through the cannonade till close on 7 A.M., when I ran up to the top of the hill and discovered what a nice game of romps was going on in the valley: so I got my breakfast (for nature abhors a vacuum) and rode down just as the fight was over, and, having a bottle of brandy in my haversack, the Zouaves soon became 'very fond,' and between them and the wounded it quickly disappeared. The French soldiers were busily employed in fishing the dead 'Ruskies' out of the aqueduct, and searching for spoil; but the poor things had little on them save the amulets which most of them wore round their necks. An old Russian Colonel whom I found badly wounded in the shoulder, and to whom I gave a light for his pipe, insisted on my having first draw at it, remarking that 'the French, English, and Russians were all Christians and not half bad fellows; but he couldn't abide the Turks.'

I had crossed the Tchernaya, and was allowing my pony to have a good graze on the rich grass which abounded in the valley (and was neutral ground) while I ate my biscuit and cheese, when, suddenly, I was rudely disturbed by some big shot and shell coming whizzing over me, aimed by the 'Ruskies' at the bridge over which the French were busily employed with their ambulance mules, conveying the wounded to their hospitals; but the infatuated Russians would not allow them to do so undisturbed, so I caught my pony and galloped across a ford and up a hill out of range. Jerry Goodlake told me afterwards that he had been in the thick of the fight and had a very narrow escape, a bullet having pierced his coat. He

said that the French—especially the Zouaves—had fought real well, and also the 'Sardines.'

To vary the entertainment, on the 17th we played a cricket-match, 'The Guards' against the 'Leg of Mutton Club,' the latter consisting of a medley of all sorts of regiments. Our eleven was principally composed of the following: Buckley, Mike Heneage, Seymour Blane, Goodlake, Harvey Tower, Crawley, two Lambtons, and myself. We had a capital lunch on the ground, provided by an old black woman who kept a sort of eating-house on the heights, and rejoiced in the appropriate and endearing title of 'Mother Sea Coal,' a native of Jamaica, and frightful to a degree, but a very clever 'doctress' *on dit*.

On the 18th a flag of truce was hoisted and the 'Ruskies' came down in large numbers to bury their dead, and as the grass was just about fit to cut for hay, the mounted Cossacks spread all over the meadows, sticking a lance into the ground wherever they found a dead body; while the ambulance corps collected and buried all they found. I wandered away from this ghastly scene and rode down to the river-side, where I spotted several places resorted to by wild-duck when feeding, and profited by the knowledge so acquired on several occasions later on. Archie Campbell (now Lord Blythswood) of ours was hit in the trenches by a bit of shell on the night of the 22nd; but, though it damaged his flask and knocked all the wind out of his body, he was, fortunately, not much hurt.

In an extract from a letter home at this time I find a prognostication which was shortly fulfilled—viz., 'It won't be long before we make the final assault on the doomed<sup>1</sup> town, and we all fancy that the "Ruskies" are preparing to bolt; for they have constructed a bridge across the harbour which looks as if they meant to exchange the hot fire of the south for the cool breezes of the north side, and they will have to do it "nilly, willy" within a fortnight sure, and so hopes all of us. I hear there is a parcel come out for me in the *Retriever*; but I shall have to wait till five thousand shells are taken out of her hold before I can get at it. How pleased the "Ruskies" would be if they only knew that she had arrived quite safe!'

If I remember rightly, there were a lot of casualties in the trenches about this time; for I see (on reference to my notes) that Colonel F. Seymour was hit on the head by a fragment

<sup>1</sup> Sir John's letters are carefully copied word for word, though a mistake might arise in the spelling of this expression; however, I trust I have read the word aright.—EDITOR.

of shell and had to be sent home. Jim Farquharson was shot in the hand. Colonel Walker also got a good bump on the head from a piece of shell. Sir Henry de Bathe commanded the battalion at this period.

I used to go out with my gun and shoot a fair lot of quail, which I always sent round to my mates at the front. I recollect giving a dinner on the 30th of August to Dick Glyn, Coney, and Robertson, all of whom belonged to the 1st Royal Dragoons, and a very cheery evening we had. To add to our enjoyment some good chap had sent me out a box of A 1 cigars, and I can tell you that they were appreciated at their full value.

I was cantering home after a day's sport in the Baidar Valley a few days later, with a loose rein, my gun over my shoulder and a pipe in my mouth, when my pony put his foot on a rolling stone and came down a cracker, shooting me over his head; but no harm came of it, barring a chipped knee apiece, and my 'baccy never went out during the operation, nor did my gun go off on its own account. This was by no manner of means the first cropper that I got from much the same cause.

In a subsequent letter home I find the following: 'Poor Bat Buckley of ours was shot in the advanced sap on the night of the 6th of September; he and Billy Scarlett had agreed, instead of going to visit the sentries every alternate hour, that each should take two hours' rest, and then go the rounds for the following two hours. Now, to show what luck there is in arrangements, even of this kind, it was properly Scarlett's turn to go the rounds at the very time that Buckley was killed. A sergeant and a file of men accompanied him, and some "Ruskies" must have crept out and shot Buckley in the back. The men carried him back to the trenches, but he died almost immediately. Poor old Buck was a great pal of mine, and only lately we had been playing several cricket-matches together, and not long ago I ran against him, and beat him in a 100 yards race. He had been all through the thick of it, and was hit at Alma. Had I not been made a field officer by brevet I should not have relieved him off hospital duty, and the odds are that he would have been safe down here and I should have been killed in his place. We buried him the next day, and, poor fellow! he lies in the best of company, between Charley Seymour (killed at Inkerman) and Hughie Drummond.

'That same night one of our shells, or a rocket, set fire to a fifty-gun frigate in the harbour, and with great satisfaction I



watched the flames breaking out of her port-holes, and as they got heated her guns went off one by one, and some chap said, "It is as good as the fireworks at Vauxhall, only there's no explosion, and I expect that's why we're let off paying the usual shilling for admission to the show." It is supposed that the sailors must have flooded the magazines as soon as their ship caught fire.' In another letter I find :

'On the 8th of September the assault took place, and the Brigade to which I belonged was in reserve in the shelter of the central ravine. The Second Division was ordered to assault, under General Markham. Our Division has found the duties for the trenches for thirty-six hours consecutively, and arduous work it has been. Sad and humiliating as it is to relate, I am obliged to mention that our men once more failed in the attempt to capture the Redan, and we again lost a lot of officers and men. Fortunately, the "Ruskies" made up their minds that the south side was getting too hot for them, and during the night they vacated all their works, and retired across the bridge to the north side. They blew up all their forts and sank their remaining ships in the harbour.'

There were some terrible sights in the town, and in one hospital, computed to hold two thousand men, the dead were still lying in their beds, and some of the wounded who had crawled out—probably in search of food or water—had died on the floor. One of our sergeants, who had been taken prisoner a few days previously and who had been wounded, was found dead amongst a number of defunct and dying 'Ruskies.'

It is said that when the Russians decided on evacuating their position, they pulled all their wounded together, and placed them in a heap on the top of one of their mines, which they promptly exploded, and so finished the sufferings of their own men and several of our poor comrades. There are not wanting plenty of proofs of their barbarity, not only to our men but their own, but they would be out of place here. Poor Vaughan of the 90th Regiment, who was in my remove at Eton, was discovered in the town, and from pain and thirst he had become a drivelling idiot.

The first day that we were permitted to go into the evacuated forts and dilapidated town, I explored that cursed old Redan, and I well remember what a wonderful strong place I thought it, and it was too, without any error. It had been a good deal knocked about by our last bombardment, as well as from the explosion of the powder-magazine by the 'Ruskies' themselves. On getting into the town I found the whole place

overrun with English and French soldiers, and I think that they had pretty well cleared the 'decks.' Every church and house had already been stripped of all the valuables that could be carried away.

I discovered a few trophies, and I bought others from the French soldiers ; but, sad to relate, I found on my return that a cordon of sentries, and, bad luck to it ! a line of cavalry vedettes, had carefully been drawn up between our camp and the town, and as they had received strict orders that no man was allowed to carry any sort of loot through their line, everything was to be placed on an already large heap of trashy pieces of loot, which treasures were to be sold to realize prize-money ! I recollect that I had been toiling along with some humbugging curiosities, the real value of which was probably not more than two pounds, but as trophies to send home they were worth a lot. I tried all I knew to break through the line, but a cavalry officer came riding down, and in a stern voice ordered me to convey my treasures to the afore-mentioned heap of rubbish. Of course, I pretended to obey, but in reality I hid my best gems amongst some stones in the 'Quarries,' from whence I had the audacity to fetch them away after dark. If I had been caught in the act I suppose I should have been shot, or rendered myself liable to that pleasing operation.

The docks were the only really fine works in the town of Sebastopol, and they were assuredly splendid specimens of engineering skill, being constructed of enormous blocks of the very finest granite, which must have come from afar.

I believe that these very blocks of granite were broken up and used by our engineers for road-making, &c. No doubt it was a pity, but it was a token of our affectionate regard for the 'Ruskies.' After this we enjoyed a delicious calm, which pervaded all ranks and arms ; no horrible trench work, and comparatively no noise. We, of course, all hoped that the war was at an end, but had to keep on the alert, not knowing what the 'Ruskies' might do next. We were employed in putting our camps to rights, and making preparations for the winter.

On the 20th of September, the anniversary of the battle of the Alma, Lord Rokeby distributed our medals. I remember declaring that I should wear mine in 'bed clothes,' 'plain clothes,' and 'livery.' On the evening of that 20th of September, just twelve months after our glorious victory, twenty-six of the Brigade sat down to an 'Alma' dinner, cooked by old Soyer, and served in a large marquee. I know that I furnished a sheep (which I had wheedled out of a

friendly skipper aboard ship) and ten brace of quail. We spent a very jolly evening, the only drawback being that we missed the faces of many an old comrade we should never see more.

The army was at this time busily employed in making roads, drains, &c., and as we had from nine to ten thousand men at work every day, we soon altered the appearance of the plateau. The wooden huts had begun to arrive in the various transports; but the dear old fogies at home excelled themselves in their arrangements, by positively sending the sides of the huts in one ship, and the roofs in another, so that if a ship went wrong or was delayed, the materials contained in the other vessel were absolutely useless. What an effort of genius it would have been, if they could only have thought of packing complete sections of a certain number of huts in the same ship! But there were no Board Schools in those days, and it is funny to think, even, of the blunders that were then perpetrated by those in authority at home.

An extraordinary accident happened to one of our regimental sergeants; he was running out of one of the huts and hit his head so hard against the lintel of the doorway that he dropped down insensible, and the blow brought on three tremendously bad fits; but he got all right again in time.

Daubeny, of the 62nd, and Bligh of the 41st, who dined with me one night, were both in the storming of the Redan, and had some very narrow shaves. Several fellows got leave to go home, and the Light Cavalry and a division of Infantry embarked for Eupatoria this month (October), and I see by my notes that 'the *Ripon* arrived on the 4th, bringing, amongst other officers, Colonel Berkeley of ours (who had his leg broken at Alma), young Knollys, and Gipps: the latter had quite got over his wounds received at Inkerman, and he and I came to the conclusion that, though rather risky, the neck was the best place to be hit.'

It is rather a curious fact that Gipps and I, being such pals as we were (and always have been), should have both been hit in the neck. His bullet just grazed the spinal cord; so another half-inch would have settled him, certain! I went on board the *Ripon*, I remember, and collected quite a party of mates to come to luncheon with me; and the fellows at the front, soon getting wind of the new arrivals, came down to my place pretty thick, and smokes and drinks had to be found for a goodly number. But, bless my soul! what a real pleasure it was to get a few pals together, and spend a cheery

hour or two after the times we had had, the last few months, pounding away at Sebastopol!

Six Cavalry chums and I spent a 'long and happy day' on the hills near Baidar. We got a lot of Tartars to beat the woods; but the result was only middling—viz., a hare, a woodcock, and a pigeon. However, I had taken a fair lunch on a baggage pony, and we 'joyed' ourselves amazing! And I mind well that all the party came to eat the hare the next day.<sup>1</sup>

The Russians still kept firing shot and shell into the town, but it was only occasionally, and I have always presumed that their object was to get rid of their superfluous ammunition, before leaving Sebastopol for good and all.

Prior to my departure from Balaclava Hill I had a match with an old schoolfellow of mine, Bill Slade, of the 'Heavies.' He was boasting one night after dinner that he had an English cob that was wonderful fast and very handy. I at once bet him a pony (£25) that I could beat him, fifty yards out and fifty in, round a post; and from my hut on the hill I often used to see my friend Bill, on the plain below, practising his cob to jump off at score and turn sharp round the post. You may be pretty sure that I did not omit to do a little of the same practice with my two legs on my own account; but as I could see 'Sweet William's' cob was desperate handy, I did not feel by any means satisfied that I had a dead 'snip.'

The day of the match arrived, and I duly appeared at the Cavalry lines. Now, I had brought with me a pretty little short stick, about two feet long, and the numerous company were very curious to know why I wanted to carry this fragile weapon. I fear I told a tiny fib, but only a white one, when I said that I had discovered that I could run better with it. Off we started, I on the inside, and when I arrived at the turning-point I found the cob's nose close to my shoulder. I knew, of course, that unless I cribbed a good bit at the turn I should have no chance to win; so I at once smote the cob with my wand, twice, sharply on his nose, and out he went! while I hurried home as fast as I could go. But just as I was on the winning-post the cob swerved towards me and knocked me over and over, and I was real lucky to get no worse injury than a deep cut on my left knee. Then there arose a tremendous wrangle. Bill claimed the stakes, saying

<sup>1</sup> The Crimea must produce good hares for seven hungry soldiers to dine off one.—EDITOR.

that I had no business to hit his cob, which, *of course*, I did to save being knocked over at the turning-post, and I was very wrathful at being nearly killed by the clumsy 'Heavy Dragoon' who could not steer his 'racer.' I was a pitiful spectacle, as I bled freely from several cuts sustained in my contact with the hard ground; and I got me back to my hut, had my knee bandaged and my leg put in splints.

Sweet William was very kind and unremitting in his attention, coming up to see me most days. He tried his level hardest to get the stakes, but I never parted, and it ended in a draw, though I have never been *quite* satisfied with my conduct on that occasion, and was terribly bored at the time by having to limp about with a stiff leg for many days.

I had now a lot of work to do, for the hospital was all done away with, and I moved up to the front. Gipps, Berkeley, and I decided to mess together, and we settled that we would build a mess hut, the material for which we proposed should be brought out of Sebastopol. I had already bought a Maltese cart and harness, and not long before, at the sale of one of the Sardinian Generals' effects, I had bought a beautiful cream-coloured charger with a lovely long mane and tail. Poor dear! he had never been yoked, and did not—at first—take kindly to the degradation. However, when I had trimmed his mane and cut his tail short, he, finding those beautiful appendages gone, calmly submitted to his fate, and many a trip that poor 'Sardine' made to and from the town in my Maltese cart.

As my knee was very bad I could not get about; so my two comrades rode into the town and selected some choice rafters, flooring-boards, window and door frames, taking a man or two with them to help dismantle a house or two in order that they might obtain the necessary plant. I think, when the 'Ruskies' returned to Sebastopol, they must have found their dilapidated homes in much the same state as Layard did Babylon or Nineveh. Meantime I took charge of the working-party at home.

At the risk of boring my readers I must give a few particulars of the architecture of our hut; for I am vain enough to believe that it was about the best of the various designs in our camp. I can strongly recommend those who may be similarly fixed as we were, upon a barren plateau exposed to the biting blasts straight from the steppes of icy Russia, to follow our plan. This was it. We first excavated a hole in the ground about twelve feet square and four deep;

we next built a wall two feet in height, and on this we placed our four-sided roof sloping up to a point ; we then introduced two windows in the wall and inserted a door, with three steps down to it, with a porch on the outside. In the opposite corner we built a fireplace and chimney, and lined the sides of the hole with boards (a polished dado was not considered necessary) ; we then added a boarded floor, a few shelves and a cupboard in each of the spare corners, and there we were, in a really snug, rain-and-snow-proof boudoir, free from all draught, warm in winter, and cool in summer. We got hold of most of the rough tools necessary, with the exception of a trowel, which was unobtainable ; so we had to plaster the mortar between the stones with our hands. When our hut was completed, we added a stable, and poultry-house thirty feet long, twelve wide, and four deep, with rafters and old sail-cloth by way of a roof.

About the 27th of October Ennismore and Alastair Fraser suddenly appeared on the scene, so that we were now very strong in officers. As the Government huts came to hand very slowly, the poor dear 'insects' (as we styled the Ensigns) constantly wished to borrow the 'Major's' cart. I told them 'All right ; *after* it comes out of old "Bastopol" you are welcome to it ;' those most clamorous being 'little Crieff' (Moncrieff), 'the pallid one' (Shaw Stewart, whose cheeks were like a red cabbage in hue), and *Géants batailles* (Knollys, of small exterior, but grand in ideas). However, we very soon all housed ourselves in some shape or form ; but my knee was a terrible drawback, for I rather wanted an extra one than a dummy, being so busy. We still slept in tents ; my cat and tame owl (I forget if I mentioned these acquisitions to my household) still blinked at each other from opposite sides of the hut, and Punch (the retriever) was fairly disgusted at my sedentary habits. At this period of affairs General Simpson left for England, and Codrington (of the Coldstreams) took his place as Commander-in-Chief, at which we were all pleased. His had been a wonderful lucky, as well as speedy, rise, seeing that he only commanded a Brigade at the Alma.

On the 15th of November, while out with my dog and gun in some rocky valleys near the Monastery, I suddenly heard a most tremendous crash, and imagining it to be a terrific thunderstorm coming on, I placed my gun under shelter and prepared for a deluge ; but as nothing came of it, and the sun shone out, I caught my pony and rode up to some high ground, from whence I saw a dense column of smoke rising in the

direction of Sebastopol, and on arriving in camp I discovered that the whole of the siege-train stores of powder and shell had blown up. The troops were all confined to camp, as it was conjectured that the 'Ruskies' might wake up. Each regiment provided a fatigue party of two hundred men to assist in clearing the *débris*, which fact will afford some idea of the magnitude of the disaster.

On the morning of the 16th I rode over to the scene of the explosion. All the huts for four or five hundred yards were levelled; but, providentially, our English store of powder—no great distance off—had not ignited, although the roof of the old windmill in which it was kept was blown off. The French suffered to the extent of about seventy men, and we lost about thirty, and three officers. This morning's scene is one to be remembered; for I found them very busy collecting arms and legs of our Artillery-men as well as the French, and dead horses were lying about in all directions—altogether by no means a pleasing sight. They said at the time that about one hundred shells went up and exploded in the air at the same moment; and as one of the Frenchmen remarked to me, '*Les Russes sont très content,*' and I presume it was to show their joy that they loosed off every blessed gun that they possessed.

I have always been led to believe that the explosion was caused by a soldier trying to extract the contents of a live shell with his bayonet; but he will never have the opportunity of trying the experiment again, for he speedily went to that land where 'toothpicks are no more.' It was on the 14th of the previous November, by the bye, that the fearful storm raged which played such havoc among our transports and other shipping outside Balaclava Harbour, and caused the loss of so many tons of commissariat and hospital stores, which were so urgently needed at that time. (November 14th, 1854.)

By this time most of the regimental huts had arrived; but the men preferred their old bell-tents, from all accounts, saying, I believe, that 'they were so free from draught!' This I can easily understand; as when fourteen or fifteen of them were stretched out toes to pole they soon created a nice stuffy '*bon chaud,*' which the British private thoroughly enjoys. A large officer's hut in compartments was erected not far from our boudoir, and I transferred my goods and chattels from my tent to this hut. Gipps and I shared a compartment, and we got hold of a stove to help warm it; but we had no end of trouble to make it water-tight, although,

by the aid of old sacks and a lot of tar, we finally succeeded fairly well.

I now quote an extract from one of my letters home, written at this time: 'This morning I had determined to go to Balaclava early, but my two subalterns being no use—one on a court-martial, the other sick—I had to go with my Company ball-firing, which took me from eight till eleven. I then slipped, slid, and sloshed down into Balaclava, had three chops with Jerry Goodlake at Kadikoi, and a glass of grog with the skipper of a brig in the harbour, out of whom I got a few little things I wanted, in the shape of a palm and needles for sewing canvas, &c. I am about building a new bed of rather more solid construction than my present one, which will keep fresh for next spring's campaign. I then rode back here, got on a fresh pony, and attended a meeting of the stewards of our recent steeple-chases, where we settled all accounts. By the bye, our races came off last Monday. We, the stewards, had hard work to get the course clear of stones and to make the fences, as the ground was five miles from our camp, and situated between the Monastery and the French port of Kamiesch. We were very lucky in the day, and all agreed the sport was first-rate.

'The three Generals, Pelissier, Marmora, and Codrington, were present, and a good show of all ranks. I had very hard work, as clerk of the course, to keep the track clear. Old Brigadier Lawrenson, 17th Lancers (a beautiful horseman), was winning his race easily, when his horse fell, but neither were damaged. We got up a flat race for the Frenchmen, which was clipping fun; they objected to the obstacles, so we found them a flat half-mile, and the winner flogged his horse long after he passed the post. I was afraid the roars of laughter and chaff would have made their tempers rise; but no, they thought it was all right.

'We had a large dinner afterwards at a French restaurant in rear of the Third Division. We luckily pitched on a capital chairman, Colonel Daubeny, 55th, and when he retired I took the chair, and improved the occasion by having a shy at Billy Russell (the *Times* correspondent), who was the only civilian present, and who has been writing rather viciously about fellows going home on urgent private affairs, and now, behold! he starts himself to-morrow for about three months, so I had a pretty good chance at him. For if he—who has had no hard work, and has picked up certainly *au moins* three stone, and had got a fat pig in his sty, and a comfortable hut



—must needs go home, how much more must fellows who have been hard at work, and whose affairs really required their presence? At any rate, I put a cap on him which fitted like wax. He said that he only meant his remarks in fun, and that, like Joe Muggins' donkey, he had caught it over the head and ears. I hoped that, like the donkey, he would mend his ways on his return.

'We had some first-rate songs, and rode home to our different camps in a deluge of rain. I think I never heard "God Save the Queen" sung better, or more lustily. Billy Russell dined with Jerry Meyrick a night or two after, and he says everybody chaffs him, and tells him it is quite time to be off. I begin to think I shall be an orator, after all. It will be a nice change for me, won't it? as a speech used to affect me as much as sea-sickness. We had Lord Rokeby in to dine with us three, and asked our Colonel and Dunkellin to meet him; and we gave him a deal better dinner than he ever eats *chez lui*; he talked for the million, and enjoyed himself no end. It is pouring again in true Crimean form, and the mud here is beyond belief. The whole camp, with the exception of the paved roads, is one quagmire, and as heavy as a ploughed field; but we are all very well and jolly now. The wind is the only bore; the hospital huts have been blown down, and the Coldstream officers' hut went last night.

'Fraser, who lives in the corner compartment of our big hut, declares one particular gust of wind which he heard coming (he being a very heavy sleeper) lifted the roof up and down like a bit of newspaper. Our hut is very comfortable and snug, and it is admitted on all sides that the 'early rabbit' style of architecture that I adopted is out-and-out the best; and now I must put on my long boots and plunge across the few yards that separate our two premises. It's a curious business wading from your sitting-room to your bedroom, but we shall soon have a raised path. I call this a tidy letter.'

## CHAPTER XV.

Execute a Deal—Men Frost-bitten—A Snow Redoubt—Shooting in Baidar Valley—A Flight of Turkey Bustards—Mince-meat in the Mail-bag—Theatricals in the Fourth Division—Colonel Foley does the Avalanche Trick—The New Year of 1856—Contemplated Trip with Saunders—Red Tape still in Stock—Leave Granted by Six Officials—Loss of our Baggage-Horse—Forty Pounds to the Bad—Lazy Beaters—British Argument—Return to Balaclava—Trophies sent Home in the *Meteor*—Race-Meetings and ‘Army Games’—Theatricals in our Brigade—Sefton and Malet—Armistice—Sports and Racing—Peace Declared—Grand Review—Match against Time.

ON December the 14th I did rather a good stroke of business in the sale line, for a Maltese hut which I had ordered the previous August made its appearance at last, and I borrowed two carts and fetched it up to camp; however, as Jerry Meyrick offered me a tenner for my bargain, I let him have it.

Hard frosts and cold winds had transformed the quagmire outside our abode into solid foothold, and snow was no stranger to us in those days which closed the not uneventful year of 1855. I find that on the 29th of December we experienced thirty-six degrees of frost, and on that same morning I recollect finding six men of a working party, to which I was attached, with their fingers frost-bitten. A man of the 31st Regiment was frozen to death in one of the new ‘Government huts’! and our old Colonel (Walker) had his water-pillow frozen into a block of ice under his head!! Our ‘boudoir’ was the only place in which the beer did not freeze and burst.

One day we made a huge snow redoubt, and it was garrisoned by officers of the Grenadiers and stormed by those of the Coldstreams and Scotch Fusiliers. Thrice was I sent a regular cropper when I had just gained the top of the glaxis, but the fourth time I went slap in and we turned every man of them out. I went one day with Goodlake to the Baidar Valley, and got a lot of Tartars to beat for us, but the bag was only light. We had a windfall about this time, in the shape

of a flock of turkey bustards, which alighted one evening, after a long flight, close to the 93rd camp; and we easily killed twenty or thirty, and splendid eating they proved. I remember that the officers were just coming out of mess at the time the birds dropped among the huts. On Christmas Day our mess of three dined with F. Lambton and Tottenham, and they gave us some real genuine mince-pies, the mincemeat having been sent out in the 'mail-bag.'

The Fourth Division got up some capital theatricals, and young Saunderson (son of Lady Maria) acted a female part right well, and much resembled his sister, whom I recollect as a very pretty girl. The Grenadiers erected a large hut, and all messed together, the whole thing being managed by Colonel Foley (one of the best), who worked it admirably. One day he had—what might have been—a very nasty fall, for, as he was on the roof of the hut, clearing the snow off, he slipped and did the avalanche trick; but as he was very light, and the snow soft, he was not hurt. The next day, when I went to inquire after him, I found him very busy tidying the hut and dusting the furniture!—a duty which he would allow no one else to perform—and assuredly no paid domestic could have done the work more efficiently.

Now for a new year. On January 9th, 1856, I dined and slept with a battery of Horse-Artillery, in which was one Billy Saunders, a great pal of mine. I learned that he was contemplating a trip to Asia Minor, on sport intent, and he wanted a mate to go with him; so next morning I rode off to Balaclava and found that a cattle steamer was starting for Sinope on the morrow, and if I meant going I should have to put in a good bit of work before I managed the necessary leave. Off I went to the front, and got my leave approved and signed by no less than *six* swells—viz., our Colonel, Brigadier, and General of Division, then the Military Secretary, Quartermaster-General, and Adjutant-General—thus clearly demonstrating that we had not left the *whole ball* of red tape in England. Well, I hustled it all through in two hours, and, having packed up my kit, consisting of my rolled-up bed, india-rubber tub, small bullock-trunk, gun and revolvers, a nice lot of ammunition, and the trusty Punch, I embarked on the following morning on board a nasty, dirty, narrow, little screw-steamer, and started, with Bill Saunders and his servant, for a thirty-hours' passage across the Black Sea.

It blew above a bit during the transit, and with me it was, of course, a case of *sic(k) transit* without the *gloria mundi*;

but we got to Sinope at last, and had some rough quarters while there, for the very hungriest and most bloodthirsty vermin infested pretty nearly every house. The first morning, we rode out to some woods about five miles from the town, and as I was passing through a very narrow street I found the way blockaded by two mules, both suffering from the very worst form of glanders. I at once loaded both barrels of my gun and shot them dead, right and left, and at night when we returned by the same road they were still lying where they fell.

On getting into the country we came across a sort of *ranch*, where cattle, horses, mules, and camels had been collected from the interior and brought to Sinope for transportation to Balaklava; but as the wretched small steamers could not carry half the animals that had been purchased, hundreds and hundreds were lying dead or dying, I presumed from starvation as well as disease. All I know is that flocks of huge vultures were gorging themselves on the carcasses, and the stench was appalling from the putrefying garbage.

When we got clear of these abominations we found ourselves in a finely wooded country, with here and there cultivated stretches of maize. The contrast to the climate we left behind us was astonishing. Most days we hired some of the natives to beat the woods for wild boar and roe-deer, of which (from their tracks) there were evidently plenty; but these said beaters proved a set of idle toads, as they were full of money from the sale of their poultry at (to them) fabulous prices. One day, after patiently waiting in our passes, the shouts and yells of our beaters did not seem to get nearer, and as nothing came our way, Saunders and I thought that we would do a little reconnoitring on our own account; so we set out in quest of the beaters, and, presently, came upon a lot of them, all sitting round in a circle, jabbering to each other and smoking their long pipes, while every now and again they shouted, and fired off some powder in their pistols to make us believe they were rousing the game and driving it our way. We both set to work and gave the two head men a real good kick or two, sufficient, as we judged it, to interfere with their sitting on any hard substance with any degree of comfort for some time to come.

They stood it like lambs, and as most of them carried a long gun, and had one or two pistols in their belts—to say nothing of some ugly-looking knives—it was perhaps just as well for us that they took it so nicely. On other days we

went with only our servant and one or two men to some beautiful rough ground with a stiff undergrowth of briars, hollies, and heather, where we found plenty of woodcock and not a few real wild pheasants. Poor Punch, he had a bad time of it; for there were many masses of briars and creepers that the dog could not possibly get through; so I used to take him up in my arms, and chuck him as far as I could on to the top of these thick clumps of creeper, and before he arrived at *terra firma* he usually managed to put up something in the way of game.

We remained about ten days in Sinope and its neighbourhood, and then took ship to Samsoun, where we hired a horse, to carry our baggage, from the Commissariat officer there, agreeing to pay forty pounds for it if disaster overtook the animal by the way. We started off very early one morning for a village some miles off, and our route lay along the top of some cliffs which descended almost precipitately down to the Black Sea, and were more or less covered with timber and underwood. The track had been much poached upon and cut up by the droves of camels bringing merchandise of all kinds from the interior to the seaboard; but just on the verge of the cliff the natives had worn a nice smooth path with their sandalled feet.

While we were walking along this very path we observed that our hired native was coolly riding on the top of our kit, which was piled up on the pack-saddle. Of course we made him dismount and lead the horse; but the stupid idiot went too near the edge of the cliff, and we suddenly heard him shouting out. On looking back we saw that the ground had given way beneath the unaccustomed weight of the horse and his load, and there was the poor brute clinging in desperation to the top of the cliff with his fore-feet, while his hind quarters and pack were over the side. Before we could get to him he fell backwards and plunged through the underwood right down to a small sandy nook on the beach, and there lay dead. Our beds and bullock-trunks were scattered in all directions, some were hitched up in the trees growing upon the cliff-side, and it cost us a lot of labour and trouble to free them, while others were half-way down the slope. Fortunately, a fishing-boat was passing, and its occupants got our traps together and rowed with them to the nearest village. As luck would have it, not much damage was done; but we had to pay forty pounds for the horse, which was rather a bad look-out. The native, of course, had bolted at once and we never saw him more.

We killed several pig and a few roe in a splendid stretch of forest, in the neighbourhood of which ran a stream flowing into a lake, where we had some rare sport with the duck. We had to gralloch our pig ourselves, for the natives would not touch them. These said natives were very clever at catching the duck in large mesh-nets, which they elevated on poles and stretched across the stream at flight-time. Before leaving we bought a lot of wild-duck to take back with us, and, curiously enough, every one of the birds was minus its head, which, I believe, was invariably done to prevent any chance of a victim escaping and flying off to tell his pals 'to beware of the net.'

On the expiration of our leave, we went on board a steamer chock-full of cattle, and, with two wild boar, two roe-deer, and a lot of duck, we duly arrived at Balacava again. We had enjoyed our trip in every sense of the word, and I never want a better pal than Billy Saunders. He was a bit too fond of his bed in the morning; but, once up and out of his tub, he was full of go for the rest of the day. He was blessed with a fund of good-nature, and possessed an extraordinary appetite—both good points in their way. We distributed our game amongst our pals, not forgetting those in high quarters, and our sport was much appreciated.

Nothing authentic had been heard at that time with regard to peace, but the odds had increased considerably that it would be declared before long. It has just occurred to me that I annexed a couple of trophies soon after my return, in the shape of an old gun which I pulled out of the harbour with the help of my 'Sardine' (horse) and a few men, and one of the granite steps from the docks at Sebastopol. Both of these I got on board the *Meteor*, an ironclad commanded by Beauchamp Seymour, now well known to most of us as Lord Alcester, and he very kindly took them home for me, and they are now at Elsham (Lincolnshire).

About the end of February 1856, our Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Codrington, sent for me to talk over a scheme for some 'Army Games,' giving me an excellent luncheon at the same time. I had also to assist at another 'Race-meeting,' so I was pretty busy. We got up some theatricals in our Brigade which were most successful. Sefton and Malet were our two girls, and we turned them out right well. Sefton made quite a pretty blonde, I recollect, although it is getting on for forty years ago since these theatricals took place.

We experienced considerable difficulty with regard to the

lady's figure, which was not quite sufficiently developed; so we had to practise a certain amount of ingenuity—with the limited wardrobe at our disposal—to give her that plumpness so generally admired by the military! The great difficulty we found was to make one pair of stockings, when artfully rolled up, exactly the same size and nature of the other; however, we finally succeeded so well that no one could tell 't'other from which.'

After the performance was over, the snow being deep, we had to carry our frail charge from the theatre to the supper hut, in order that her white satin shoes and lovely silk stockings should not get wet. This was the only piece I ever performed in, and my part was a very simple one, inasmuch as I had to play the village ruffian—a character I easily assumed by donning an old velveteen jacket and a voluminous red cotton choker. Most of the time I was on the stage, I was seated upon a rickety old stool, with a damaged billy-cock hat stuck jauntily on my head, a pot of beer by my side, and a long churchwarden pipe in my hand, while, between the whiffs, I made use of the said pipe to give the two girls a sly poke in the ribs, and blurted out my intense admiration for the pretty dears.

Early in March an armistice was signed, to last till the end of the month, and the Russians came down to the river Tchernaya. Many of our fellows fraternized with them, but I let them run loose; for I could not forget how many of my poor wounded pals had been bayoneted by them while lying wounded and helpless on the ground.

Jerry Goodlake and I rode over to dine and sleep at the camp of a battery of Horse-Artillery commanded by a genial friend from Devonshire, and a terribly rowdy night we had of it; but as I was by way of training for the Army Games, I played 'possum,' and emptied my 'heel-taps' into the wood-box, instead of down my throat. My host gave me a shake-down in his hut, and after we had both turned in between our respective horse-rugs, he discovered that he had forgotten to put out a candle at the other end of the hut; so he sat up in bed and, with a remarkably unsteady aim, shied all his boots and shoes at it; but the candle still kept dimly burning in spite of all. His last available projectile was his glass flask encased in wicker-work, a valued and trusty friend; with this he made a lovely shot and 'doused the glim,' but smashed his highly-prized flask to smithereens, and amid his groans and expletives I fell asleep. Next morning the junior subaltern

brought his C.O. his usual 'pick-me-up,' consisting of a glass containing two-thirds brandy and one-third cayenne pepper (poor chap! he lived to get home, but died soon after). About forty gunners turned out one day to beat the woods for us; but, though we saw a few roe and some woodcock, no one got a shot, as far as I remember.

The same evening I sent my servant, Penfound<sup>1</sup> (a capital fellow, who lived afterwards with other officers till he had accumulated thirty years' service), on my white mule, with my gun and valise, back to camp, and as he was passing in the dusk near the French hay stores, over some very rough ground, a French sentry challenged him with the usual '*Qui va là?*' and, as no notice was taken of his demand, the man brought down his firelock so close to the mule's nose that he swerved and fell, pitching Penfound over his head, and both barrels of my gun (which he had stupidly carried loaded) went off into the ground, about two inches being blown off each barrel; but the sentry, thinking the shots had been intended for him, was within an ace of bayoneting the prostrate body of my poor frightened servant. However, the sentry contented himself with conveying him to the French guard-tent; while the mule, I presume, 'made hay while the moon shone,' for, on reaching my hut the next morning, I was horrified to learn that neither servant, mule, nor any of my property had yet arrived. It was not without some difficulty that I at last discovered my faithful retainer, half dead with fright, in the guard-tent; but after he had told me his story, and I had explained matters to the French officer on duty, Penfound was released, and most thankful he was, as he had passed a wretched night distraught with visions of a French firing-party all aiming for his heart, and only waiting for the word of command to hurry him into another planet.

Shortly after this little episode, the 'Army Sports' came off, and I had a most successful day; as, though I had taken but little trouble to get myself fit, I carried off the hundred yards champion belt and the quarter of a mile (open to the world). In this last race there were forty-three starters. The French and 'Sardines' went off a cracker, as if they had only fifty yards to go. At two hundred yards I was only about half-way through the crowd of competitors; but as I lobbed along, they all came back to me, and when about thirty yards from home I found myself with only one opponent

<sup>1</sup> I shook his hand, in a last good-bye, on his deathbed in the autumn of 1892.



in front of me, and I happened to be pretty well acquainted with his form; so I ran up to him and shouted out 'Go it, Ward!' and came in a very easy winner.<sup>1</sup> Ward (Sergeant of the 34th) was a good second, all the others being beaten a long way. I saw the good old Sergeant at Glasgow only last year, and we talked over old times and this very race, jogging our memories with a glass of 'best Scotch.' I believe I should have won the hurdle-race as well, only I overjumped myself and fell.

The week after the 'Games' came the 'Race-Meeting' on the Plains of the Tchernaya, and never shall I forget that wondrous sight. The 'Ruskies' came down in vast numbers to the river-side, and there could not have been less than one hundred thousand spectators from the Allied armies, including the three commanders, Codrington, Pelissier, and La Marmora. I was again clerk of the course, and had my work cut out to keep the track clear; but soldiers are far easier to handle and keep in order than civilians, and everything passed off in first-rate style.

On one of the early days of April the welcome news arrived that peace was signed,<sup>2</sup> and there were salvos of artillery fired by 'Ruskies,' French, 'Sardines,' and English, and we all expected that we should be sent home at once; but we were somewhat premature in this supposition as things turned out. As soon as peace was declared, several T.G.'s (travelling gents), as we called them, came out to see the place. The one I saw most of was the late Lord Methuen (a rare sort), one of the most powerful men I ever knew. He had brought out his regiment of Wiltshire Militia as far as Corfu. He and I took many a long walk together, for he would not ride. Mrs. Dalrymple and Lady F. Fitzroy also came out to see their husbands, and stayed in camp some time, riding all over the country.

At this time, expeditions to various parts were all the rage. Most of us started inland to Simpheropol and thereabouts, but, for reasons I mentioned previously, I did not care to take a friendly glass with the 'Ruskies'; so Hepburn, Sefton, and Gipps accompanied me in a trip along the under-cliff as far as Aloupka, where stood the beautiful palace of Prince Woronzoff. Our first night we slept at Phoros, where some

<sup>1</sup> Since writing the above Sergeant Ward has gone over to the 'majority.'

<sup>2</sup> Peace was not proclaimed in London till 29th April, 1856, although it was declared on 2nd of April in the Crimea.—EDITOR.

French were quartered, and we dined with them and had rather a pleasant evening. Under the influence of some fair liquor that we had brought with us, our Gallic allies became quite talkative, and what astonished them most appeared to be the amount of money paid by us for our commissions. It was indeed funny to listen to their exclamations of surprise when we told them that if a captain of a company had purchased all his steps he would have paid close on eight thousand pounds, and would not deem he had expended too much.

Before parting for the night, one of the French officers, a '*grand chasseur*,' told me in strict confidence that if I would but elevate myself at '*beau matin*' on the following day, he would personally conduct me to a spot where I could enjoy '*une chasse magnifique*.' I thought that I had best inquire concerning the nature of the '*gibier*,' when he observed, in a voice swelling with triumph and emotion, '*Les grenouilles avec les cuisses énormes, et parfaitement blanches, excellentes, et délicieuses*.' Poor dear! he was terribly disappointed when I declined his invitation, and, I fear, turned up my nose rather at his kindly offer.

The scenery along this under-cliff was hard to beat, and the Tartar inhabitants were not only very civil, but apparently pleased to see us; so, after four or five days out, we returned to camp thoroughly well satisfied with our trip.

On the 17th of April, Sir W. Codrington ordered a review of the whole British army, and about thirty-two thousand men turned out. The Russian General (Luders) must have been considerably struck with the appearance of our force at the fag end of over two years' campaigning.

Gipps and I had purchased a steeplechase horse from one Smith, of the Artillery, yeleft '*Muster-Roll*,' and we ran him once or twice, with only moderate success, at the various meetings. We made a couple of matches with him against two horses belonging to Jerry Goodlake, and one I think I may venture to tell you about. It was to be a '*pounding match*,' thirteen stone each, two miles, over eight fences, four of which were to be made by Goodlake, while I was to erect the other four obstacles, and it was agreed that they were all to be fair hunting fences. The two animals were a wonderful contrast to each other, *Muster-Roll*, our horse, standing sixteen hands high, and The Toy, Jerry Goodlake's cob, being fourteen two. He was not only clever as a cat at jumping, but very careful withal; so I took a lot of trouble in making a fence that I thought would bring him down. This fence consisted

of a double ditch with a wide bank in the centre, and I simply dug out the soil of the two ditches and threw it up in between them, thus forming a bank which was naturally quite soft and loose; for I felt certain that The Toy would try and take on and off the bank and, I fondly hoped, come down, but I knew that Muster-Roll would jump the whole thing in his stride.

Jerry Goodlake put up one real tricky fence, a double post and rail, very stiff and not above ten feet between them, while the further rails were all a foot higher than those on the take off side. Colonel Edmund Peel, of the 11th Hussars, was referee, and he rode round the course; but, though I objected strongly to the double post and rails, as there was not room for a horse to go in and out, unless he was clever enough to do it sideways, the Colonel decided that they were all fair hunting fences. Yelverton of the Artillery rode Muster-Roll, and Henry Blundell The Toy. Jerry himself was unable to be present, as he had some very pressing staff-work to do; he therefore deputed Morris of the Artillery to act on his behalf.

The course was near the French camp, so crowds of their officers were present. The flag dropped, away went the two competitors, and all proceeded smoothly till they came to my double ditch, which Muster-Roll flew like a bird; but the tricky Toy dropped his hind legs on the loose bank, which promptly gave way with him and down he came flop on his stomach; however, matters were soon equalized by Muster-Roll falling at one of the other fences. Now came the post and rails, and as I was cantering along the inner circle of the course, I shouted to my jockey to trot; Morris did the same. So I told Yelverton to pull up and wait for The Toy to show us how this fair (?) fence was to be negotiated; but Morris would not let Blundell go at it, and so there the two competitors remained for close on twenty minutes, the referee finally deciding that it was a draw.

I was very angry with Morris; for it was clearly their business to jump first over a fence of their own construction, and Blundell was quite keen to go at it. The worst part of it all was that the French passed a good many uncomplimentary remarks regarding the pluck of the riders and the English generally, and I know that I rode home in high dudgeon.

Shortly after this The Toy won a race at the 'French Meeting,' and Marshal Pelissier presented Jerry Goodlake with the cup, which pleased him much. One night after

supper, Jerry bet me sixty pounds to forty that I could not walk a mile, run a mile, and ride a mile in twenty minutes. This match came off on the 24th of April on the Woronzoff road. I had been practising a bit, but I was a lot too big at starting. I walked and ran a mile on the afore-mentioned road and had a nice bit in hand ; but, by the carefully-worded terms of the match I was to have a pony handed me—not held whilst I mounted. The pony was a very fast one of poor Jack Paynter's, but a fidgety little brute, and what with his being very fresh and much astonished—not to say alarmed—at my light and airy costume (for I was nearly as naked as when I was born), as well as nervous at the large crowd of nearly ten thousand French soldiers all shouting at the top of their voices, I thought that I never should get on him ; but at last I threw myself across his back, and, as luck would have it, he tore across the plain pretty near straight for the winning-post, which was on the same ground where the celebrated Balaclava charge had taken place. I gradually righted myself on the saddle as we went along, and won with one minute and a half to spare—not bad work considering all the difficulties that I had to contend with !

## CHAPTER XVI.

Curly Knox gets a bad Fall—Expedition to Scutari—Entertained by the Inniskillings—The Sultan's Cups—Jim Coleman—Dutch Courage—Roger Mostyn—No Luck, no Winnings—Sell our Horse—Barringtons and Hunters—Back at Balaclava—Valentine Baker's Arab—The Rugeley Poisoner, Palmer—Embark on board *Princess Royal*—Arrive at Malta, 17th June—Gibraltar—In the Bay—Life on Board the *Princess Royal*—Hare—Festing—Portsmouth—Looking back on the Winters of 1854-5—Moralizing—Losses by the Allies and Russians during the Campaign—Mortality from Cholera and other Diseases—Land at Portsmouth and Train to Aldershot, July 1856—Review in Hyde Park—Untimely Death of Peter—My Pony 'Jim'—Pose as Model for a Corbel—Goodwood, 1856—Tull, the Lock-keeper—Lady Hashley!—Athletic Sports, Aldershot, October 1856—Sweep the Board—Beat W. Beach.

IN one of my letters written home about this time I find the following: 'One of our fellows, little Knox, got a bad fall the other day and has been more or less insensible for three days, but is mending now, poor little fellow!' As the burly General ('Curly') Knox now weighs within a few pounds of my own weight, these expressions relative to his diminutive size read to me as very funny; but *tempus fugit*, and we all put on weight, I suppose, as the years roll on, if inclined that way. Poor 'Curly' was uncommon dicky for several days from concussion of the brain, but all who know him must be satisfied that his tumble was productive of more good than harm.<sup>1</sup>

As I had been asked by several Cavalry men to pay them a visit at Scutari, I started with Muster-Roll, and, after a very pleasant passage, arrived in the beginning of May with three or four other fellows whose names—bar Roger Mostyn's—I forget, on the shores of the 'Golden Horn.' I got a shake-down with the Inniskillings, and they had a capital mess.

<sup>1</sup> Since these lines were in print poor 'Curly' Knox has passed from amongst us, I regret to say, and I attended his funeral only the other day.—J. D. A.

The Sultan had given three cups to be run for, and very pretty little *objets d'art* they were. Though not much bigger than egg-cups they were studded with precious stones, and were said to be worth the best part of a hundred pounds each. Having brought no jockey with me from the Crimea (mine having gone amiss), and as all the best cavalry jocks had to steer their own horses, I had a great deal of difficulty to get any one to ride for me at all; but at mess, after the wine had circulated, dear old Jim Coleman (who used always to take his whack) became so valiant that he offered his services for the morrow, which I gladly accepted.

After breakfast next morning, Jim and I rode out to have a look round the course, and the first fence was a very stiff one, which would stand no attempt at 'brushing through'; so I particularly exhorted Jim to go steady at this obstacle, and cautioned him to be careful. There were several very good-looking horses in the field, the one that made most impression upon me being a dark chestnut called 'Baronet.' I believe he belonged to Gunter, who is fit and well, and now living near Wetherby. Just before starting, and much against my will, I was obliged to hand a flask of brandy to my jockey, and the dear old boy took a long pull at it; then the flag dropped to a good start and away they went.

To my horror I saw Muster-Roll going forty miles an hour at that terrible stiff fence; he hit it very hard and turned end over end. I galloped down and found poor Jim groaning a bit; but on my saying that the horse had got away too far to remount, he picked himself up, and I was rejoiced to see that he was only a bit shaken; but when I announced to him that Muster-Roll had been caught, and was being ridden back for him to get on again, down he flopped with severe spasms, and more brandy was demanded; therefore all hope of that cup was dispelled.

As far as I recollect, the races lasted three days; at any rate, Muster-Roll being no worse for his fall, I started him in another race, and this time got Ellis (now Howard de Walden), a very good rider, as 'coachman'; but again we had bad luck. I think the horse fell at the water, through overjumping himself, and got loose, and we did not find him for some hours; but at length he and Jerry Goodlake's mare Bathsheba, who had also fallen, were found up to their middles in a sort of nullah, having drunk enough water to wash a 'bus.' Next day, Muster-Roll started again (I think with the same jockey in charge); but bad luck followed him, for there was a sort of

lane to cross, with steep banks on each side. My horse jumped too big and shot Ellis on to his neck, and before he could right him he had lost a lot of ground. Tom Townley (a perfect horseman), who rode the winner Pathfinder, slid his horse down the first bank and scrambled up the opposite side—I can see him doing it now—and won in a canter.

The last day there was one more chance: it was a hurdle-race, and I got the ‘artful’ Roger Mostyn to bestride the unfortunate Muster-Roll. To my intense satisfaction and—as I fondly hoped—for my pocket’s welfare, horse and rider came sailing along with the race apparently well in hand; when, at the last hurdle but one, he ran out, jumped the last hurdle and passed the post with a good lead. I, with assumed bravado, at once rushed down to lead him in; but was met with storms of reproach, which I vainly endeavoured to quell, and the officials had the audacity to refuse to weigh him in. This was a most disastrous finish to what I had trusted would have turned out a brilliant ‘week’s out’; so I sold our horse for two hundred pounds (cheap as rags) to Teddy Hunt, an excellent pal and a good man to hounds, and I am glad to say he enjoyed many a good run on the unlucky Muster-Roll in the shires after he got home. Notwithstanding my run of bad luck, I spent a most enjoyable week with the dear old Cavalry, who entertained us right sumptuously.

As Percy Barrington and his wife, and Sir Paul and Lady Hunter were going up to the Crimea, I took ship with them, and returned after another smooth passage to Balaclava. I forgot to mention that, either on my way to or from Scutari, we put in at Eupatoria, looked up the 10th Hussars, and had lunch with Valentine Baker. He showed me what I believe to be the most beautiful animal I have ever seen—an almost pure white Arab stallion, that he had brought with him from India. It had the most lovely head and neck that I ever beheld, and its mane and tail were of that delicate texture peculiar to high-bred Arabs. Through its glossy coat could be seen large blotches of black in the otherwise pure white skin; and, if I remember right, I was brute enough to declare that I had never seen even a woman so perfectly beautiful in make, shape, and expression as that Arab horse—of course, I was young then, and that remark does not hold good *now*; so the ladies will let me off, I hope.

We had a very jolly time in camp this May, for the weather was lovely, and I played in several cricket matches. One day I took Mrs. Barrington and Lady Hunter, with their husbands,

down to Sebastopol, and we had luncheon on board the *Gladiator*, commanded by Captain Hillier, and afterwards went in one of his boats to see the forts on the north side of the harbour. At the end of the month I made a trip along the under-cliff with Foley, Montessor, and a cousin of mine. The first day we rode to Aloupka, forty-three miles, and slept there, riding on next morning to Yalta. The country was now much more beautiful than when I last rode along the same line, as the leaves were all well out on the trees, and hedges of roses, laburnum, and Judas, besides flowering shrubs of all sorts, were in their full glory.<sup>1</sup> It was too delicious to one who had been pent up in a noisy, dusty, and parched camp. The birds sang, and the frogs croaked as if they were real glad to see us; in fact the whole scene was heavenly.

The ships now commenced to come in fast, and we hoped every day to get an order to start for home. On the 9th of June a telegram arrived to say that H.M.S. *Princess Royal* had put into Karatch Bay and that we were to start on the 11th. It was just at this time we got the news of that worst of villains, William Palmer's trial for poisoning his friend Cook at Rugeley in Staffordshire, and I was real glad when I won a couple of 'the best' over his being condemned to death.

I managed to get my pony Jimmy on board one of the transports, also a pet pig named Peter, whom I had rescued from the knife, and had been my constant companion when in camp. The rest of our kit was sold by auction, and we duly embarked on board H.M.S. *Princess Royal*. She was a very fine ship, and we had much better accommodation than we ever found on board those narrow transport steamers. I was allowed to sleep in my camp-bed on the lower deck, and a good bit of luck for me too, as most of the other fellows were slung up in hammocks, and some of them had a very rough time of it, as the hammocks were frequently cut down at night, and the poor dears had only a very moderate night's rest on those occasions.

We stopped at Constantinople five or six hours, and got to Malta on 17th June. We had hardly anchored (about 9 P.M.) before Gipps and several other fellows began bathing by moonlight, and it was very odd to watch them splashing about under the bows.

As far as I can recollect we did not stop long, but started the next day and in due course anchored off Gibraltar. A lot of us went ashore, and mounted on donkeys, rode up the

<sup>1</sup> Judas-tree, a flowering shrub common in the East.—EDITOR.



'Rock,' exploring the galleries cut in the solid stone, which are well supplied with big guns. Still, I would not care to be a gunner in those stuffy chambers were the guns to be fired in anger, for the smoke would be suffocating, the draught being so deficient that you could light your cigar with a wax-match without fear of the latter being blown out during the process. After rambling along on the top of the 'Rock,' we mounted our 'Jerusalem ponies,' to ride down the zigzag path, and some excitement was caused by one of the rearmost donkeys evincing an uncontrollable desire to keep company with one of the foremost of the cavalcade, and he came charging down, with his trumpet in full blast, shoving those in his way right and left, and so alarming his rider that he promptly jumped off, and as we gave the high-spirited moke some good whacks as he passed, he soon disappeared out of sight.

Across the Bay of Biscay—that bay so dreaded by those whose vacation is not that of the sea—we were fortunate enough to experience a charming spell of fine weather, and we played at a lot of games peculiar to shipboard. There were also some lively bouts at single-stick amongst our party. Festing of the Marine Artillery (afterwards Sir Francis of West African fame) and little Dick Hare (then a middy and now I presume an admiral, or he ought to be by this time) were much applauded; for they cut at each other with a will. Hare never cared how often he was hit on his helmet if he could only get in a good cut at Festing's thighs, and, mind you, there is no more tender spot than the inside of your thigh; but Festing was a very game chap, and took all that the midddy could give him with rare good-humour.

Well, one day on board ship is very much the same as another, providing the weather remains fair, and so I will only add that, after a remarkable pleasant passage, we arrived at Portsmouth, where we disembarked, and thus ended the Crimean campaign as far as I was concerned.

I am afraid that I have been somewhat prolix at times, and may have wearied my readers with many trumpery incidents, some few of which I have found very difficult to commit to paper in an amusing form; though over a pipe and a glass I have found them tickle the risible faculties of my hearers to some tune when doing the '*vivâ voce* trick.' However, I always feel very glad that I was given the opportunity of seeing a certain amount of foreign service; for sure I am that no man can tell what he is worth till he has been tried, and I have come to the conclusion that the bravest man is by no

means always he who by nature is devoid of fear, but he who, naturally being *really timid*, yet performs his duty fearlessly and well.

I feel like moralizing a little on this subject, so here goes ; the reader can but skip it if he don't care to follow my argument. I know a man whom I verily believe would go up in a balloon, though he well knew that the silk was so worn and thin that it might split at any moment, and by so doing hurry him through space to instant destruction ; or he would descend a mine many fathoms deep, notwithstanding his knowledge that the chain by which the cage was suspended was so unsafe that its snapping was not only possible but probable ; or he would take up a live shell and throw it over the parapet when the sputtering fuse had burnt down to near contact with the explosive matter inside it. That man I call *devoid of fear by nature*. When such a man is exposed to danger, he positively enjoys the excitement, proportioned by the risk he is running ; but, on the other hand, I know many men who *inwardly* undergo extreme pangs of fear, and would hate to find themselves exposed to such catastrophes as I have mentioned above, and yet would risk their lives calmly, if not cheerfully, providing that they thought it was their bounden duty so to do.

In both these instances we will admit that each man has done his duty equally well ; but, to my mind, it is long odds that the timid one is the bravest of the twain. Now one word as to the incentive which urges a soldier to risk his life for 'Queen and Country.' We will take the case of a man who becomes a soldier simply because he has nothing much to look forward to (as far as he is aware). He has no relatives able or willing to leave him a ten-pound note ; so that man argues, or is convinced, that, if he can only get the opportunity to distinguish himself by 'doughty deeds,' he will some day be comfortably off and well rewarded for his prowess by a grateful country.

On the other hand, take a man who is heir to large possessions, and perhaps only one aged life stands between him and the enjoyment of his wealth ; will not the thought of his being prematurely cut off by disease or a bullet, or by one of the many vicissitudes of a campaign, at times cross his mind and prompt him not to risk his glowing prospects by needlessly hazarding the life that he has hoped to enjoy, if he can only return home safe and sound again ? Let us allow, for the sake of argument, that both those individuals are equally plucky ;

but yet the poor man has everything to gain. He goes for the gloves, or, I should say, to win his spurs, and once won, they mean to a certain extent a life of ease, if not luxury; and he must be but a poor tool if he does not try to do a bit to earn them. On the other hand, the man with good expectations is actuated by strong sense of duty *only*, and lacks that incentive which urges the other on to make himself a name.

I fear that some of my readers will scoff at my feeble powers of reasoning, but I will chance that and say a few words as to the pleasures of campaigning. I cannot imagine a pleasanter life for any poor, or even rich, man of sound constitution, youth, and good animal spirits, than a campaign in a picturesque and rich country, blessed with a good climate. My mind reverts at once to the Peninsular War. What could a man wish for more, than roaming about such a country as was the scene of that campaign,<sup>1</sup> and more especially if, five times out of six, the army in which he served proved successful, and opportunity was afforded him of demonstrating what a good physique, allied to pluck, was capable of carrying him through?

Now for the other side of the picture, the Crimean campaign. The young man blessed with the many advantages previously mentioned—full of energy, anxious to draw his sword for his country's good, and fondly hoping that in a month at the most he will have an opportunity—suddenly discovers that he is humbugged about between Malta, Scutari, and the pestilential shores of Varna for six months, during which time he has never seen an enemy or smelt powder (as the saying is), and even if he escapes himself with slight fits of seediness from time to time, yet he has to experience the horror of seeing his splendid battalion well-nigh decimated with disease of the most virulent and malignant form, and with nothing earthly to do to fill up his time or employ his brain. After a time perhaps he is fortunate if he finds himself landed at last in the enemy's country, and at the end of the first week is regaled with a sharp, short, and decisive battle, in which, if he has not the luxury of being wounded and so incapacitated for duty, he has, after a short march in a sterile country, the privilege of sitting down on a bare bleak range of rocks, and—if his health permits his sticking to duty—being exposed day after day to danger that no pluck can avert, and at one time chilled to the marrow by frost and snow or deluged with rain and covered by mud, with

<sup>1</sup> I venture to think that some of the old Peninsular men would hardly agree with Sir John as to that campaign being quite so enjoyable as he suggests in comparison with the Crimea.—EDITOR.

nothing to eat but salt provisions and tinned meats—with little enough of either—and nothing to drink, possibly, but indifferent rum and green coffee ; his only protection from the horrors of a Russian climate being the flimsy shelter afforded by his bell-tent. I have not said a word too much, or exaggerated in the slightest degree the hardships that my poor battalion and the army generally went through during the winter months of 1854 and '55, in proof of which I need only state roughly that our losses in the Crimea, independent of about 3500 men who died from wounds or were killed in action, was—died by cholera, upwards of 4000 ; other diseases, upwards of 15,000 ; while the French lost altogether close on 41,000 men, and the Russians are supposed to have suffered to the tune of nearly half a million of men.

When spring and summer came round again, and the sun once more tried its best to cheer our gallant little army, its rays beat down on the same arid spot where the snows of winter had locked us in their icy embrace ; but to cut the picture of misery short—there sat our army from September 1854 to September 1855 ; and even when our enemy surlily gave in and moved out of range of our guns, still there we sat for another nine months on that infernal plateau.

However, everything comes to an end in this 'vale of tears,' and at last this campaign did so too, and the lucky survivors landed again in 'Good Old England,' though their joy was much tempered with sorrow at the thought of those many loved comrades, whom we had buried and left behind us in that detestable Crimea.

As I remarked a few pages back (before I commenced to moralize), we disembarked at Portsmouth on the 6th of July and went by train to Aldershot, a manœuvre that I hated ; seeing that I was longing for the swagger of a triumphant march into London. However, as soon as we got our accoutrements straight, we took train to Nine Elms Station, and had a fine time marching through the London streets to Hyde Park, where we were reviewed by the Duke of Cambridge, in the presence of our good Queen, and Prince Albert.

We had a very long day, and, as far as I recollect, did not reach St. George's Barracks till well on to 6 P.M. It was very shortly after this review that I met Lord Rokeby, who commanded my regiment, and with one of his pleasant smiles he remarked : 'I suppose you know you will soon have to pass an examination for your company, as you are first on the list for the step !' At first I was a bit staggered, but, pulling myself

together, I replied with considerable decision : ‘ Not *me*, my Lord ; I will leave the army sooner than be examined. If I do not know my duty as a soldier, what is the use of active service ? Besides, I made a vow when I left Oxford that I would never open that infernal Euclid book again, and, what is more, I never will !—so that is straight.’

The good old gentleman remonstrated with me, but without effect ; however, as good luck would have it, I was fortunate enough to get my company without the humbug of an examination, and I believe that I was about the last man who did so.

I think I told you that I had brought home two animals with me from the Crimea, and that one of them was rather a peculiar style of pet—namely, my intelligent pig, Peter. I had saved his neck from the knife one day when he was a porker, and had been brought into our camp before Sebastopol to be sacrificed on the spit ; but there was something so taking about him, and the expression of his face so amiable and lovable (my readers must remember that lovable articles were scarce before Sebastopol on those barren heights), that I took compassion on him and saved him. He returned my good feeling by following me about like a dog, and eventually was located in St. George’s Barracks, where the men made a pet of him, and he had a high old time.

Alas ! one day Peter was playing about with one of the soldiers’ children, and, either by accident or design, he had the bad taste to mistake the infant’s hand for his dinner, and he was then and there sentenced to death. Gipps had also brought home a pet—to wit, a horned sheep—who was quartered at the Magazine Barracks ; but I fancy he became decidedly morose in disposition and knocked all the children about ; so he, too, was finally killed and eaten. My pony, that had carried me so well in the Crimea, I used frequently to ride in the Park or when making calls, and in the latter case I would often leave him loose in the street ; but the boys would not stand this method of being done out of their lawful dues for holding hacks, so they had the audacity to pelt poor Jimmy, occasionally, with stones ; but he never moved far away and would come to me directly I called him. He was a real intelligent pony, and when his fore-legs began to give way I put him in a light trap, and very useful he was. He lived to a good old age and was buried with all honours. I have the bones of his fore-legs yet, and it seems to me that the texture of the bones is more like ivory than is usually the case with our nags.

As the Chichester folks were very keen at this time to get the Guards to bring down a team to play the 'Priory Park Club' a match at cricket, I got up an eleven for the Monday before Goodwood, and a real good reception they gave us. I never enjoyed cricket more, and swaggered above a bit with my Champion belt (won for foot-racing in the Crimea) round my waist. In the evening, the citizens of Chichester entertained us at a public dinner, the good old Duke of Richmond being in the chair. He said all sorts of pretty things about us, and I had to respond. The newspaper of the day reported that 'The gallant Major spoke in a *familiar* manner, and said that, however much he might have improved in the art of soldiering, he had made but little progress in speaking.' You may bet your life that was true enough; for I was not a great orator by any manner of means.

During the day, the parson or churchwarden (I forget which) insisted upon my accompanying him to one of the churches which had been recently restored, and, pointing out a corbel at the base of one of the arches of the roof, he remarked that 'The sculptor had intended it for a representation of my head-piece,' adding that 'every one considered it to be a first-rate likeness.' Well, it might have been, but it struck me as wonderfully like the ordinary representations of St. Peter, and I did not feel specially flattered, though at Rome it is looked upon as a great privilege to kiss his toe. Besides, I cannot quite make him out a *real truthful* party, and, if all we read is correct, he had no particular turn of speed either, for John easily outran him, and we don't know for certain that his time was anything near the 'record.' Still, I suppose I must consider it an honour to have my hoary old head pointed out to visitors to this sacred edifice.

What a delicious sensation it was to attend Goodwood races once more!—for I had missed doing so very much during the past two years—and wonderful pleased I was with the warm and hearty greetings of all my old Sussex friends. This was the year of the fearful accident which occurred during the race for the Goodwood Stakes. It took place close to the turn at the Craven starting-post. Chevy Chase, a three-year-old, ridden by an unfortunate little boy named Hearden, 4 st. 11 lbs. (that being 4 lbs. over his handicapped weight!), ran up the bank and fell into the course, bringing down seven other horses. Happily the only fatality was the mare that caused the accident; but two of the jockeys were in Chichester Infirmary for several weeks, and Bartholomew carried the

marks of the severe injuries he had sustained—by being cut about the head—to his grave.

Monsieur Aumont's good horse Monarque was only third in the Stewards' Cup, won by New Brighton, and in the Goodwood Cup won by Rogerthorpe. George Fordham, then five stone four, rode second in the Stewards' Cup and Goodwood Stakes, and rode the winner of the Goodwood Cup and the Chesterfield Cup, riding only five stone seven in the latter race.

When leave came out I went home to Everleigh, and was most enthusiastically welcomed by all. Athletic sports were organized, and a jolly good spread provided for all the villagers.

Nothing could be pleasanter than paying visits to old friends after having been away so long, and no matter the walk of life they occupied, they were one and all delighted to welcome me back. One day I went down to Windsor and paid a visit to old Tull, who kept the Lock at Windsor Weir; he was a great pal of mine, and so was his good lady, and I had often stopped to have a chat with them when passing through locks in either punt or boat. Just before I had started for the Crimea, I bought Tull a nice well-bred Berkshire gilt, and I felt curious to know what family she had produced. Now in times past my good mother had more than once taken a room at Tull's cottage, and had there executed some very pretty sketches of Eton, the playing fields, and Windsor Castle; so the old man was proud of his acquaintance with her ladyship.

After hearty greetings had passed between the old boy, his good lady, and myself, I inquired about the matronly pig, and asked what luck he had had with her progeny; when, with a solemn air, he exclaimed, 'Oh! it's Lady Hashley as you means? Why, *there* she is!' and elevating my eyes to the ceiling at which he pointed, I beheld reposing upon the bacon-rack two prime flitches. The old wretch had fattened and killed that high-born lady pig, and had added to his audacity by calling it after my respected mother. When the shock of this discovery had passed away and we were taking a friendly cup of tea together, old Tull asked me if I had seen his son 'Bill.' I said no, where was he? 'Why,' said he, 'he has been fighting the Rooshuns same as what you 'ave, and I made sure you would 'ave seen 'im'—here he gave me a severe look, as much as to infer that he doubted my having been in Russia at all—adding later: 'Why, Bill was aboard

the *Billy Ruffon* [*Bellerophon*] somewhere outside Cronstadt; I can't make out how it is as you ain't seen 'im.' After some time I managed to explain to him that, though the Baltic and Black Seas both washed the Russian shores, they were an enormous distance apart, and so I left him fairly pacified, though much disappointed that I had not seen Bill!

In October, with Gipps, Goodlake, and others, I paid Lord Methuen a visit at Corsham Court, and a very pleasant time and excellent shoot we enjoyed. On the 23rd of October there were some athletic sports at Aldershot, open to the army, and as I had entered in pretty well all the running events, I left early in the morning by train, taking with me my faithful little henchman, Jimmy Patterson, the 'Flying Tailor,' with whom I had been doing a bit of running most mornings, and was, in consequence, pretty fairly fit.

We stopped to breakfast at Reading, and there met a very queer character, old 'Drinkwald,' the owner of Black Tommy, who ran second to the celebrated Blink Bonny for the Derby of 1857. He was freshening himself up on his way to see his horses at Lambourne, and I told the old boy that if he would entrust me with some 'ready,' I would invest it well for him, as I was going to Aldershot to run in some races, and, as an investment, my two legs were far safer to put the money down on than any of his four-legged racehorses; but the old boy was a long way too fat to believe in human speed.

Our second battalion was then quartered at Aldershot, and, after a bit of luncheon with them, we went down to the ground where the various courses were staked out, and a goodly muster of officers, many ladies, and a host of soldiers were already assembled. The first race that I competed in was 100 yards on the flat, and that I won comfortably enough. Bob Sayer (now General, and brother of my former antagonist, poor Fred of the 23rd) was second, and when we pulled up he suggested that I had no chance for the next race, as he had a brother officer in it who could give him a lot of start, and added, 'As you only just beat me, he is sure to do you.' But I told Bob that in reality I beat him very easily, only, as I had three other races before me, I had kept a bit up my boot! This next race was 200 yards, and the prize a cup given by her Majesty and the Prince Consort, which trophy I annexed easy enough; Bill Bathurst was second, and Bob's flyer nowhere. Then came a quarter of a mile race, and that I took quite comfortably.

Now came a severe task—200 yards in full uniform and



heavy marching order. This race I hardly expected to win, as I had not my uniform with me, nor had I practised running with all a private's kit and accoutrements on; however, I changed clothes with one of our privates who was somewhere about my size, and duly paraded with the other competitors. I forget who inspected the squad, but I know he said to me, 'You are not properly dressed, sir; you have no stock on.' I replied that there was no room in my coat-collar for a stock, but his answer was, 'You cannot start unless you are properly dressed!' So, with much difficulty, one of those very stiff old-fashioned deep leather stocks was procured, and forced inside the tightly-hooked collar of my borrowed tunic, and it precious near choked me, for I found it impossible to move my head either way. However, off we went, and I just got up in the last few strides and won, beating 'Duck' Phillips, of the Grenadiers, by half a yard. He had been practising much for this race, and having his own uniform on, and the kit well fitted to his body, he had a great pull over me with my impromptu get-up.

As soon as I passed the post I threw myself on my back and yelled out for some one to cut my collar open, for I was wonderful near choked. I do not know whether the present method of arranging a soldier's kit and accoutrements on his person is better adapted for a speedy burst, but I *can* swear that the arrangement in the year 1856 was never meant to hurry in, especially when the individual was unused to carrying a knapsack, with full kit inside, weighing twenty-one pounds, a great-coat rolled on top of that, a rifle and sixty rounds of ammunition, and a fine old bearskin on top of all.

Having resumed my civilian attire (how delicious it was after the ill-fitting costume which I had restored to its rightful owner!), I felt really proud of myself, for I had won the only four cups to be competed for by officers of the *whole* army, and I had hardly dared to hope that a veteran (I was only twenty-eight) who had during the last two years been plugged with a bullet, and touched up by cholera morbus, fever, and dysentery, could monopolize all the plate. However, it is right enough, for are not the said four cups on my sideboard to this day?—mounted on a pedestal encircled by the champion belt (for running in the foot-races in the Crimea), and inside the largest cup reposes the neat little silken garment, made of our regimental plaid pattern, which encompassed part of my body in most of my races, of which little garment more anon!

An old friend of mine in the Windsor district, whom I had

almost forgotten to mention, was the old railway inspector at Slough Station. He was well known to many of the regular passengers by G.W.R. to Windsor, and was said to have rarely, if ever, missed more than one train a day for years. His duty was to shout out, as each train arrived at Slough: 'Slough and Windsor only.' They do say that on his wedding-day he asked permission to miss three trains, so as to have time to get properly 'tied up,' but was back at his post in time for the fourth. His next application for leave was on the occasion of the christening of his first-born; and, as the story goes, when the clergyman demanded of the parents the name of the child, he, in his usual loud and distinct tones, immediately replied, '*Slough and Windsor only.*' Poor old boy! many a time have I chaffed him about his zealous attention to his duty, and he used to tell a story about my having jumped the seven-foot gates at old Paddington Station when they were shut, because the train was just on the move.

His version of the affair is not, of course, quite correct; but I did climb on the top of the gate, and when a porter ran up to stop me, I jumped clean over him and ran up the platform, getting into the carriage through the window as the train was moving out; but the fussy inspector on duty stopped the train and proposed to pull me out. I informed him that it was no easy job for one man to pull even a buck-rabbit out of his hutch, so that it would take several men to get *me* out of the carriage. He, seeing the force of my argument after a bit, wisely desisted, and left me in peace.

It was during this winter or following spring that I received another challenge from W. Beach to run for the third time 150 yards on the flat, as he was not satisfied as to my superiority. I was nothing loth, so it was arranged that we were to run for a pony (£25) a side on the turnpike road at Salt Hill (same place as that where I had run poor Fred Sayer before the Crimea). Beach particularly specified that we were only to have six friends each, present to witness the match, and I fancy his reason for this clause in the agreement was that, like many of our equine racers, Beach was a trifle nervous at the post—in fact, he once told me that he was yards better in private than in public, whereas I believe it was exactly the contrary with me, particularly if there was plenty of music and lots of ladies.

Knowing the peculiar temperament of my friend, I am afraid I was a wee bit tricky at the start, and kept him on the scratch some little time—in fact, as long as I decently

could—by making sundry false starts. At last we got off very evenly, and I made running, with Beach close up, and at 120 yards I fancied that he could pass me when he liked ; at 130 he was evidently doing his level best and we ran neck and neck ; but, after a regular ding-dong finish, I just won by *half a yard*. The form was wonderful true, and showed that the Crimea had done me no harm, and the rest at home had done him no good, so at last W. B. was satisfied ; and I don't think he ever ran again, but settled down into a steady conscientious Senator, and has well represented part of Hampshire in the House of Commons for many years past.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Match with J. P. Taylor—In the Emerald Isle—I Win easily—Horse-dealing by Gaslight—Cobble Stones *v.* Flesh and Bone—The Result—Julian Hall sends back my Winnings—Match with Captain Smith, 71st Highlanders—My Last Appearance on the Running-path—I Win—I Contemplate Matrimony—Courtship—Married at St. James's—Start for Foreign Parts—Paris—Special License Wins Liverpool Cup—On the Way to Rome—Rome—Birth of my Son and Heir—Some Account of my Florentine—St. Peter's—I Turn an Honest Penny—Leave for Marseilles—Railway Accident—Not much Damage—Arrive in England—Paulett Somerset's Cottage at Englefield Green—Sell the Florentine—Englefield Green—A Real Bit of Luck—Barber and Saxon.

I AM now going to take my readers across to Ireland, to relate the particulars of a match I had with J. P. Taylor, an inhabitant of the Emerald Isle, and one who had shown himself to be possessed of even more than the ordinary agility of his countrymen.

Some time in November 1857, I received a letter from Major Brine, R.E., a real active and plucky soldier, as every one is aware who knew him in the Crimea. He was as much at home in the advance sap under a heavy fire, as he was subsequently sailing away through space in his balloon, with half a gale of wind behind him, bustling his frail conveyance along at perilous speed. He could run well, too, and was real fond of it; he and I had several spins together, and he entertained a high opinion of my turn of speed. He wrote from Cork, where he was then quartered, to tell me that there was a bit of 'ready' to be picked up if I would go over and fetch it; inasmuch as a nimble dweller in Cork styled himself the champion of Ireland, and he felt cock-sure that he could vanquish England's amateurs as well as Ireland's. In those days, mind you, an amateur meant a gentleman, whether he ran for money or honour, or both—I used to combine the two. After some correspondence had passed between us, the following announcement appeared in the columns of *Bell's Life*:

‘AMATEUR RACE FOR £200.—Captain Brine, R.E., on the part of Lt.-Col. Astley, Scots Fus. Gds., has made a match with F. Leigh, Esq., for J. Taylor, Esq., of Passage, in the vicinity of Cork, to come off on or about the 18th of December. Colonel Astley is expected at Cork from London with Mr. W. Johnson, his former competitor (late of the Rifles), this week. The betting is even, as Mr. Taylor, who lately beat Mr. Machell (14th Regt.), has twice beaten Mr. Johnson, and the latter once beat Col. Astley a foot, but had a yard start.’

To explain the reference to Machell and Taylor’s race I quote from *Bell’s Life*: ‘On Nov. 29th, 1857, a match took place between Lient. Machell, 14th Regt., and J. P. Taylor, Esq., distance 100 yards on the “Mandyke Walk,” for stakes of over £200. Taylor won by about a yard.’

With the assistance of my faithful little ‘Flying Tailor’ I went through a nice preparation (as they say of the Derby winner), and a few days before the race, crossed over to Cork accompanied by Jimmy Patterson (the ‘Flying Tailor’), and in addition to my ordinary luggage, I carried in my right-hand trousers pocket (the best and safest receptacle a man can stow anything valuable in) a lovely fat roll of crisp Bank of England notes for £500, which, being short at my banker’s (an ever-present complaint with me), I had, with commendable forethought, borrowed of my dear old tailor, Henry Hill, of Old Bond Street, one of the old-fashioned sort, who felt a pride and pleasure in furnishing a good and faithful customer, not only with clothes, but with something to line the pockets with at a reasonable percentage. We (Jimmy and I) landed at Cork in due course, and put up with Johnson of the Rifle Brigade (who had been a pal of mine in the Crimea, and could run well too) at Passage, just outside Cork, and, curiously enough, I took my breathers every morning before the race in the same public gardens that my opponent Taylor took his, although I never saw him. He had a brother, a ‘middy’ I think, on board one of the men-of-war in the harbour, from whom he borrowed a couple of ship’s chronometers, one being placed at the start, and the other at the finish of the 100 yards. Two of his friends used to take the mean time of his trials (a very primitive and unreliable test). However, it was confidently reported that he could beat even time (10 seconds), and as I knew that I could not do the distance under 10½ seconds, I felt pretty sure that I should have the opportunity of doing double or quits for my bonny crisp ‘monkey.’<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> £500.

When the day arrived for the race to take place, we drove to Cork barrack-yard, where the *élite* of the town and district were already assembled, and running my eye over the female portion I thought that I had never seen a handsomer lot of girls. The soldiers hung out a right good luncheon to all comers, and the band played delicious music. There were two other matches, I think, run before mine, and then Taylor and I were told to get ready. The 100 yards was roped and staked on either side, and the gravel was nice and firm, as well as smooth. I won the toss and took the right-hand side, and then I observed that Taylor wore india-rubber shoes which fitted him like a glove, but they had no spikes, and when I found that he was going to run in these shoes I made quite sure that he would be second; so with my betting-book in my hand and my 'monkey' in my pocket, I ran down the course offering to back myself, but, much to my chagrin, after I had bet a level pony (£25), I had to lay odds, and though I chaffed the Paddy boys well, I could not lay more than £100 to £50. I finished up by offering to lay two sacks of potatoes to one, as they seemed to be so precious short of coin. I had to give up writing down the names of those I bet with, as their pronunciation of their names was beyond my ken altogether. However, I do not believe that it made a bit of difference to me, for, whatever they may be now, the sporting inhabitants of Cork on that day were a real honest set of men. Well, we started off, and the little man (Taylor) got a bit the best of the start, and went fast for fifty yards; but when I once got to him it was all over, and I won anyhow. I should like to have gone double or quits and given him five yards, but he wouldn't have it at any price. I received a jolly good ovation, and those with whom I had bet came clustering round me to pay their debts in nasty dirty one-pound notes; so I kept my crisp monkey intact.

After a glass of 'pop' I foolishly offered to run any one over hurdles, and a good soldier, Captain Shaw of the 36th Regiment, offered to take six yards in one hundred over four hurdles. I just caught him and made a dead heat of it, but in the run off I slipped and was beaten easily. *Bell's Life* says that I weighed 12 stone 10 lbs., and Taylor 9 stone 12 lbs. I only know that I never was better than I was on that day, and am equally certain that Machell could not have been himself when Taylor beat him; for I have never seen a gentleman that could beat Machell, if as well as he was when he defeated poor old Johnny Chadwick at Newmarket, when

his trainer assured me that 'the Captain could do even time.'

I took the train to Dublin, had 'a bite and a glass' with the Coldstreams, and, finding I had time to spare before starting by the mail-boat from Kingston, I went to a horse-dealer's yard, being desirous of possessing a real good Irish hunter, and meaning to invest the £150 that I had won. A good-looking mare took my fancy, and, to the astonishment of the dealer, I asked to have her saddled and bridled, and took her out into a square near at hand, which, I believe, was paved with cobble stones, and, whether it was the Cork music, the Dublin 'pop,' or the novelty of trying a horse by gaslight, I sent that poor mare round the square hard all, and then returned her to the dealer's man. I handed my bundle of dirty Irish notes to Julian Hall of the Coldstreams, and asked him to have the mare out in the morning, and, if sound, to transfer the notes to the dealer and send the mare to me; but, if she was not sound, to send me a cheque for £150. I then went off by the boat. Subsequently I heard that the poor mare came out very feeling, and Hall enclosed me a cheque for my money. My beneficent tailor duly received back his crisp monkey; but it was only for a time, as the little animal was soon required again for some supposed safe investment, and on this occasion broke loose and took refuge in some other person's pocket; at any rate it fairly quitted mine. Old Hill's monkeys were of the roving sort—at least those that I had the privilege of handling, and as I never like tying animals up too tight, I used to give mine a run, and if they came home to tea (especially of a Monday<sup>1</sup>) it was an exception that brought them, as they never seemed to attach themselves to their kind master, who doted so fondly on them.

I had no sooner arrived in town, than Captain Smith of the 71st Highlanders was backed by his brother officers to lower my colours at 100 yards, and, according to *Bell's Life*, we met on the 26th of December, 1857, at the running grounds at Garrett Lane, Wandsworth. This was the first and only time that my good old dad was present at any of my running matches; he was always predicting that I should injure myself by bursting a blood-vessel, or straining a sinew, or something of the kind; but I always told him that such accidents didn't happen when men were real fit. I could see by the twinkle of his eye he was proud to see his boy when stripped; for, though I am a clumsy old toad now, yet on that sharp, cold

<sup>1</sup> Settling day at Tattersall's.—EDITOR.

Boxing-Day I was a tidy specimen of humanity at 13 stone. Two or three of my brothers were also present. Captain Smith had taken a lot of trouble to get himself ready, but to my mind he had overtrained, and lacked the ruddy glow which a man in perfect condition ought to show, after he has set his circulation in motion by a preliminary or two to counteract the effects of a biting Christmas breeze.

The match was for a pony,<sup>1</sup> and to show that we both felt very confident, we wagered a friendly tenner together as we met on the scratch. *Bell's Life* thus describes the race: 'After a very level start the Colonel got ahead despite the strenuous efforts of the gallant Captain, and ran in a winner by a good yard. Much praise is due to Jimmy Patterson for the splendid condition in which he brought Lieut.-Col. Astley to the scratch.' Before putting my clothes on I gave the 'guyvnor' a show, and ran a quarter of a mile against time, doing it in about 54 seconds. I never could do it any faster, but that was good enough to beat most amateurs of that day. I recollect once making one of three men who timed Harry Reed, the professional, and he just beat 48 seconds—that was record time then, as was 4 minutes 20 seconds for the mile. I believe the above match was the last I ran, and as my 30th birthday came off on February 19th, 1858, I had pretty well made up my mind it was about time I got wed, and changed the cinder-path and spiked shoe for the polished floor and varnished pump. Moreover, two or three of my most intimate friends had been tied up about that time, and I had of course assisted at their nuptials.

At one or more of these festivities I had been fortunate enough to spot a lass who happened to have been a bridesmaid on two occasions, and, mutual friends having been kind enough to bring us together at the cheery dinner and the amusing play, I soon felt that I could not live without her, and, mind you, she possessed all the essential qualities that not only attract, but give promise of happiness in the future. She was comely to look upon, ten years younger than I was, a beautiful mover, and a perfect horsewoman, fond of music, good-tempered and cheery. 'What more can a man want?' I hear you say. 'Well, right you are;' but still there are other points, minor details I admit, yet not to be despised. She was the only child of a well-to-do and well-born squire, who was not only a perfect gentleman but rode straight to hounds, and was as highly respected at Quarter Sessions as

<sup>1</sup> £25.



he was in the House of Commons, and, may I add without prejudice (as lawyers have it), he was a widower ; consequently, I had only to win the affections of daughter and father. Still, the prize was one much sought after, and though (as a soldier ought) I felt brave and hopeful of winning the lady's hand and heart, I was decidedly timid on the subject of obtaining her father's consent, seeing that my personal recommendations were only average, and my banking account mean in the extreme. Still, I had what soldiers term a 'clean sheet,' no enemies to crab me (that I was aware of), and lots of true, good friends to help me ; so I pulled myself together and fairly went in for the gloves.

I had never set foot in Lincolnshire and, consequently, knew very few of the inhabitants of that county ; but, having discovered that my girl was going to two or three balls in her own immediate neighbourhood, I one evening took train to Sleaford town. I felt that I must have a comrade to see me through it, and my trusty and well-tried brother officer, Reggy Gipps, succoured me. We duly arrived at the principal hotel the night of the ball, and, there being no vacant room, we had a screen drawn across one end of the coffee-room, and there donned our dancing kit and hied us to the ball-room. What I suffered I shall never forget ; for, though nimble enough on the running track, I was wonderfully ignorant of how to glide through the simplest quadrille. Just as I hoped that I was really improving and making fair running with my partner, I suddenly heard a crack and found that I had stupidly taken a tuck out of her lovely ball-dress with my great clumsy hoof. Oh dear ! oh dear ! would she forgive me and give me another chance, or only dance with her other admirers who *did* know how to move ? At any rate we saw it out, and a dear good lady who was giving a dance at her own house the following night, seeing how the cat jumped, asked me to dine, dance, and sleep there. Oh ! it was pretty of her, and you bet that I accepted right off.

The next day I ordered a fly and pair, and told the post-boy to drive me to Aswarby. I directed him to go by Fulbeck, and I had some trouble to convince him that I was not off my head, for the two places lay in precisely opposite directions ; but '*she*' was staying at Fulbeck, and, though unacquainted with her hostess, yet my boy Gipps was there, and I dropped in for luncheon, and a pleasant stroll afterwards, and then on to Aswarby, and, though I moved yet another tuck during the dance, I felt I had gained ground ; and, with the help of

another visit, when a good old gentleman lent me a hack to ride with her, I got so far that her father asked me to Elsham. After some jibbing, he too, consented, and on the Saturday of the Derby week, May 22nd, 1858, we were married at St. James's Church, and all agreed that it was a right jolly wedding. Poor Jerry Goodlake was my best man, and we spent the honeymoon at one of the most beautiful places in this or any other country—namely, Stourhead.

After a short leave, I had to come back for duty in London, and my battalion was (I think) quartered in the Tower of London. There were no regular barracks or officers' quarters in that old fortress then, the men were all stowed away in some caverns or recesses in the battlements, and the officers hired rooms in the houses of the various officials. My wife and I secured the Chaplain's house for the short time we were there; but, excepting when I was actually on duty, we didn't spend much time inside the portcullis.

In the autumn I got leave, and we decided to winter in foreign parts; so we started early in November. Our final destination was to be governed by circumstances over which I had no direct control—first, we had to find out how the many discomforts of long journeys might suit my lady; and, secondly, how long our very limited supply of cash would last us. Anyhow we duly arrived in Paris, and ensconced ourselves in some very comfortable but expensive apartments, and, after doing all the sights and trying the various *chefs* at the best dining-places, occupying boxes at the opera and most of the theatres, and, English-like, buying a lot of trumpery jewellery and *objets de luxe*, I became painfully convinced that, unless we had extraordinary luck, it would be our bounden duty to travel no further, but to return and economically pass the winter with my respected father-in-law.

Now it so happened that I had invested a considerable sum on a horse of Mr. Merry's called Special License, for the Liverpool Autumn Cup; but why I had sagaciously selected this animal to be the means of bringing us the much-needed winter keep I know not, except that he had won the Liverpool Cup once, if not twice, before, and thereby shown that he liked the course, and that his clever old master liked the Cup, or rather the brass attaching thereto; but no matter. On the evening of the day that the Cup was run for we went to the Opera, accompanied by a good sportsman, and I will not disguise it that—if you believe me—my undivided attention was not set on what I heard and saw, but my thoughts were

almost wholly engrossed by visions of a boy in yellow, and I longed to know whether he had been successful in catching the judge's eye—in fact, I was real glad when the pageant was over. I believe we did the correct thing and risked our night's rest by partaking of a *petit souper* at some café, where the merits of the *prima donna* were being freely discussed with much excitement and many feverish gesticulations on the part of the natives; in fact, they made such a fuss about this *prima donna* that I almost feared it was the name of the winner of the Liverpool Cup, and if so, we must be off home on the morrow. However, we were soon *en voiture*, and as we had to drop Sir Henry (the sportsman alluded to) at the French Jockey Club, I begged him to find out what had won, and he did not keep us long in suspense. Special License was the *primo cavallo*, and the *donna* was not in it this time. I gave a yell of delight which startled our *cocher*, and spirited up his old quadruped into the bargain. I had won £1500 of a good man, I am not sure that it was not 'Sir' W. Marshall (of Billingsgate Hall); at all events we could now extend our tour southward in comfort, not to say luxury. Very soon afterwards we left Paris and took the train to Marseilles, where we hired a *voiture à cinq chevaux* and travelled at the rate of some thirty or forty miles a day, along a road running parallel with the sea-board, for the most part enjoying lovely scenery under a cloudless sky, stopping for a day or two at any town that looked attractive.

Monte Carlo was not the fashionable resort in 1858 that it is now, and I forget the names of most of our halting-places, and a good job, too, for my readers; but Nice, Mentone, Genoa, Pisa, Leghorn and Florence I liked best, especially the latter, which I thought a very pleasant place.

Here I was taken in by a horse-dealer. We were one day driving in the Cachini—a charming park—and amongst the many fine-actioned horses that were being put through their paces I was much struck by a grey, a grand mover and fast withal. Our driver knew where the owner's stables were situated, and was much pleased when I acquired the animal for eighty pounds. I flattered myself that he was cheap as old rags, and inwardly pitied his owner for having been tempted to part with him at so mean a price. However, we started on our journey to Rome the next day, and I thought it would be rather fun to take our new purchase with us. So I bought a nice strong head-stall and side-rope, and tied the gallant grey to the back of our carriage; and a nice time he

had of it, for our driver used to always spring his five horses into a gallop on arriving near the bottom of a decline, so as to carry us well up the opposite incline, not a bad plan either; but my grey was not prepared for this sudden dash of speed, and, though he was never actually pulled on to his knees, he must have had some very narrow squeaks for it, his splendid action and fine shoulders alone saving him. As it was, he only just escaped having his neck dislocated, and his throat and jaws were very tender when we unhitched him at the end of our day's journey. For the remainder of our drive I hired a boy who was tied on to the luggage behind, and with a long rope attached to the grey's head-stall he paid out line every time our driver sprang his horses up a hill; so by this means we landed the grey in Rome in fine fettle.

Possibly not many of my readers have ever sat behind five stallions for days together, as we did, and it may therefore interest some to hear more about them. They were fairly bred, thick-set animals, all bay browns, and under fifteen hands in height, real hardy in constitution, legs, and feet, and seemed to enjoy their task. The two wheelers were, of course, attached to the pole, and the three leaders abreast. Whilst at work you would have supposed them to be the best of friends; but as soon as they were unyoked they went for each other like mad things. Our road ran by the sea-shore nearly the whole way from Marseilles to Florence, and at the termination of each day's journey, our coachman, with my assistance and that of another man, after unharnessing the horses, led them down to the sandy beach, and the moment our little steeds arrived at a suitable spot, down they went on the sand and rolled with keen enjoyment for five or ten minutes, then got up and shook themselves like a dog does on coming out of the water; after which they walked off contentedly to their stables; but during this rolling process if one of them happened to lug the rein or rope out of the hands of the man who was leading him, he went open-mouthed at one of his comrades, and it was no easy task to separate them again.

The only drawback to this otherwise pleasant way of seeing new country was that occasionally we had to put up for the night at some wretched, uncomfortable road-side inn. Ill-regulated beds were often inhabited by most voracious and disagreeable insects; but they possessed wonderful powers of discrimination, for they seldom, if ever, meddled with me, but attacked my lady in the most ruthless fashion, and sometimes half the night was taken up in hunting for these little

wretches, and, when captured, consigning them to a watery grave. The food, too, at these abandoned halting-places was very moderate; for, usually, our meal was deferred till a rooster had been captured and consigned to the stewing-pot; however, as a rule, fair macaroni was to be obtained, and a decent savoury omelet.

Well, we arrived in the 'Eternal City' on Christmas Eve, and soon got comfortably fixed in a house upon the Pincio, and thereby hangs a tale. It is this, gentle reader. I was born here (as I have already told you) on February 19th, 1828, and, right or wrong, I was wishful that my son should be born on or about the same day on the same spot. If I had not bought that grey stepper at Florence, I verily believe that my forethought would have been punctually rewarded, and I should have been handed down to posterity as a man of extraordinary intellect. But, alas! the first time I put the grey into harness and attached him to a T-cart I had hired, I soon discovered why it was that his owner had parted with him at what I thought was only half his value; for, no sooner had I got nicely settled on my driving-seat, with my lady beside me, and my waistcoat almost bursting with conscious pride of how I would show the Roman bloods the way a horse ought to move, when the instant I gently intimated to my Florentine that he might start off, he, with a snort of defiance that I never shall forget, spread out his legs and looked round as much as to say, 'Just hit me if you dare!' He then straight-way gave three successive bounds forward, and it was by sheer good luck alone that he did not land us in a shop-window.

The wife of my bosom gave a shriek which went clean through me, and then, lo and behold! the grey stepped off and went as quietly as possible; and this little episode happened nearly every time we took our drives abroad. But my wife was wonderful game, and as I never was particularly nervous, we got used to our nag's little ways, and only on one occasion did we come to grief, and that was when the grey slipped up and broke one of the shafts.

We had a curious experience one day on the Campagna, when I proposed that my good lady should hold the watch and testify to the grey's speed between two milestones. The Roman birds and dogs were not used to horses doing their mile in three minutes, I suppose: for, when I pulled up, we had managed to run over an unfortunate dog and, *mirabile dictu*, had killed a duck. But you will be tired of Florentine; I only mention his pranks because to them I attribute the

birth of my son and heir on February 6th, 1859, instead of February 19th, as I had intended.

Never was a man prouder of his first-born than I. Some of my friends who were in Rome at the time, never met me in after years without going into fits of laughter, and reminding me of the fuss I made, and how I alarmed some of the shaky ones by rushing into their rooms before they were fairly dressed, to announce the glad tidings. This excitement had considerably abated by the time that number eight arrived on the scene (can you believe it?): for, though we read that 'Happy is the man that has his quiver full' (*i. e.* his nursery, I take it?), yet you cannot feed, clothe, and educate said 'quiver full' for nothing.

I did not, I fear, properly appreciate Rome; to me it was a dull and not over-healthy spot. I did go out shooting once, as the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh had organized a grand day's *chasse* in the Pontine Marshes, which we were told were full of wild boar. Consequently, our party were all equipped with weapons of precision, and we fully anticipated some good sport. We were posted by the *grand chasseur* in the most likely runs, and the tracks of pigs were certainly apparent, and kept up our ardour for some two or three drives; but no game was seen, and we were all very glad when luncheon was announced. Our dusky host had provided everything of the best, and we did ample justice to it. All would have been well had not the Maharajah volunteered to concoct a syllabub, of which cream and brandy were the principal ingredients, and, though the mixture seemed to suit the 'Oriental' admirably, it fairly settled me, and I never recollect having such a violent headache in my life as that queer stuff produced. I was roused from my state of stupor later on, and had to take part in a sweepstakes, each of us being allowed, as a great treat, to shoot at our empty champagne bottles—a childish amusement at best, but a horrible bore when blessed with a throbbing brow.

On the Feast of St. Peter I and two or three friends went to see the function. On either side of the brass foot of the statue of St. Peter stood a Pontifical guard with a drawn sword, and the thousands who came to Rome for the holiday passed in a long line, one at a time, by the sacred relic, and kissed St. Peter's metal toe. I was told that the toe of 1859 was the third that had been subjected to similar osculations, the former toes having been kissed clean away. One of my friends suggested that I dare not kiss the toe; so I said, 'I do

for a dollar,' and it was a bet. I fell into the single rank—formed much the same as on a crowded day at a railway-station when you want to get your ticket, and (maybe?) are a little late for the train—and went through the same performance. As my turn came I stooped, as the rest had done before me, and rubbed off, with the cuff of my coat, any moisture which the previous visitor had deposited on the toe. I then put my lips to the now warm metal, passed on, and was duly paid my wager. I must say that I was glad when I ascertained that the custodian's sword was still pointing to the roof of the building, instead of lowered towards my—shall I say?—sacrilegious body.

I made yet another investment connected with St. Peter's. One day some of us stood watching some ten or twelve nuns doing penance by going up some steep steps on their knees. I, with an eye to business, said that I fancied the action of the leading nun, and offered to back her against the field to arrive first at the topmost step, and again the dollar was wagered. As the feat was a most laborious one, it was some time before my fancy passed the post; however, she won. I found out afterwards that I had, in all innocence, been betting on a certainty; for, supposing the leader kept well, it was not etiquette for any of the others to pass her—in fact, it was a one-horse race!

Well, good-bye to the city of my birth; we left it without regret, and journeyed to Naples. There, of course, we did Mount Vesuvius, which was quiescent, worse luck, but nevertheless a wondrous sight. We spent a day or two at Sorrento, a lovely spot, from which Naples and its bay makes a charming picture. At Sorrento we enjoyed good food, really well served, and a capital glass of wine. Shortly after, we embarked on board a steamer for Marseilles, but were real unlucky in the weather; it blew so hard that we had to run in under the shelter of the land just south of Corsica, and the proper nourishment for my baby boy falling short, I had to bribe the sailors to go on shore through the heavy surf and procure me a nanny-goat in full profit; but it cost me a fiver, and a pretty job I had to coax the ill-conditioned old brute to give down her milk.

After much delay we arrived at Marseilles, and took train, one of *première vitesse* (about 20 miles an hour), for Paris. About half-way we had a smash, which might have been far worse. As we approached a small station, I heard loud shouts and shrieks; so, putting my head out of the window, I saw

another train motionless, some two hundred yards off. I thereupon popped my head in again, and told my wife, and the nurse, who had the baby on her lap, to kneel down quickly, and lucky they did, for in another instant we were covered with broken glass from the windows. I forgot to mention that we were in a *coupé* facing the engine, and a nice little family party we were, consisting of self, wife, and a fat old French nurse, the baby boy, two spitz puppies, and a canary in a cage. We ran slap bang into the stationary train, and, the crash and recoil being over, I looked about most anxiously to see what damage had been done. My wife and I both had our faces cut by the broken glass of the windows, which were shivered to pieces. Fortunately, the corpulent old nurse had laid the baby on the seat, and interposed her well-rounded person between it and the front of the carriage, so the baby came off all right.

When I had helped my belongings out, I looked in vain for the canary, the cage which was hanging from the roof of the carriage was smashed, and at length I espied my darling dicky-bird flying about in the open. Luckily he took refuge in the guard's van, where I caught him, and he lived to warble many a sweet note for years after. We got some plaster for our cut cheeks, and I had much trouble to persuade the old nurse that we were real lucky in not being more hurt; nevertheless, she was not to be comforted, and with low moans kept complaining of much pain on the side of her—well, person! It is hard to believe, but a goods train had run off the line, and another slow train had come up and stopped in rear of it, and though all this had happened more than two hours before our train was due to pass through the station, the officials had never put the danger signals up, or given our driver a word of warning; in fact, I had considerable difficulty to induce the station-master to send an old woman down the line with a red flag to stop the traffic.

Another train was soon provided for us, and we reached Paris very late, but without further mishap. Next day I attended at a notary's, with a view to compensation for our injuries, but I never got a cent.

Beyond being uncomfortably stiff and very nervous at crossings for the next day or two, my wife and I were no worse for our shaking; but the old nurse was very keen that I should see how black and blue she was; but I had not nerve enough to face the sight! and we reached England without further *contretemps*.



I found my battalion quartered at Windsor, and we took Paulet Somerset's cottage at Englefield Green, and spent a pleasant summer enough. Like a flat, I paid for my Florentine's passage to England, and he was the cause of my being late for parade on more than one occasion; his manners got worse, instead of better, and from his mad plunges our pretty garden in front of the cottage was considerably cut up. At last I hardened my heart and sent him to Aldridge's, where he was sold for a very small sum.

It was during this summer that I experienced yet another bit of luck over the Liverpool Cup. For some reason or other I fancied a horse called Ancient Briton would win the Cup, and one morning, the Windsor baker having come out with our bread-supply, I asked him to send a wire to my trusty commissioner at Tattersall's to put me £20 on that horse. Now it happened that Messrs. Saxon and Barber were joint as well as separate owners of several racehorses trained in the same stable. They had two animals in this Liverpool Cup, Defender, who was first favourite at 3 to 1, and belonged to Barber, and Ancient Briton, the property of Saxon, and who was only occasionally quoted in the betting at 10 to 1. It was generally supposed by the public, and poor Jimmy Barber confidently believed, that his confederate Saxon was, like himself, backing Defender, and that, even if Ancient Briton ran, he would not interfere in any way with the success of the favourite; hence the nice price of 10 to 1 forthcoming against Saxon's horse, a price that I believe that cunning old sportsman took to a goodly sum. Well, my commissioner wired me from Tattersall's, '*Have taken you 800 to 80 A. Briton; am sorry to say you are on the wrong one, Defender is their horse.*' I was horrified to find myself with £80 on the wrong one, for it was a lot of money for me to lose, particularly just then, and as I had wired to put £20 only, I drove to the telegraph office and tried all I knew to find out how the £20 I had written on a scrap of paper for the baker to copy on the telegram form could have turned into £80, but this I never could discover. I went round the sportsmen of Windsor, and tried every way to transfer part of my bet, but only succeeded in laying 100 to 10 to the landlord of the Merry Wives, and he took it as a favour to help me out of the scrape.

Well, the day after the race my wife and I walked to the post-office at Englefield Green to get the newspaper, which at that time arrived about noon (mind you, there were no special

editions in those days), and as we toddled along I fully expected to find I was the loser of £70 of the best; but skimming over the racing column, my eagle glance hit on Ancient Briton as the winner of the Cup, and I was a richer man by £700—a clear £500 more than if my instructions had been accurately carried out! So, though I had been desperate down on the baker, the telegraph clerk, and my commissioner, I now, in the most versatile and benign of humours, set to and blessed them all round.

This was really one of the best bits of sheer good-luck that I think I ever experienced. Saxon and Barber had a deadly feud over this event, and never were friends again; but that did not concern me. What do you think?

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Foot-races in which I took part subsequent to the Crimean campaign—

Against.	Distance.	Place.	Result.
Army (all comers) .	{ 200 yards (in heavy } marching order) }	Aldershot	. W.
Ditto .	100 yards . . .	Aldershot	. W.
Ditto .	200 yards . . .	Aldershot	. W.
Ditto .	440 yards . . .	Aldershot	. W.
W. Beach, Esq .	150 yards . . .	Salt Hill	. W.
J. P. Taylor, Esq. .	100 yards . . .	Cork . . .	. W.
Capt. Smith, 71st } Highlanders }	100 yards . . .	Wandsworth	. W.

Started, seven times; won, seven; lost, none.

My match with Captain Smith, of the 71st, was the last that I made, and took place on December 26th, 1857.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A Break in my Work—When the Cat's Away—Decide to Retire from Army—Take up our Quarters at Elsham—The Brocklesby Hounds and Country—I Purchase Cockeye—Anecdotes of Corbett—The Good Samaritan—Davy of Worlaby—Gaylad and Lottery—Lord Henry Bentinck and the Burton Hounds—Coursing at Bryn-y-Pys—I Lose a Good Mare—Take a Perilous Voyage across the River Dee—A Generous Father-in-law.

SEPTEMBER 16th, 1893. *N.B.*—Early in June my Editor started for Norway, and, though I promised to send him out copy twice a week, receiving ample and particular instructions as to the best days to post the result of my labours, yet the old adage came only too true: 'When the cat's away, the mice will play.' The fact is, the weather was so splendid I could not sit indoors and scribble, and, in addition, I felt that my friend (the cat in this case) ought to be devoting all his attention to catching sticklebacks or whatever *poisson* the poor followers of our old friend Isaac Walton endeavour to wheedle out of the Norwegian torrents, and, further, I considered it would be very rough on him to distract his thoughts from the rapid rushes of the *salmo ferox* to the vapid vapourings of the *mediocriti docti*; so I took it easy, and waited till the weather broke and the days shortened.<sup>1</sup>

I feel, however, that I have not kept faith with my Publishers or my Subscribers, though I am possibly the only loser by the delay; for I had fondly looked forward to producing this book during the autumn, and was hopeful I might thereby turn an honest penny, and be in a position to invest a century or so of my earnings on the probable winner of one, or both, of the big autumn handicaps at Newmarket. But, alas! I feel that I shall be unable even to toss a solitary tenner to my long-suffering creditors at Christmas. Never mind (though I fear they will mind), the author is at work again, and let

<sup>1</sup> Sir John's consideration for his Editor is beyond all praise!—EDITOR.

us hope the rest has done him good. This sounds to me wonderfully like the heartfelt aspiration of the trainer of some dicky-legged racer, after rain had fallen; but, be that as it may, I know that if ever I have enough money again to buy a racehorse, I shall call him 'The Author,' which, to my thinking, signifies gameness and uphill work. What odds, reader, that he does not win the Ascot Hunt Cup? At any rate, I shall back him both ways, if it ever comes off. Well, to put it shortly, I gave up work at Ascot time, and now commence again after Doncaster.

As our pleasant time at dear old Windsor drew to a close, and the battalion was about to move to London again, and leave would be hard to get, I, with the approval of my people, decided to send in my papers and give up soldiering. I had been eleven and a half years in harness, and, taking the rough with the smooth, had spent a very pleasant time in the regiment; but I was never fond of the art of war, or mechanical drill. What I did like was the fellowship of as good a lot of brother officers as could be found in the service, and I was real proud of the splendid body of men who composed the Scots Fusilier Guards. I refer particularly to my old comrades with whom I started for the Crimea in 1854. When quartered at Windsor, and Chichester, I got to know every man in the battalion by sight, and nearly all by name, and verily believe I knew the characters of the men better than any of the other officers. I certainly did of those who cared for any athletic game or sport, and these were divided into two classes—men who took part in games and sport, and men who were as keen to look on and applaud their comrades when doing well, as the old and present Eton boys are to encourage the eleven when playing their annual cricket-match against Harrow at Lord's. Yes! I knew the men well, and they knew me, and I don't mind telling you that at Windsor I more than once helped—or at any rate screened—a man who had taken a drop too much, and was pulling himself together, so as to pass into the gate before tattoo, and make for his barrack-room without being put in the guard-room, particularly if I knew he was a good soldier and a cheery mortal, who had most likely not spent a penny in drink, but had been treated not wisely, but too well, by friends in the town. However, I am getting on delicate ground. What would the Commanding Officer or the Adjutant have said if they had known of my lax principles?

Another reason for leaving was this: I hold that when an

officer gets 'wed' he either must, in a manner of speaking, desert—or, I should say, see little of—his wife, or else of his boon companions of the mess. Thus it came to pass that I sold my commission, and realized just about what my steps had cost me, £8000, which money came in very handy; and though much of it was wanted by tradesmen and others, yet I had enough left to buy three or four hunters, which I stabled at Elsham. Grandpapa was very proud of his grandson, and gladly found nursery-room for him, and a welcome for us.

I will vary the scene a little now, and spin a bit of a yarn over the Brocklesby Hounds and their followers. As everybody knows, the Brocklesby have been kept for generations by the family of Pelham, the Earls of Yarborough, who have in the most generous and lordly manner paid the whole of the expenses, and horses, hounds, and hunt-servants have never been better turned out in any country. I believe I am right in saying that the Brocklesby pack has been longer under command of one family than any other pack in England.<sup>1</sup> In no other district can there be found so many real good sportsmen amongst the tenant-farmers as in Lincolnshire, especially in the north-east corner of that extensive county; and in the sixties, when I first hunted with the Brocklesby, amongst a lot of other good men were such as old Tom Brooks of Croxby, Captain Jack Skipworth (Don Pedro) of Howsham, Edmund Davy of Worlaby, Billy Wood of Habro', Billy Wright of Wold Newton, the Bros. Walker, the Hazletines, the Frankishes, the Nainbys, old Billy Torr (of Shorthorn celebrity), and many others.

About fifty yeomen used to hunt in pink, and kept their two or three hunters, many of them bred by themselves; for in those days there were an extraordinary number of good horses bred in that country, both thorough and half-bred. Fitz Oldaker, the saddler of Park Street, used to buy the pick of the young horses; he was a great friend of Captain Skipworth's, with whom he used to stay for a spell of hunting every year, and he was entrusted with unlimited commissions by Baron Rothschild and others. The London dealers also used to scour our country, and all the best young horses were bought up before Lincoln Fair came round; but now, in

<sup>1</sup> The earliest intelligence I can procure as to the Brocklesby Hounds, is that the pack was started about 1720 by Messrs. Tyrwhitt, Pelham, and Vyner, the kennels being then at Aylesby. The staff consisted of the huntsman and a boy. Subsequently the kennels were removed to Brocklesby, and the hounds hunted by the Pelham family from then till the present day.—J. D. A.

1893, bad times, and consequently diminution of capital and spending power, has altered the country a lot, and it is the exception to hear of a real good hunter or a racehorse (worthy of the name) being bred in the Brocklesby country. The fields with the hounds have also dwindled much, both in numbers and pinks.

The squire and I often used to drive to the meets of the Brocklesby Hounds together, and when they met within easy reach, the wife joined us, and as the Wolds always rode fairly light and the fences were small, she enjoyed a good gallop and went as straight as any one. I bought a good horse about this time of one of Lord Yarborough's tenants; I called him 'Cockeye,' as he was short of an optic. He was a very clever hunter, and I saw a lot of sport on him. Corbett kept a few half-bred mares with two or three crosses of blood in them, and these he mated with a thoroughbred sire—Cornerstone by Touchstone, and Morgan Rattler, to wit—and at one time he had five or six real useful hunters of his own breeding.

The squire had been a very hard rider, and when long past sixty he would go straight on the Wolds; but he had terribly hard hands and all his horses pulled with him in consequence. Then, again, he was very short-sighted and used to ride in spectacles, and as the glasses often got a film of steam or rain on them, he could hardly discern anything. Several stories were told of him, but the two following I can vouch for:—

One day, when the hounds were running, he was observed jobbing his horse's mouth and whipping the poor brute, and when asked by an old friend why he was so hard on his horse, he replied: 'Why, can't you see how the brute has been bucking with me, he nearly had me off!' and no one was more astonished than the squire when his friend told him that the intelligent animal had just jumped three or four sheep-nets with him, which Corbett, of course, had not seen. Another time he was seen holding his horse tight by the head, and in angry tones exhorting an imaginary sportsman to get out of his way: 'Now then, sir, will you oblige me by standing aside! If *you* won't have it, let me come; if you don't move I'll ride over you, &c. &c.,' every moment becoming more furious. At length one of the field rode up and told him that it was an old pollard ash tree in the fence that he had been swearing at. How he escaped real bad falls was a miracle.

One of his best hunters was a wonderful safe conveyance; she was a white ticked mare with a very light mouth—a pleasanter animal to ride could not be; but his heavy hands

did not suit her delicate mouth, and she used to throw up her head badly with him. I saw her one day hit the squire an awful bang on his forehead, and he gave her 'Jack's alive' round the field, and when he eventually pulled her up and I offered to hold her whilst he got righted, I found him in a woful plight: both the glasses of his spectacles were broken, and it was marvellous that none of the glass had gone into his eyes—he was a game old boy and no mistake. One of the best horses he bred I sold for him to Colonel Blundell for £300, who hoped to win the Grand Military with him; but, through some accident, it didn't come off, though I believe the horse was good enough.

Old Will Smith hunted the Brocklesby in those days and showed some good sport. I recollect a good story of him, which I often quote when wishing to demonstrate that no quarrel or petty spite ought ever to interfere with any sportsman's fellow-feeling towards a brother Nimrod when in difficulties. An old sporting parson of much experience in the hunting-field, used to act as master when Lord Yarborough was not out, and he and the huntsman were old cronies who knew every yard of the country. It so happened that another sporting parson, not half a bad sort, an own brother to a M.F.H. of high renown, was given a living in the Brocklesby country: he was a good man to hounds, but a bit short of cash—result being that both his two horses and his hunting-kit were much past their best. This new parson had made himself obnoxious to the huntsman, as well as to the deputy-master; the one disliked him as much as the other. One day when the hounds were running fast and the young parson was going well, he met with a terrible mishap; for, as his horse made an extra effort in negotiating a fence, suddenly both girths broke, and, though the rider was not hurt, yet there he stood by the side of his horse utterly done for. Just then his two enemies hove in sight: the parson, inwardly chuckling at his discomfiture, 'passed by on the other side'; the old huntsman said nothing, but as he passed he cocked up one leg and then the other, unbuckling one of his girths the while, and threw it to his foe. Which of the twain, think you, was friend to he that fell from his horse? We will allow that both these old cronies were equally good sportsmen, and equally good haters of their unfortunate enemy; but what a wide difference there was in their humanity!

I think you will agree with me that it was very long odds on the man that blew the horn on week-days, against the one

that gave out the hymns on Sunday. The one was real glad to see his foe on the floor and would not help him; the other, though perhaps not over sorry to see him discomfited, yet felt bound to do what he could for him. The parson rejected, but the huntsman put in practice the most useful of all injunctions: 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you'; and again, 'If thy enemy thirst give him drink'—both which, literally rendered in fox-hunting lore in this case, mean: 'If a man loses his girths give him one of yours.' Yes! a good old sort was Will Smith of the Brocklesby.

One of the most remarkable men in the hunt was old Tom Brooks, who, although he rode 14 or 15 stone, was very hard to beat when hounds ran. He never wore socks or stockings, and I don't believe ever felt cold in his feet; directly he came in from walking or riding, he used to pull off his boots and put his feet in cold water. Tom had two sons, the younger of whom, Harry, was educated at the Bluecoat School, and during his holidays he used to ride an old grey pony, and in his long blue coat, yellow stockings, and bare head he was good to see a long way off; but he often went the shortest way with hounds, and is now as good a rider and as smartly turned out as any one in the hunt. Old Jack Skipworth is still to the front; no man has seen a more varied life than he, and many good stories are told of him when he served as a volunteer in Don Pedro's army in Portugal. I never knew a man so passionately devoted to fox-hunting and all that pertains to 'the animal'; it used to be said that there was not a litter of cubs laid down that the Captain did not know of and keep his eye on, till they were fit to take care of themselves. He was also a first-class steeplechase-rider.

The finest specimen of a British yeoman I ever came across, was one of our tenants, E. Davy, of Worlabay. I did not make his acquaintance till early in the sixties, when he took a farm of Squire Corbett's of 1500 acres, at a rent of £3000 a year; but I soon found out he was a wonder. He weighed then about 20 st. and was fond of having a look at the hounds; but in his younger days, when he could ride 12 st. 7 lb. at a pinch, few men could beat him over a country between the flags, and many a score times have I set the old boy going on his favourite subject. He had bought a young horse, three years old, when grazing in a pasture, and, having broken and backed him, gave him the name of Gaylad. As soon as he found out his extraordinary powers of jumping and staying under heavy weights, he started on a tour round the



principal steeplechase-meetings, such as Newport Pagnell, Aylesbury, Brixworth, and many others; all the fences being natural, no trimming and cutting down, but simply a flag stuck in the hairiest place in the fence, which you had to leave on the left or right, according to the formation of the course. Gaylad (he used to say) was never beaten but once, and that was when a friend rode him (I fancy it was in a sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each) at Rugby, and ever afterwards he rode the horse himself, until he sold him to Elmore for 1000 guineas, and a hundred more if he won the Liverpool; and this he did in 1842 (at this time it was a sweepstakes, 12 st. each for all ages), with Tom Oliver on his back, and the fire with which he used to narrate the leading features of that race was well worth listening to, and so thought many of my friends whom I have taken over to have a chat with the old gentleman.

Elmore ran Lottery as well as Gaylad, and he backed Lottery to win a bigger stake than he did the other. That paragon of steeplechase-riders, Jim Mason, rode Lottery, and Tom Oliver, Gaylad. Both horses stood up, and on jumping into the course by the Canal Bridge, were only separated from each other by Seventy-four (a grey horse, I think he was). Well, Lottery was leading till close to the last fence, when Jim Mason found his horse tiring, and he took off his cap and waved it to Tom Oliver to come on if he could, and, as old Davy expressed it, 'He did come like a shot out of a gun,' and Gaylad won the race and the old boy's extra hundred. But no description on paper can touch the old man's spirited recital: he used to froth at the mouth, and bring his huge fist down on the table with such emphasis, that it made the glasses hop about (for we generally had a 'little cold with' when this subject was broached).

Poor old Davy, he died in 1891, and I miss him much; he was a real honourable, energetic, and clever man, and as good an agriculturalist as ever paid harvest-wages. He was fortunate in having married one of the best of women, and their produce—four sons and a daughter—have taken after their parents. The pick of the basket now farms the 1500 acres his father did, but the rent has dropped from £3000 to £2000 a year, and not far short of £8000 has been laid out in bricks and mortar on that farm alone—a loss of 33 per cent. in income, let alone the money sunk in improvements. But I must hark back to the hunting-field again. I used to get a day now and again with the Southwold and Burton packs,

with both of which I have had some very good fun. Lord Henry Bentinck, who was then master of the Burton, was very keen, and rode some very good horses, besides possessing plenty of them.

He used to put up at the White Hart at Lincoln, and was a cynical old boy, a fast friend and a good hater. I am afraid I annoyed him very much one very hot spring day, when hounds had run a fox to ground in a big woodland near Market Rasen; for when they began to draw again, the blessed dogs languidly trailed along in lines, one after each other wherever the cover was thinnest, and presently, coming to some old gravel-pits half full of water, pretty well every hound in the pack plunged in, little caring for the solicitations of their huntsman to 'roust him out,' or 'have at him.' So, as business was very slack, I innocently asked if any gentleman had a pack of cards about him, so that we might vary the entertainment. Alas! my ill-advised remark was repeated to Lord Henry, and he did give me a black look or two, I can tell you, and, *sotto voce*, reckoned me up right bitterly—as so good and generous a sportsman had every right to do. He was a great loss to the country when he passed away. The young squire of Blankney was his successor, and right well did Harry Chaplin keep up the prestige of the pack, both on the flags and in the field, and few men of his weight rode better to hounds. I also got a day or two occasionally with Lord Galway, a man after my own heart, the very keenest either in the saddle or with the gun that I ever met, and his way of talking reminded me much of George Payne, and that is a compliment I could pay to no other man.

Two or three times my wife and I went to stay with Peel of Bryn-y-Pys, my good old pal of Eton and Oxford days, a first-class host, and a good rider, and we had some pleasant days with Sir Watkin's hounds, then hunted by old Walker, a typical man of his craft and a daring horseman in that peculiar country, as well as a charming old boy to have a chat with. During one of these visits we varied our sport by a day's coursing on some pastures beside the Dee, and, as bad luck would have it, I lost a nice mare.

Not long before, I had been down to some country races on a common near Hungerford, and took a great fancy to a good-looking mare that won the Yeomanry race, and I bought her for £130 and took her down with me to Bryn-y-Pys. On this afternoon, whilst the dogs were being put into the slips, I proposed to a friend that we should try the speed of our nags

to a given point some three or four hundred yards off, and away we started. My new purchase won comfortably ; but I had no sooner pulled her up than she gave a lurch or two, and, before I could make out what was the matter, down she fell on her side giving my head a nasty jar on the turf. As soon as I could extricate my leg from under her, I jumped up ; but the poor mare never moved—she must have burst some blood-vessel internally. I got a friendly farmer to put my saddle and bridle in his trap, and walked to the Dee side (which was in flood), and a man in a coracle offered to take me across, and, as it would save a trudge of a mile or two to the nearest bridge, I stepped into the frail barque and sat as still as a little mouse (?). Just as we got within 20 or 30 feet of the opposite bank the coracle began whirling round and round, and we found we had run on some old submerged stump or snag, and fully expected to see it peep through the tarpaulin that covers the framework of this peculiar craft. However, by dint of shifting our weight, at the imminent danger of a good ducking, we swung clear, and I was precious glad to find myself on *terra firma* again, though much crest-fallen at having lost my poor mare.

When I got back to Elsham, the squire, in a most handsome manner, gave me a cheque for £100 towards buying another nag, which was an ebullition of generous feeling on his part that I had not given him credit for, and I accepted it as a cheering omen that he was getting fond of his son-in-law. I am not quite sure I hadn't hinted that 'I had bought the mare for his daughter to ride.' Well, you know in those days we shared everything—a very cosy arrangement, and one that suited me right well.

## CHAPTER XIX.

I Begin to be Short of Money—Some of the Reasons why—Take to Racing as a Means of Remedying the Evil—A Few Words on ‘The Art of Self-Defence’—The Fight for the Championship—There and Back again for £5—The Special Train—At the Ring Side—Contrast between the Men—The Fight—Police—A False Alarm, but Ring broken up—My Impressions as to the Probable Result had the Battle been Fought out—My Wife lets the Cat out of the Bag—General Enthusiasm and Interest to Learn Details of the Fight—The *Times* Triumvirate—A Few Words about Evans’—The New Club—The National Sporting Club—Slavin and Jackson—A Genuine Display—High Price of Seats—Room Completely Filled with Spectators—Victory of Jackson.

WITH a fresh chapter I commence to record a state of affairs that I fear is by no means novel or fresh with me, namely, that about this time I began to get very hard up, although with our joint income of £1700 a year I admit we had no right to be, seeing that we could stop as long as we liked at Elsham; but, of course, that meant a very quiet, not to say dull, life, and a certain restraint inseparable from living in another person’s house. Then, again, it was imperatively necessary that we should have a house in London every now and again, for when our firstborn, Frank, was nearly two, his little sister Polly arrived to keep him company. Well, you couldn’t take a decent house for the season in London under £500, don’t you know. Then you couldn’t expect your young and lovely wife to drive about on fine days cooped up in a brougham; so she must have a park phaeton and a pair of nice-actioned horses to drive in it. Then, as she was such a perfect rider, she must of necessity do Rotten Row on as exquisite a hack as her dotting hubby could find; so he gave £250 for one, and, when that began to lose its action, £300 was pulled out for another.

Of course I might have done as many rich husbands (I am ashamed to say) do—mount my lady on a forty pounder, warranted to hammer up and down the Row in the morning,

and trail the brougham in the afternoon, and *vice versa*; but I was proud of my girl's equitation, and without doubt she and her hack were graceful ornaments to the Row. These almost necessary expenses played havoc with our limited income, so I felt in duty bound to try and increase the balance at my banker's, or perhaps more accurately speaking to diminish the deficit, and the only means I could hit upon for acquiring wealth legitimately, was by giving more time and attention to the 'Sport of Kings,'<sup>1</sup> and so it came to pass that we paid many pleasant visits to friends who lived in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, and either took a house ourselves, or shared one with others for Ascot. Every July for some years we occupied the same rooms at the Bedford at Brighton, for Goodwood and the Sussex fortnight, and merry times we had and no mistake; if I won we spent it, and if (as sometimes must happen) I lost, well, I insured my life at three per cent. and borrowed a bit of ready on it at the office at five—a most legitimate financial arrangement, as all must admit; but eight per cent. must, sooner or later (sooner for choice), seriously curtail one's income.

It stands to reason (no query about that) that, if you *do* bet, it must be much safer to back your own horses that you ought to know all about, than to wager on other people's; so I invested a small sum, as a commencement, on a plater or two, and then gradually increased my stud in quantity and quality during the twenty odd years I owned racehorses; till in 1884 I got broke, and have remained jolly well *cassé* ever since. Some of my experiences as an owner I will try and recollect later.

Though I may shock the refined feelings of my fair readers, I purpose now to touch on the championship of the world. Up to the sixties, England could claim to be *facile princeps* at every athletic sport, in the nineties we are out of it altogether. Can the advance in education be the cause? I rather lean to the notion myself. In my time I have seen many real good men with their fists, and have taken a lot of interest in the 'noble art of self-defence,' and though never a flier myself, yet I was useful, and learnt enough to imbue me with sufficient confidence that in any ordinary riot I could take my own part with my bunch of fives, and that therefore I had no need to carry a revolver, dagger, or even a heavy stick—the latter a cumbersome article which in a row you might drop or have

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Jorrocks claims hunting, not racing, to be the 'Sport of Kings.'—EDITOR.

wrested from you; but your knuckles you cannot leave behind, nor can they be borrowed of you.

Talking of a row, I mean where the vigilant 'bobby' has got it into his head that he ought to interfere with your liberty and lock you up, or run you in. Now, when you find the 'man in blue' close on you, and you are desirous of getting a good start and trusting to your speed and knowledge of the locality to get you out of the scrape, at this exciting juncture, I say, use your knowledge of the art; of course you must not mark the 'hoffer,' but just up with your hands and feint with your left at his tummy—he is pretty sure to bring his head forward; and, even if he don't do what I suggest, try with your right to knock his hat off—it's 100 to 5 he stoops to pick it up—then give him a good shove (mind, don't assault the officer!), and before his stomach reaches the ground, start off at your best, and with luck you ought to get round one, if not two, corners before the custodian of the peace has righted himself, and put his (maybe squashed) hat on again. I am not guessing, because I have tried it; but then it was in the fifties, when the police wore tall hats and I was speedy; but I am wandering from my topic.

On the 17th April, 1860, Tom Sayers, champion of England, aged 34, weight about 11 stone, height about 5 feet 10 inches, was matched against J. Heenan (the 'Benicia Boy'), aged 26, weight 13 stone, and height 6 feet 1½ inches, for the championship of the world; and this battle was really an international one, and it created immense excitement in both hemispheres, not only amongst sporting men, but also amongst the most refined and highly cultured of all degrees and both sexes, to very many of whom the term 'prize fight' was up to that time associated with everything that was most blackguardly and disgusting. Well, as I had been to many merry mills, and was not averse to seeing two well-trained boxers try conclusions (that is an inoffensive term I flatter myself), I, and three other pals, made up a party to go together wherever we were told; and right well the secret of the rendezvous was kept—all the information we could obtain was that a train would leave London Bridge 'twixt three and four on the morning of the fight. You may be sure we were there in good time, and provided with a nice little hamper of food and liquid, calculated to sustain us for a twenty-four hours' outing, if necessary.

We ensconced ourselves in a first-class carriage, having each paid £5 for a ticket with the somewhat vague inscription on

it 'There and Back'; and we were told not to trouble our heads or ask any questions at the stations we might have to stop at; but that when our train pulled up at some nice quiet spot, not one hundred miles off, we should see the ropes and stakes duly set up, and were to hasten to the ring-side and secure good places. When our train arrived at Redhill Junction, we were shunted off the main line and found ourselves steaming towards Farnborough, just short of which the train stopped, and we all bundled out. After clambering over a fence or two, we took our places at the selected spot, the ring being pitched on a nice level bit of turf on the Aldershot side of the line. Our train had been dodging about for some time, as far as I recollect, and it was past midday before the men appeared.

No time was lost in turning them out ready for the fray, and, gentle reader, you won't be surprised to hear that, as the day was warm, they mutually agreed to dispense with any gloves, and, lest they might spoil their clothes, they stripped to their waists. Wonderful fit and well-trained they both looked and felt. The contrast between the two men was most remarkable. Heenan was a perfect model of a big man, his skin was as white as a lily, and he looked delicate; his only fault (for a fighting man) was his too pretty waist, he lacked power across his loins. Sayers was as brown as a berry and looked as hard as nails, was square across the shoulders, and much more powerful as to his loins than his rival. Then, again, Heenan was three to four inches taller, two stone heavier, and eight years younger than Sayers. I can recollect quite well now, that a feeling of dread came over me when the men stood up and shook hands, and on the referee calling time, put themselves in position for the first round.

One reasoned after this wise: could our little man, wonder though he was, ever reach the stranger's optics, and would not his age, and the hard life he had led, tell terribly against him? On the other hand, one was cheered with the knowledge that he had licked as big, and as heavy men, on several occasions, also, that out of his fourteen battles he had only been beaten once, and then by the very cleverest of his day (Nat Langham), in addition to which our champion had proved himself the very gamest of the game; we had moreover to learn how the stranger would take his gruel, and of that he was sure to have a good dose.

'Time! Order, please!' The battle has begun. Sayers when sparring stooped a bit and kept his guard very high;

Heenan stood bolt upright and kept his hands low, and his arms playing loosely from the shoulder. Wonderful to relate, Sayers seemed to have little difficulty in getting over Heenan's guard, and his blows seemed to have more powder behind them than the big man's—at any rate they marked the softer texture of the 'Benicia Boy's' delicate skin, soon causing his eyes to look very queer; but Heenan was very busy, and every now and then got home a swinging blow. It was in guarding one of these heavy lunges that Sayers' right arm was seriously injured, in fact rendered almost useless. At the end of two hours it was a toss-up which man would win. Heenan was nearly blind, though strong on his legs; while Sayers was getting very distressed and groggy on his pins—suddenly a cry of police was raised and the ring was broken up.

It now became a case of *sauve qui peut!* I don't believe there was any cause for alarm, as only a solitary 'bobby' hove in sight, more out of curiosity than any other motive (not sure he was not bird's-nesting), but all skedaddled towards the train that was waiting for us on the line, and, as I was running across a meadow, I saw Heenan tumble—there was quite a small grip or surface drain in the field—but, though his legs were all right, his eyes were bunged up, and over he went. This ended the international championship in a not altogether satisfactory manner.

My own impression was that, had it lasted another ten minutes, Sayers would have been unable to come to the scratch; but, on the other hand, if he could, Heenan would have been too blind to find him. So it was given a draw, and both men were presented with a belt; Sayers resigned the championship and never fought again. A subscription was raised for him and a goodly sum subscribed, with which a life-annuity was purchased for him; but, though his physique and pluck were undeniable, he had no sort of self-control, and couldn't say 'no' when offered a drink by well-meaning but idiotic admirers. I once met him in Trafalgar Square, and, seeing how dicky he looked, I expostulated with him and told him he would soon kill himself if he didn't keep his elbow down. His reply was, 'How can I? How many sorts do you think I have taken between Saint Martin's Church and Charing Cross? Why, twenty-two!' And so the gamest and most resolute man when in condition, became the softest and most irresolute creature when out of employment. He passed away, and it is the old price—1000 to 5—we ne'er shall look upon his like again.



Now, to end the story of that championship day. We did get 'There and Back,' and seldom have I been more tired. Nevertheless, I had to escort my wife to dine with some real swells in Prince's Gate, so braced myself up for the job; but as I mounted the stairs to the drawing-room, full of highly-cultured males and delicate-minded females 'all in the book,' I felt I must disguise my whereabouts for the past eighteen hours, and fondly thought I had squared my better half not to mention the subject. But, no sooner had we entered the richly-furnished apartment, brilliant with light and the sparkle of jewels, and redolent with the fragrance of the choicest exotics (quite different from our 'There and Back' stuffy saloon), than I with the greatest astonishment heard Lady 'High Church' asking Lord 'Woolsack' if it was true that *dear* Tom Sayers had had his arm broken by that horrid huge American. The Bishop of 'Farnborough' also was being congratulated by Lady 'Suffering' that the championship had been brought off in his immediate neighbourhood, and as, of course, he was there, could he tell her all about it, &c. &c. Then I heard my wife let the cat out, when our hostess told her she was dying to hear all particulars, and was her hubby, the Colonel, there? I was immediately surrounded and catechized in the most searching manner by all the women in the room, and had not his Lordship (our host) in the most authoritative manner seized Lady 'High Church' and half dragged her down to dinner, our *tortue claire* would have been cold and spoilt. Yes! it was very funny to note the enormous interest that championship produced, even amongst the most namby-pamby and simpering of females.

There was a long leading article in that most proper of all papers, the *Times*, on the day after the fight, and so high and full-flavoured were the encomiums heaped on the combatants and the noble art generally, that it was currently reported by those in the know in Paternoster Row, that the proprietor and editor were going into strict training. Doctor Russell was to see fair play and hold the watch, and, if he could get rid of 3 st. of adipose tissue, he was to take on the winner, on condition that neither the merry twinkle of his left eye, nor the humorous winkle of his dexter orbit, were to be in any way interfered with by the gouty or mutton fist of his antagonist. However, the stakes were never made good, and the *tempora triumvirate* kept their tempers, so the temptation evaporated.

Talking of stakes, isn't it remarkable that the two best

gladiators in the world were content in 1860 to risk their reputations, and, maybe, the alteration of their profiles, for £400 without gloves, and now in 1893 the pick of the present race of sparrers won't put on their gloves unless they have from £1000 to £5000 offered them? March of education indeed! why, now a man with a fair knowledge of the noble art can earn more money with his gloved hands in an hour, than most senior wranglers do in a decade, though, instead of putting their gloves on, they burn the midnight oil with a wet towel wrapped round their aching brows. I have not yet (1893) given up an occasional peep at the ropes and stakes now so deftly fixed in the boarded floor of the Covent Garden building, that once was popular under the name of 'Evans,' and renowned for melody of a very varied description, and where I have enjoyed many a real hearty laugh and a toothsome supper at the same time. I don't know—worse luck!—where you can now bring off the double event—do you?

Subsequently, this same structure was well known as the New Club, and there many a first-class concert and finished charades were enjoyed by the upper crust of the fashionable world; but that speculation having failed, it is now the home of the National Sporting Club, and though the society there (all male) is a little mixed, yet the boxing competitions, and an occasional contest, are well worth seeing, and wonderfully well conducted. It was there last year I witnessed P. Jackson (the coloured champion) and F. Slavin, a real well-matched pair of heavy weights, spar for a very large purse, and a rattling good show it was; the amphitheatre was full to repletion (many of the best seats fetched £25 that evening). It was a real genuine display of boxing, and ended in the victory of the darky, who perhaps ought this day to be champion of the world, and a very civil, well-spoken man is Peter Jackson. Now I won't bother my readers any more about boxing, though personally I hope to witness, for years to come, many a good set-to, and wish the noble art of self-defence may prosper and be long appreciated.

## CHAPTER XX.

A Trip to Baden—Paris *en route*—The Board of Green Cloth—My Wife's System of Backing Number 31—Vultures of the Tables—No Luck—My Notes Diminish Daily—The Duke of Hamilton and his Team—Baden Steeplechases—Vicomte Talon—A Real Good Rider and a Plucky One—The Baths at Loesche—A Shooting-Party—Gorgeous Costumes the Order of the Day—*Le Roi de Chasse*—A Few Words about Pigeon-shooting—The Old Red House, Battersea—Frank Heathcote—Beeswing, Ancient and Modern—A Tough Antagonist in Sir Hedworth Williamson—Sixteen All—A Lucky Kill—Sir Richard Sutton—Ninety-two out of One Hundred Pheasants with Flint and Steel—The Present Duke of Devonshire Wrecks my Book on the Pigeon Handicap by Winning it—Nice Odds, 100 to 2 Twice—Hornsey Wood Built over—Gun Club, Shepherd's Bush.

As both self and wife were fond of seeing life, and not averse to a turn at the tables or a peep at the board of green cloth, we decided a trip to Baden-Baden would be a nice change for us ; so, leaving the turtle-doves, or two young Astleys, under the supervision of their grandpapa, who was highly honoured by the confidence we reposed in him, we started in August, soon after the expiration of the Sussex fortnight.

Of course we travelled *viâ* Paris, where we spent a few days and looked up our haunts of '58, and duly arriving at Baden, we took possession of some pleasant rooms in one of its best hotels. We soon found that a fair sprinkling of our friends were located at this gay and idle rendezvous, and we made up many a pleasant little dinner-party at the restaurant of the Kürsaal, adjourning afterwards *en masse* to the spacious rooms then dedicated to *trente et quarante*, and roulette. As our capital was limited and we were new to the use of the rake, we began by staking only small sums ; but as our insight into the merits of these games of chance became sharpened, we put down our money with more nerve and dash, and, gaining confidence in the croupiers, occasionally left our winnings down for a run ; but, deary me, though we (as Lord Tommy once described his doings at roulette) played right well, yet we had

no luck, although, fortunately, we didn't lose much ; nevertheless we could not make a pile.

My good lady had discovered a certainty (at least it was *almost* a certainty, and I don't mind telling you the secret): she would sit tight till she saw number 13 come up at roulette, and then dash down her coin on number 31,<sup>1</sup> and, curiously enough, she brought it off several times ; but, from experience, I can affirm that even that well-thought-out, though not very complicated, idea, is not good enough to bet upon. Of course, some of our friends, old hands at the game, confided to us systems by which it was next to impossible to lose ; but most of these good things require an amount of capital to carry them out which we didn't possess, and I confess that neither my brain nor my purse were ever equal to the strain. It was very amusing to watch the twitching countenance of some nervous players, and the phlegmatic *sangfroid* of others ; what irritated me most was the cool impudence of some of the old girls, who from time to time I found placing themselves next to me.

I presume they put me down as *un Monsieur très doux*, not to say *bon garçon*, well suited to their little game, which was simplicity itself. One or other of these old hens would wait till I staked, then, just as the croupier was declaring *le jeu est fait*, she would pretend to stake too, but never left it down ; if I won and was being paid, she calmly raked in my money, and when I mildly protested that she was appropriating my coin, she broke out into a paroxysm of fury, and in strident tones declared, '*Mais, dit-on, c'est à moi, Monsieur ; absolument c'est à moi,*' and, if I didn't give in, she indignantly appealed to her accomplice, '*Mais, Marie, n'est-ce pas c'est à moi ? Vous me l'avez vu placer là dessus ?*' and t'other old hen promptly cackled her corroboration ; and as I confess to being very timid when having anything to do with aged ladies—especially those of any foreign nationality—I for peace and quietness' sake usually resigned my winnings to these old harpies. But sometimes the croupier, who knew well the *jeu de ces vieilles*, came to my rescue and declared he noticed me stake ; but not so my persecutors. These croupiers were not half bad fellows, and much appreciated an act of honesty.

It was the year Blackdown won the Goodwood Stakes. I had been a good winner that Sussex fortnight, and, having a mind to let some of my superfluous cash (what a mockery that sounds now I am so wonderful short of ready !) have a run,

<sup>1</sup> History repeats itself, as I believe that the Bank at Monte Carlo was broken in this very manner in April (1894).—EDITOR.

on starting for Baden I took with me twenty crisp £100 notes, and felt pretty sure (not certain, mind you) that with a good bank I could play 'Old Harry' with the management. Well, the very first night I played I put down one of my £100 notes and declared *le moitié* on the *rouge*; up it came, and the croupier raked in my note to see its value. After turning it over and over, and examining it most minutely (at one moment I fancied he was trying to get at its worth by smelling it), he said, '*C'est trois cents livres sterling, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur ?*' '*Non ; seulement un cent,*' I replied. He, not liking to own his ignorance, coaxingly averred, '*Mais non, c'est plus que ça,*' when suddenly one of the old hens above-mentioned gave me a nudge, and with a severe look whispered : '*Mais oui, Monsieur, il a raison. Soyez vous tranquille, il vous payera cent cinquante.*' But, though I fully appreciated that Satan in the disguise of this old hen was at my right hand, I rebuked and bade the said old hen go to Gehenna, while I firmly demanded : '*Cinquante livres seulement,*' which was paid, the croupier bowing with benign expression the while, and he evidently put me down as a *brave sabreur*.<sup>1</sup>

Well, when play ceased for that night I found I had several rouleaux of louis, and, wishing to change them for one or two of my notes which had strayed into the *banque*, I straightway tapped at the door of the bureau, where the croupiers were making up their gains, upon which an attendant opened the door and authoritatively informed me that under no plea could any one enter there ; but I insisted, and my friend the croupier above-mentioned appeared, and with many bows invited me to come in, and most civilly exchanged my louis for my £100 notes ; and this exchange went on for several nights. Still, my notes were gradually engulfed as luck turned against me, and soon I had nothing to barter for them. I finally kept the last of my twenty, with which to pay our return journey home. It was annoying to leave these nice crisp bits of paper behind me ; but I fondly hoped that, once back again at Newmarket, there were lots more of the lost sheep to be found on that jolly old heath.

Play was not the only amusement at Baden, for there was some capital racing at Iffetzheim, a very pretty course about five miles off ; and the display of brilliant equipages in and on which pretty well two-thirds of the visitors and well-to-do

<sup>1</sup> There may possibly be some who would hardly deem the foregoing sentences pure Parisian French. It is not *always* spoken at Monte Carlo, as many can testify.—EDITOR.

denizens of the Duchy drove to the race-course, was a wonderful sight. It was on that road that I first saw the present Duke of Hamilton; he was driving a splendid team of four white stallions with flying manes and tails, a real eye-opener. How folks would stare if that good Duke would only give us a show with a similar turn-out, at a meet of the coaches at the Magazine in Hyde Park!

The steeplechase course was very peculiar. On part of it, the horses almost disappeared from view in a broad track cut through the standing maize, and about half-a-mile from the finish the horses had to descend a very steep bank on to the flat race course; therefore it required fine nerve on the part of the rider to send his half-beaten horse safely down this miniature precipice. One of the Princes Esterhazy—a real good sort—rode the winner of the big steeplechase that year, and his success I put down to the pluck with which he chanced that dangerous descent. We—the English division—had great hopes of winning with old Bridegroom, who had won the Liverpool, and belonged to a cheery and good sportsman, ‘Cherry Angel,’ who was at Eton with me; but the peculiarities of the course puzzled our horse, and we lost a lot of money on him.

Vicomte Talon, the very pluckiest foreigner I ever knew, rode in the Grand Steeplechase; he had been ill for some time, but was determined to ride. He had only arrived at Baden that morning, and felt so bad he had to lie down in the jockeys’ dressing-room till it was time to weigh, and though we all tried to dissuade him, he mounted and rode the course, but was terribly exhausted when he got off his horse. I had known him well in the Crimea, where he was on the French Headquarters Staff; he rode in several of our race-meetings out there, and no cheerier comrade ever lived. I met him afterwards at Cheltenham Steeplechases, and that day he had one of the most frightful croppers I ever witnessed: his horse hit some stiff posts and rails and fairly rolled over him, and though insensible when carried to the weighing-room, he came to in time to ride again that afternoon. Poor Talon! he was the best ‘Froggy’ I ever knew, and so say all of us.

On one of our trips to Baden (I find from a letter I sent home in 1863) we journeyed *via* Paris and Geneva to Chamonix, and there took a ramble, which I thus describe: ‘The next day we went up the Montanvert, and crossed the Mer de Glace, a rather perilous performance for ladies, as you have to walk along narrow ridges of ice, with deep crevasses each side

of you, and occasionally mount or descend by steps cut in the ice; thence we returned by the Mauvais Pas, a path in the face of a declivitous rock where you held on by a rope, and so reached Chamounix again. Started next day over the Tête Noir to Martigny, and caught the train for Vevey, fourteen hours' journey, and jolly stiff we both were; however, the Hôtel de Trois Couronnes at Vevey is charming, and so we stopped there two days, remaining over Sunday, and I rowed the wife to Château Chillon and back, and looked up my old quarters at the Maison Puenzieux, where I lodged in 1847, and next day went by train to Sion, and then drove to the baths of Loesche, and funny baths they are!

'Next morning, very early, we were shown into a dark sort of cave, and felt our way into a large pool of muddy lukewarm water, with rude stumps stuck up here and there for seats. After paddling about in this dimly-lighted bath, we dressed and started at 6.30 A.M., and ascended the Gemmi Pass, a wonderful path cut zigzag in the face of a huge steep rock, up which the wife far outpaced me, and while I was blowing hard *en bas* I saw her *en haut*, looking more like a rosy apple suspended over one's head in a tree, than a matron struggling up a precipitous rock.

'We walked on six hours to Kandersteg, then took trap to Interlaken, where we arrived at 8 P.M. (a fairish day's work), and shall go on by Lucerne and Bâle to Baden, spend a few days there, then down the Rhine to Cologne, and home by the middle of September.'

During one of these visits to Baden, I was asked by Monsieur Benazet, the lessee of the Kürsaal and receiver of the coin realized at the tables, to take part in a day's shooting he had organized in the neighbourhood, and a most amusing day we spent. On mustering at the appointed spot, we numbered some twenty guns (over than under), and many of the *haute noblesse* were there, and not a few of these *grands chasseurs* were splendidly attired in costumes a long way in front of any I had seen before—more picturesque than serviceable, for the most part. Much pains had been bestowed on their headgear, for every hat or cap was bedecked with some trophy of the chase—pigs' tails, ears, and bristles were *de rigueur*, and tit-bits of the wolf, badger, fox, and roe-deer were, together with selections from peacocks' and pheasants' tails, evidently much prized.

Several of the most distinguished were attended by jägers, or keepers, each of whom was a perfect study, for much money

and thought had been bestowed on their venatic appearance. I felt humble, yet confident; humble, because my boating jacket, flannel trousers and straw hat, borrowed gun and freshly-caught boy to carry my cartridges, did not harmonize with the gaudy get-up of my brother shooters, and confident because I inwardly despised the killing powers of these picturesque sportsmen. A vast army of beaters had been collected, and they were deployed into a long line, stretching over a large tract of country, consisting principally of cultivated land, cropped with maize, tobacco, pulse, &c. As soon as the guns were posted, the advance was sounded by bugle-call; the game was soon astir, and the fusillade began.

Partridges and hares were fairly plentiful, and on the beaters coming up, we guns were conducted to the most *recherché* luncheon, at which I arrived later than the rest, as I had been hunting for a wounded partridge; and as I joined my comrades, the chairman (a tremendous swell) was giving the toast of the *roi de chasse*, that being the title of the party who had killed the greatest number of hares. As I was taking my seat, my neighbour asked me how many I had killed, and on my producing a handful of hare-scuts from my pocket, he counted them over, and, jumping up, excitedly informed the company I was the veritable *roi de chasse*, and my health was drunk with much enthusiasm; though I fancied there were a few of the tiptop and highly-caparisoned sportsmen who didn't quite relish being beaten by the party in boating-jacket and flannels. We had another drive in the afternoon, and so ended a most enjoyable day. Now, good-bye to Baden, and though I confess I never returned from there a winner, yet, what with the climate, the racing, the play, and the many curiosities of a mixed society, I always left it with regret.

As I have been describing my luck with the German hares, it may not be out of place to touch on an almost milder sport, but one which requires more nerve and quickness of aim—shooting pigeons from the trap. I had only been a few times to the Old Red House, Battersea, where all the best shooters of the day were accustomed to try their prowess at the trapped blue rock, and where the shooting principally consisted of matches at a certain number of birds for large bets; but when the Old Red House was done away with, and its site became part of Battersea Park, the venue was changed to Hornsey Wood, and there the principal attraction became large sweepstakes, and the good, moderate, and bad shots were supposed to be all brought to a level by the astute handicapping of old



Frank Heathcote (a near relative of the squire of that ilk), who then lived at the Durdans at Epsom, and was a well-known jovial and eccentric sportsman, who kept the Surrey Staghounds, and owned some racehorses; the best of them was the modern Beeswing (not to be confounded with the famous mare of that name), who won the Chester Cup for him, as well as several other good races.

Old Frank Heathcote was very successful at adjusting the distances at the Great Derby Dove Handicap of May 28th, 1863, the scale ranging from thirty-one down to twenty-one yards from the five traps. Writing from memory, I think there were sixty or seventy shooters. I stood at twenty-four or twenty-five yards, and was not well in at that; but, favoured by good luck (and some very useful second barrels), when I had killed twelve birds consecutively, only the present Sir Hedworth Williamson and myself had not missed, and we proceeded to shoot off the tie. There was plenty of chaff and mirthful badinage, but it was a real serious business for me, for I was just then suffering acutely from a more than ordinary attack of impecuniosity, and besides the handsome sweepstakes (I fancy it was £5 each), I had started a pretty little £100 book, on which I had got round and a bit over, having taken a liberty with some of the crocks I didn't fancy; so mine was not a square but a round book, you understand. Much to my satisfaction, my rival proposed that we should divide. 'Not me,' I said, 'I am going for the big money, my boy. Fire away!' and the poor doves had a bad time of it. We both killed the next four. I had an awful squeak with one of my birds, which looked all over like topping the boundary fence, but hit it and fell back dead, or, at any rate, was gathered.

Sixteen all, and up went the Northern Bart. (with a lot too much confidence to please me) for the seventeenth shot, and out of the wrong trap for him darted as slippery a little blue rock as ever cooed on a roof, and though slightly tickled, that dear little bird made its escape, and I grassed mine, and so won the handicap, killing seventeen birds consecutively—not a bad performance in those days, and, of course, there is no knowing how many I *could* have accounted for, don't you know.

Whether pigeons have deteriorated or not is doubtful, but it is quite certain that there are plenty of men who can beat my score now, and men of all nations, too; but arms of precision have wonderfully improved in the last thirty years.

All the same, we had an old keeper at home who solemnly declared to me more than once, that he loaded for old Sir Richard Sutton on one 1st of February, when he killed ninety-two cock pheasants out of one hundred shots, with a flint-and-steel Joe Manton, at one stand at the end of a fir-plantation at Elsham—how is that for high? I was not always so fortunate with my pigeon book, for well I recollect laying the present Duke of Devonshire 100 to 2 against himself, and on his challenging me to do it twice, I promptly acquiesced, thinking I had caught a flat; but it was a Tartar for my little volume of only £100, for he won the handicap, and that was my first introduction to the statesman whom Old England now honours, as the most disinterested and high-minded of all her sons.

When Hornsey Wood was built over, pigeon-shooting was revived at Hurlingham, and the Gun Club at Shepherd's Bush, and I used frequently to take my chance at the former pleasant grounds, but gradually resigned the unequal contest to younger and quicker shots.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Harking Back a few Years—How I took to Racing—Famous Horses I have Seen—Goodwood in 1849—Blink Bonny and the Leger—A Good Investment for Metropolitan and Chester Cup—A Dead Heat between Three for the Cesarewitch—George Fordham—Extraordinary Performance of Sweet Sauce—The Croagh Patrick Objection—The Stewards' Decision, Nine Months after the Race—I become an Owner of Race-horses—My First Purchase, Hesper—Richard Drewitt of Lewes—One of the Past Race of Trainers—Little Wonder, an Early Foal—Mrs. Drewitt and her Bonnets—George Fordham's Merits both as Jockey and Man—Trials at Lewes—Fordham's Loyalty to his Master—Hesper's Performances—Levity and Neptunus—The Grass Widow pulls me through—Farfalla—Add to my Stud—Disposing of a Tout—Blackdown's Trial for the Goodwood Stakes—Backing the Favourite—Blackdown wins!—'Gruncher' Greville—&c.

I MUST now try and write, as concisely as I can, my varied experiences of the sport I like best of all, namely, horse-racing. How I first took to it I know not, for none of my ancestors that I know of ever owned a racehorse; and though my father was wonderful fond of the animal, yet he abhorred any allusion to racing, and always declared that a race-course was the sink of iniquity. Why he was so bitter against it I never knew; maybe it was on account of having been swindled out of a considerable sum of money in his youthful days by the original Goody Levi, at a small country meeting which was held on the downs near Alresford, perhaps on the very same ground now so well known as the training-quarters of dear old Arthur Yates. That money was not lost in betting, but at a little game of chance with dice, which at that time was much in vogue where sportsmen congregated, and as the races were few and far between, they made out the time with a main of cocks, or by shaking the box. Be that as it may, the governor was rooked, and ever afterwards was full against racing.

I don't believe I was ever on a race course, barring a hurried rush to Ascot when I was at Eton, till after I joined the

Guards in 1848 ; and I think the first time I did a four-day meeting comfortably, was when quartered at Chichester, and we entertained a real cheery party in barracks for the Goodwood week. Ah ! those were jolly days, and no error.

We will skip over the intervening years till we come to 1856, the year I returned from the Crimea. When at the Houghton meeting at Newmarket I set eyes on the hardest and gamest bit of horseflesh that ever was shod—for he was not often plated—namely, Fisherman, by Heron, and owned by Tom Parr, who had a real good time that week, winning the Cambridgeshire with Malacca, and the Free Handicap with Fisherman. Here I must note that the Cambridgeshire Trial Plate (and it was a trial in those days) of 50 sovereigns was contested by 22 starters. But to return to Fisherman : he started thirty-four times and won twenty-four—twelve consecutively, straight off the reel ; in 1857 he started thirty-five times and won twenty-four ; in 1858 he started thirty-two times and won twenty-one ; and in 1859, twelve times and won twice. To sum up his performances, he started 113 times and won 71 ; these figures include walks over, and, mind you, these races were at all distances, and run on every description of course. Moreover, he very often walked or trotted from one race-course to another by road, for the poor old horse had a hard master, and it seems incredible that this good game animal ended his days in the Antipodes, where he sired a long list of good winners. It was wicked to let the good old slave leave England ; anyhow, I look upon it as a reproach to English sportsmen.

In 1857 Blink Bonny won both Derby and Oaks, and, to show the difficulty of handicapping horses by their performances in the book, Blink Bonny in the Oaks beat *Impérieuse*—who was only fourth—by 16 lengths ; yet in the Leger, *Impérieuse* won, and Blink Bonny was only a bad fourth. What a difference a quarter of a mile makes, don't it ? The *Cesarewitch* was notorious that year for the dead heat between three—*Prioress*, 4 yrs., 6 st. 9 lbs. ; *El Hakim*, 3 yrs., 6 st. 9 lbs. ; *Queen Bess*, 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lbs. When the dead heat was run off Mr. Ten Broeck substituted Fordham for a boy named Tankerley, and his mare, *Prioress*, won by a length and a half. T. Parr won the Cambridgeshire with *Odd Trick*, also ridden by Fordham. In 1858 Sir J. Hawley won the Derby with *Beadsman*, and Mr. Merry won the St. Leger with *Sunbeam*, having declared to win with *Blanche* of Middlebie, who was only third. In 1859 Sir Joseph won the Derby again

with Musjid. In 1860 Lord Ailesbury's St. Albans won the Metropolitan, and that afternoon I approached a very clever old bookie named Sargeant, and asked what price he would lay me against St. Albans for the Chester Cup; he promptly offered me 1000 to 30, which I jumped at, and whilst I was writing the bet down he somewhat contemptuously remarked, 'I suppose you know he has a ten pound penalty,' and I, equal to the occasion, replied, 'Yes, old boy, I do know, and I am not at all sure that I should have backed him with a 4 st. 7 lbs. boy round that course; but with a 5 st. 3 lbs. lad it is good,' at least so it turned out, and I never hedged a bob of it.

That cunning old bookie used often afterwards to ask me what I fancied would win some big handicap or other, but I never got so pretty a bet out of him again. St. Albans went wrong, and did not start for the Derby, but won the Leger, beating Thormanby (winner of the Derby) a long way.

That year Goodwood was the scene of an extraordinary performance by Lord Annesley's Sweet Sauce, who won the Stewards' Cup, six furlongs, and also the Goodwood Cup,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and, *mirabile dictu*, started first favourite for the Chesterfield Cup the next day, but was nowhere, and well I recollect George Payne administering some very 'strong sauce' to his friend Annesley for being so hard on his good horse, who, if I mistake not, had a dicky fore-leg before he won his first race.

1861 was a remarkable year. Lord Stamford ran two horses in the Two Thousand, and backed Imaus to win him a large stake, having tried him much better than Diophantus; but the latter won, and Imaus was nowhere. Kettledrum was second, and afterwards won the Derby from Poor Dundee, one of the greatest certainties that ever started for the race; but he broke down, though he gamely struggled into second place. The Ascot Cup was won by Thormanby, beating Fairwater, Parmesan, and St. Albans—a quartette hard to beat. The cute Ten Broeck astonished us Britishers by winning the Goodwood Cup with Stark, an American-bred horse; Wizard second, and Thormanby nowhere.

An Irish horse, Croagh Patrick, won both Stewards' and Chesterfield Cups; but six weeks afterwards was objected to by Captain Little and Sir Joseph Hawley, the two Josephs owning the second in each of these races, and, wonderful to relate, the objection was not finally settled till May 17th, 1862, nine months afterwards, when Lords Derby, Exeter, and Zetland thus worded their decision: 'We think we are not

justified in entering on the merits of the case with a view of disqualifying Croagh Patrick!' Though these were three good sportsmen, yet I think the stewards have come on a bit during the last thirty years.

1862 was a memorable year for me, for, after seeing Caractacus win the Somersetshire Stakes at Bath, I backed him to win me a good stake for the Derby at 40 to 1 (only the week before, mind you!), and as I never had a chance of hedging I had to stand the shot. There were 34 starters, and an unknown jockey (Parsons) rode Caractacus; his winning was a bit of real good luck for me, and how he beat The Marquis (who afterwards won the Leger) and Buxton 'no fellah could understand,' as Lord Dundreary would say. However, I determined to invest some of my winnings in a racehorse or two of my own, and I believe my first purchase was Hesper, a chestnut by Hesperus, a very good-looking and powerful horse, who, though he made a good bit of noise, had a wonderful turn of speed.

I selected Drewitt of Lewes to train him for me, and here I must say a word or two for that honest, good man. He was a particularly careful and good stableman, but knew nothing about handicapping horses or placing them, nor did he ever bet, and in my humble opinion the above attributes constitute the perfect trainer—at all events to an owner fond of his racehorses, and wishful to keep their merits to himself as well as to ensure getting the best price when he chooses to back them. I don't believe there are any of the Dick Drewitt school of trainers left.

One of his peculiarities was certainly uncommon, for I verily believe he thought as much of his breed of Berkshire pigs as he did of his horses. One evening when I arrived at Newmarket, and walked to the stables where my horses used to put up, I found Drewitt absent, and on his return I rather rebuked him for not being at the stables when I arrived; he naïvely remarked he had been to see his old friend Mat Dawson, as they had swopped two Berkshire gilts, and he wanted to know how Mat liked the pig he had brought him.

Drewitt when a lad had either been apprenticed to, or was employed in old Forth's stables, the trainer of Little Wonder, who won the Derby in 1840, and I frequently made him rehearse what he heard when Little Wonder was being saddled. The jockey, Macdonald, of course was present, and these were the orders that Dick told me that Forth gave: 'Now you mind and catch tight hold of his head and come truly through

with him, for he is an early foal !' Short and to the point, for there is little doubt he was foaled 'a year earlier' than his competitors were ! Good old Drewitt ! when I used to ask him, after a favourable trial, how much he would have on, he used to pull his waistcoat down with both hands, and say : 'Drat it ! I won't have anything, thank you, Colonel ; but if he wins, you will have to give the missus a new bonnet.'

Mrs. D. was a good old soul, all 14 stone ; so I much preferred giving her a bonnet instead of a gown, for she took a lot of stuff. However, you bet she didn't want for bonnets !

One great inducement to my training at Lewes was that George Fordham, who was apprenticed to Drewitt, constantly rode for the stable, and when out of his articles, though I gave him no retainer, he would always ride for me if his first master, Ten Broeck, did not want him. In my opinion Fordham was the very best jockey I have ever known ; though not a first-rate horseman, he had wonderful hands, never abused a horse, and was an extraordinary judge of pace, was never flurried, and always knew to a nicety where the winning-post was, and, above all, was a paragon of honesty.

On one occasion I was much struck with his loyalty to Mr. Ten Broeck. I had gone down with Fordham over-night to Brighton, and we had supper together before turning in. At daybreak we started in a cab and got out (as was my custom when I went down to try my horses) at a farm-house two miles short of Lewes, where two hacks awaited us, and we rode over the hills to the trial-ground. After two or three trials, we rode down to Drewitt's, and played havoc with an excellent breakfast, went round the stables, and travelled up to London together. It was just before the Derby, when Umpire was a great favourite, and I was dying to know what chance Fordham thought the horse had, as he was going to ride him ; but, though we talked much of the race, Umpire's name was never mentioned, and, in spite of our having spent so many hours together, 'The Kid' (as I called him) left me as ignorant of his opinion of his mount, as if he didn't know there was such a horse. How many jockeys are there now, who would not tell a casual acquaintance in ten minutes all he knew about his Derby mount ? and, mind you, there are not many owners who would not ask !

Well, to return to Hesper : I first ran him in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood ; but that was too far for him. However, he won me a selling-race, half-a-mile, that week. At New-

market Second October I made and won my first match, Hesper, 4 yrs., 9 st.; Arrogante, 2 yrs., 6 st. 7 lbs.; last 3 furlongs of A.B.<sup>1</sup> mile, and the old one won, six lengths. Same meeting he won another selling-race, half-mile, five lengths. Houghton Meeting he won a selling-race, half-mile, ten lengths; and yet another selling-race, when Lord Stamford claimed him. It was at this Houghton Meeting that Fordham matched his hack Levity, aged, against Jackson the bookie's (commonly called 'Jock of Oran') Neptunus, 3 yrs., last half of R.M.,<sup>2</sup> for £500, p.p. catch weights, and the little hack won, twenty lengths.

I had been doing a bad trade that week and was riding down to the course in a most disconsolate mood, when I was hailed by a good-natured grass widow, who was driving a smart pair of cobs, and on my pulling up she asked how I had been getting on, and, hearing of my bad luck, she whispered to me that 'she knew a *real cert*' (but I was to keep it to myself). 'Farfalla will win the Houghton Handicap to-day, and you will get a good price,' she said. The mare belonged to my friend Alexander; so before the race, I threw a fly, casually asking him whether she had any chance. He said none: he had seen her beaten in her trial, and his trainer told him she was coughing. I said I had heard a different tale and intended to back the mare; he put me down as a stubborn idiot. Good old Alec! he was straight as an arrow, but his trainer was not.

On riding up to the old betting ring I shoved my cob in between two of the party whom I expected would back Farfalla, if it was right, and on my asking the mare's price they both drew back their hacks and rode round to the other side of the ring; that convinced me that my information was correct, and the poor owner was in the cart. I got a good price, and plenty of it, and was delighted to see the mare roll home, and duly thanked my kind informant; for I was home on the week and a nice bit to the good. I don't know that one can give a better instance of the luck of racing, for I should never have dreamt of backing the winner, but should have been well on the second, Little Pippin, who was favourite, had it not been for the fair dame taking compassion on my rueful countenance. Two or three other selling-platers passed through my hands that year, but they did me no good; however, I had a real good year, and won £11,097, £4600 of which was at Epsom and £2550 at Newmarket Houghton.

<sup>1</sup> Abingdon Mile.

<sup>2</sup> Rowley Mile.



The next year, 1863, I had ten horses in training, and, though I had not the best of luck with them, yet they were useful. I bought Jack o' Hearts, 3 years, of old John Osborne, early in the year for £500; Bally Edmond, 5 years, of Saxon, for £500, and £200 first win; Rubicon, 5 years, of G. Fitzwilliam, for £300, and £300 first win; the two latter could stay well, and I hoped to have won the Cesarewitch with Jack o' Hearts, as old Osborne told me he was sure to get the course. So, as he had been beaten three times as a two-year-old, I determined to keep him till autumn; but I was not clever enough to do so, though, as it turned out, I should not have won the Cesarewitch had my horse been handicapped at 5 st. 7 lbs., instead of 6 st. 7 lbs., for Mr. Merry's Lioness won anyhow, with 6 st. 8 lbs. on her four-year-old back, and she started favourite, a position which her previous performances would certainly not warrant. However, I am forging ahead a bit too fast.

It happened that in our stable there was a good-looking though rather coarse chestnut three-year-old colt called Blackdown, and as he belonged to a man I didn't care a deal about, I never took much interest in the horse, especially as Fordham told me he had ridden him in a hurdle-race at some small local meeting; but about a fortnight before Goodwood, I was asked to try him with my horses, and then discovered for the first time that his owner and Drewitt thought a lot of him. So, after having drawn up an agreement in writing, to the effect that, if Blackdown won the trial, I was to do the commission and put the whole of the stable money on, I consented to try him, and having dodged the only real tout there was (I fancy I gave him a sov. to get into one of the shepherds' huts on the downs till after the trial was over), the result of the trial fortunately didn't get out, and Blackdown won so easily that—barring accidents—he looked a good thing for the Goodwood Stakes.

Well, I waited calmly till the race week, and, as luck would have it, old Mr. Greville ('Gruncher') had tried his horse Anfield, 3 yrs., trained by Alec Taylor at Manton, so that he could not lose the race; at least, so thought Greville and his friend George Payne. There was a lot of betting on this race in those days, and Anfield was quoted at 7 to 4 the day before; so, to prepare the ground nicely for my commission, after dining at the Bedford Hotel at Brighton, I strolled out with a cigar to the Old Ship Hotel, where most of the principal bookies put up, and, it being a fine night, no sooner did I

appear on the scene than Jackson, who had done himself a bit extra well, asked if I would back anything. 'What on the field?' says I. '70 to 40 to you, Colonel,' says he. 'I'll take it, my lad.' 'Right you are.' Twice, thrice, and so on up to ten times, when he pulled up. 'Twice that,' says I. 'Done,' says he. 1400 to 800 was duly recorded in our volumes, and as there was a nice little ring by this time formed round us on the pavement, the bookies were quite satisfied that the Lewes stable had no chance.

On the morrow, the owner of Blackdown came to me in a fearful state of mind, asking, 'Was it true that I had been backing the favourite, and what price did his monkey on Blackdown average?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I had backed the favourite, and as yet no other horse.' Well, when the numbers went up for the Stakes, I got out my pencil, and after a little haggling jotted down 20 fifties Blackdown, from old J. B. Morris, a sort of bellwether of the ring, upon which all the principal bookies swarmed round me, and I wrote down 20 to 1 to nearly all I wanted on. The only man who would not lay 20 was Henry Steel, and he said, 'No, I won't lay thee twenties, but thee can have 1000 to 60 three times up to flag fall,' and, it being a pretty bet to top up with, I took it; then I rushed off to find George Payne, and implored him to cover the large stake he had on Anfield, and he did; but old '*Gruncher*' would not chuck a penny away on the Lewes hurdle-racer. It was wicked of me, but I was rather glad he wouldn't, for I never could cotton to that acid old sportsman.

It was a fine race: I had told little Nightingall to make strong running with Jack of Hearts as far as he could, but as he had ridden in the trial I concluded he knew my horse had no chance; but, from leading Blackdown in his work the last fortnight, Jack had come on a lot, and to my dismay he led right into the rails, where his jockey gave him two cuts with the whip, and my visions of the Cesarewitch vanished. Blackdown and Anfield raced head and head from the distance, but our horse got the best of the struggle and won by a neck. I believe that was the best stake I ever won betting, but I cannot find my betting-book of 1863.

I had a real good week, for I won £8500, notwithstanding losing a lot of money over the March Stakes, when I thought I had an extra good thing in Cuckoo, 2 years; but she was easily beaten by Laura, 3 years, by Orlando out of Torment, belonging to Lord Westmoreland, and I was obliged to claim that well-bred mare for something under £400, and oh! the

row and bother there was over that claim I shall never forget. Poor Drewitt implored me to let his bosom friend, W. Goater, have the mare back or he would never be able to grasp his hand again, and, worse than that, he felt sure that W. G. would nevermore swop a pig with him ; but I was firm. I had backed my filly for a lot of money, and I was sure that any three-year-old that could give her weight for age must be a clinker in her class.

I had a good fair race over the Goodwood Cup that week too, having backed both Isoline<sup>1</sup> and Atherstone at 8 to 1 with Steel at Newmarket July. I thought Atherstone was good for it, but Steel would not lay me a fair price unless I backed another as well, so I took Isoline. Atherstone belonged to my cousin, John N. Astley, and just before the races, the first day, I asked him how the old horse was. 'Couldn't be better !' was his answer. On the second day I asked him again, when my cousin said, 'Well, I rode him this morning' (he weighed about 12 st.) 'and I thought he didn't like the ground ; so I have struck him out.' A child could have knocked me down with a feather ; however, Isoline was good enough, and I won a nice stake.

<sup>1</sup> Isoline was purchased from Tom Parr by Richard Naylor of Hooton, in whose colours she ran and won.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Laura Breaks a Blood-vessel—Sell her for £25—A Gold Mine to Gosden, the Miller of Midhurst—George Thomson—‘Major’ Booth and his Book—Catch ‘em Alive’s Sensational Cambridgeshire—Sammy Mordan on the Subject—Orphene—Health *v.* Wealth—Miss Landing a Good Stake—Hold the Whip with Bally Edmond—Races and Matches won by Hesper—Wynnstay—The Squire of Hooton and Biondella—I Ride Hesper off the Course at Shrewsbury—Sooner had a Fly—Frail the Courteous—I Lease Actæa for her Racing Career—Old Draper of Kettering—Clarke Thornhill of Rushton—Gladiator Wins Derby for the Frenchmen—The Financialist owns that he is Beat—Purchase Ostregor of C. Bevil at Huntingdon—Beat Frank Westmoreland’s Icicle, giving 4 Stone Odd—Actæa’s Running—She Wins the Cambridgeshire—Afraid to Trust her with much—Dr. Shorthouse makes an Error, but Apologizes and All’s Well—Death of Actæa—A Narrow Escape—The *Lincoln Chronicle*—An Extract therefrom—Saved!—Hermit’s Derby—My Folly—Harry Chaplin a *Real* Friend—Wonderful Generous Conduct—Match with Machell and Knight of the Garter—Ostregor Wins—The Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, Ostregor Wins, Five Lengths—Sold to Austrian Government for £3000—Offer £1000 to be off Bargain—No Go—Ostregor not a Success at the Stud.

I MUST now tell you a little more about Laura, the beautifully bred filly that I claimed in the March Stakes. I felt convinced that I had got a real good animal, which would bring me in a nice little pile if kept for some of the big selling-races at Newmarket Autumn Meeting, for there was always a lot of betting on them. Poor Drewitt’s feelings were already soothed a bit, and he and Goater had taken the friendly glass; so I told my trainer to take Laura home and give her an easy time of it, for I should not want her for two months. But, alas! not long afterwards I got a letter from the ‘honest one’ to say the bonny mare had broken a blood-vessel whilst gently cantering in front of some yearlings.

I got into the train and ran down to Lewes, and, sure enough, she did look bad, with her head hanging between her knees and all appetite gone, and I then made up my mind that she would never be worth a row of pins, either for racing

or the stud; and so thought that clever little vet. Mannington, of Brighton, who met me at the stables. However, we decided to give her one more chance, and I ran her at Newmarket; but she couldn't go a bit, and I believe bled again; and when I got down to Lewes afterwards, I told Drewitt he could give her to any of his farmer-friends to run out at grass, feeling convinced that she had lost her constitution as well as her form.

It happened that old Gosden, the miller of Midhurst, was in the stableyard at the time, and he said, 'Don't do that, I'll give you a pony for her.' 'Done with you,' said I, and he got a nugget indeed, for she bred him thirteen or fourteen foals, five consecutively, of which all could race, namely, Proto-Martyr, Fräulein, Lemnos, Rotherhill, and the last and the best of all, Petrarch. Of these, Fräulein was sold for £3500 or £4000 to Stirling Crawford as a brood mare, after having won a lot of races, and Petrarch was sold for £10,000 to Lord Dupplin, and the old gentleman was offered very large sums for the mare, but would never sell her. That was a bit of bad luck for me, wasn't it? I guess you will say it was bad judgment as well; but, you must recollect, I had no place then where I could turn a mare out.

That summer, George (*alias* 'Jig') Thompson rode two winners for me at the Bibury Meeting, Rubicon winning the Andover Stakes, 1 mile, and Bally Edmund the Gentlemen's Derby, 2 miles. 'Jig's' bodily weight was about 7 st. 4 lbs., and as old Bally carried 12 st. 8 lbs., it was a bit of a struggle for the little man to hug over 5 st. dead weight to the scales when he weighed in. A fine rider was 'Jig,' and a pleasant one; no nattier gentleman jock ever pulled on a boot. At this meeting, Booth the bookie (commonly called the 'Major') came whining to me, 'You never bet with me now, Colonel; why don't you bet with yer Booth?' So when the numbers went up for the Biennial (and there were 17 starters), I said, 'Now, "Major," what against King George?' 'I'll lay you 800 to 100,' says he. 'Twice,' says I. 'Done,' says he; 'he's got no chance,' and as he was ridden by F. Adams (elder brother to James) Booth looked to have the best of it; but The King won comfortably, and as the 'Major' had only a thousand-pound book on the race, I and my pals had great fun with him, for he was terribly crestfallen at having coaxed me to knock the bottom out of his book.

The Cambridgeshire that year was a sensational race. Catch 'em Alive won, ridden by Sam Adams, and trained by

William Day ; Merry Hart was second, but when the horses weighed in after the race, Merry Hart somehow was passed all right, but Catch 'em Alive couldn't draw the weight, and the stakes were on the point of being awarded to Merry Hart—and a wonderful popular win it would have been, for he belonged to Frank Westmoreland, that most charming of men, and he would have won a real good haul in bets—but on the third horse, Summerside, being found also short of weight, the scales were examined, and it was discovered that some wretch had fastened some sheet lead to the bottom of the weight-scale, and when that was removed, Catch 'em's weight was all right, and poor Frank was only second.

When I got down to the stables that evening S. Mordan (who was then apprenticed to Drewitt, and had won the Goodwood Stakes on Blackdown), a very comical lad, was describing to Drewitt what had happened in the weighing-room when Adams could not draw his proper weight, and I think I never laughed more than at his droll description, which ran thus : 'They gets a great big whip—lor! you never seed such a whip! As soon as Adams gets hold of it, down flops the scale, and hup goes the beam ; then when the whip was took away from him, hup goes the scale again. Then Mr. Day goes and stands close to the scale, and leans his umbrella on it, and as he was a-pushing he says, "There, Mr. Manning, he's all right ; look at the beam *now*, Mr. Manning," and lor! he was a-pushing, *surely* ; and when he was told to stand away, hup goes Sammy again, and down comes the beam. There, I never see such a job in my life, and they turned me out of the weighing-room coz I was a-laughing so and couldn't stop.'

Well, I finished up the Houghton week with what ought to have been a real good big win ; but, bad luck to it ! the rain came down in such torrents that many of the bookies could not stand it, and left the ring and sought shelter in their flies. I had a sharp touch of lumbago, and could not ride that day, so had given my commission of £2000 to two friends to do for me. Good old Henry Savile got me only £1500 to £1000, and t'other party only returned a level monkey ; so I only won £2000. If it had been fine I should certainly have won £5000, and perhaps £10,000.

I had bought a two-year-old of old John Osborne, Orpheus by Orpheus, and finding it could go a hopper, I borrowed Lord Burleigh, a very speedy four-year-old belonging to 'Cherry Angel,' and sent them half-a-mile up the Bury Hill

the day before this race. The young one won so cleverly that nothing but tumbling down could prevent its winning, and easy too. There were 16 runners in the selling-race; Sam Mordan rode, and Orphene ran up to her trial and won anyhow. She was claimed, and curiously enough she never won another race for her new owner, though she started lots of times. It was a case of just catching a filly at her very best. She had not cost me much at all events in keep: I bought her on Monday for £300, won £2000 on the Friday, and she was claimed for £100 the same day—not a bad instance of the nimble ninepence.

I challenged for the Whip at this meeting, and named Bally Edmond, and as no one accepted, I became the holder of that ancient trophy. In 1864 I had a bad year, my best meeting being Shrewsbury November, where old Hesper, 6 yrs., was the hero of the hour. It will be remembered that Lord Stamford had claimed him of me at Newmarket in 1862; he only ran him three times in 1863, and he won each time. During that winter he became the property of Mr. Kellie, who ran him several times, and in November the old horse was sent to Shrewsbury in charge of Ashmall the jockey, who was to sell him if he could for £300. On the 15th, Hesper ran unplaced for the half-mile handicap, when Mr. Naylor's Biondella was second.

I was staying that week at Wynnstay with good old Watty Wynn, as also was Naylor; and on our way home by train after the races, we were talking over the day's running, and Naylor fancied he was unlucky not to win with Biondella. I said I thought Hesper ought to have won that race, which idea Naylor ridiculed. So I said I would make a match with Biondella if I could get Hesper for £300, and on arriving at Wynnstay we wrote out and signed the match, and sent it to Frail. Next day I paid Ashmall £300 for Hesper, and ran him in a handicap; Fordham rode him, distance  $3\frac{1}{4}$  furlongs. The old gee won comfortably, and I landed some £1500 in bets. After the race the Squire of Hooton's face was a study, as he had evidently made up his mind the old horse was no use; however, on the following day our match came off, and Naylor confided to me he should save his stake by backing my horse. I told him he would have to be pretty nippy, for I meant laying all the odds I could, as it was a guinea to a gooseberry. The distance was only 3 furlongs, and Hesper won by four lengths.

Next day the old horse won a selling-race, winner to be

sold for £300, and as I had done so well with him I meant to let him go, for he made more noise than ever ; so I walked away when the auctioneer took his place, to avoid the temptation of buying him in. On my return I met friend Frail, the courteous clerk of the course, and asked who had bought the old horse? Taking off his hat, as only he and the late Duke of Beaufort could do it, he told me that he had bought him in for me at £560. I disclaimed the arrangement altogether, when he said, with a Louis Quatorze bow, 'It will cost Colonel Astley nothing, but I could not allow so good a supporter of my meetings to lose his horse ;' and so the fund (which meant Frail) lost £130 by the transaction.

On the morrow, I ran Hesper again in a race, three-quarters of a mile ; but he was beaten, as he never could get even that distance. I ran him the same afternoon in a half-mile handicap, and he won by three lengths, carrying 9 st. 10 lbs. ; so the speedy old gee won me three races and a match, which meant a nice pile at the settling day. I was so pleased that I had a leg-up, and rode him off the course amidst great cheering. Ere I got to the stable I much rued my temerity, and wished I was inside a fly : for, just as we approached the bridge over the Severn, there came up a side street a gilded car drawn by six spotted horses, with a circus band in full blast therein, which quite upset the grand old horse's equanimity, and by the way he caracoled and snatched the snaffle-bridle through my hands, I fully expected that every moment the round of beef would leave the plate, for I never did enjoy riding in a five, or even a seven-pound saddle. Luckily, the stables at the Barge Inn were over the bridge, and you may bet I wasn't sorry to take refuge in them.

Poor old Hesper ! he won me three races the following year : half-a-mile at Nottingham ; half-a-mile Epsom Spring, carrying *10 st. 10 lbs.*, beating Hodgman's The Gem, 3 yrs., 6 st. 8 lbs. (who was favourite), three lengths or more ; and finished up by winning a three-furlong handicap at Shrewsbury, his favourite battle-field, after which I sold him to a breeder in Yorkshire. The only other horse that did me any good this year was Dr. Syntax, whom I bought of old Billy Ashworth the bookie, who was hard up, for £200. I won a monkey with him, and sold him for a monkey. 1865 was the worst year I ever had. I think I must have gone a bit wrong in my head, for not only did I lose heavily, betting, but, like an idiot, I bought of James Smith (the owner of Rosebery in later years) Swordsman, 3 yrs., by Voltigeur out of Dividend,



and his half-brother Gladiator, 2 yrs., by Stockwell, and by some extraordinary means paid him £3500 for the two. Swordsman was no good, and never won a race for me. But I was wonderful unlucky with Gladiator; for, not only was he one of the best-looking two-year-olds I ever saw, but he could go too.

He won me a little race at Huntingdon, and then I ran him in the Champagne at Doncaster. Just below the distance he broke a blood-vessel so badly that he staggered and fell, and just as I was sending for a gun to have him shot, he got up and walked to his stable, and the greedy toad ate up a great big mash that evening just as if nothing had happened to him. He ran twice in 1866 and several times in 1867, but only won one race, the Claret at Brighton, and I sold him at a fair price to the foreigners.

That spring I bought a good-looking brown horse of Major Beresford—a real good Irishman, who had a horse or two at Drewitt's—Lord Douglas, 4 yrs., by Claret out of Chevy Chase. I tried him satisfactorily and he won me a handicap, three-quarters of a mile, the opening day of Newmarket First Spring Meeting, and I didn't forget to back him. I entered him again, and the old Admiral put him up so in the weights (more than a stone) that I thought he had but little chance. Deacon, a lad in our stable, rode him, and I told him not to knock him about, for he was very fond of using his whip, and to pull him up when he was beat. At the same time I took the precaution to take 1000 to 60 about him twice, for fear of accidents, as I never used to let the 'boys' knock my horses out. From my fly at the T.Y.C. I saw Deacon riding hard below the distance, and both he and I gave up all idea of his winning, when, presto! no sooner did he begin to pull his horse up and put down his whip, than Lord Douglas took hold of his bit and won cleverly. Wasn't it wonderful? as the conjurers say.

Fordham won the Claret Stakes on him at Brighton (an appropriate win for a son of Claret), and I had to give three dozen of that wine to the Brighton Club. At Doncaster, Fordham rode him again. I fancied him just above a bit, and he ought to have won anyhow; but that infernal bend in the course robbed me of my rights. Fordham was waiting, and as the horses swung round the curve they opened out sufficiently—as he thought—to give him a chance of getting up inside; but they closed in, and on trying for another opening, got shut out again; he then went round outside and

just got beat. I was much annoyed, but the poor 'Kid' was wild with himself, and, in floods of tears, blamed his stupidity for not going outside at first, instead of having to pull up his horse twice. I always maintain that a *bend* is worse than a *turn*, I would sooner back a horse for my bottom dollar round Tattenham Corner than the Doncaster or Kempton bends.

In November 1865, I went to shoot with my old pal Clarke Thornhill at Rushton, near Kettering, and Draper, the then landlord of the Royal Hotel, made me pull up and look at a yearling filly he had bred, and wanted me to lease her of him (for no man had money enough to buy her, he said); so out I got and went to his stables, and in a loose box, lit up by two or three tallow dips, was a very rough-coated, rather coarse-looking bay filly, with a regular Stockwell head, fair shoulders, extraordinary propelling powers, and plenty of bone, and over a glass or two of brandy-and-water the bargain was struck. I was to take the filly (she was by Stockwell, out of Electra by Touchstone) for her racing career, I to pay all expenses and give him half any stakes she might win. Well, we christened her Actæa. She took some time coming to hand, but after running five times, she won a little Nursery at Newmarket Second October.

I shall never forget the first time I tried her at Lewes with Hesper and another. Actæa ran very green and had but a small boy on her back: the whip or something frightened her, and she bolted and disappeared down a frightful steep hill-side. I galloped my hack to the top of the precipice down which she had gone, and, looking below, fully expected to see her and the boy lying in a confused heap at the bottom. Not a bit of it; they had negotiated the descent all right, and presently rejoined us none the worse.

This year's Derby was a memorable one, as a French horse won it for the first time, and a real good horse he was (some people thought he was a 'too early' foal), the mighty Gladiateur. Blair Athol had won the year before, and whereas he was afterwards nearly as good a sire as his progenitor (Stockwell), Gladiateur, on the other hand, produced nothing of any account. Talking of account, I find a note at the bottom of my ledger, in which I carefully kept all particulars of my betting transactions, to the following effect: 'Made out, October 28th, 1865, after the final smeller at the Houghton Meeting by J. D. A. himself, the financialist is, at last, beat.' And, doubtless, I thought so; but, having been a soldier, I was not to be so easily knocked out.

Consequently, I find in 1866 I had some more racehorses, the best of which was Ostregor, 4 yrs., by Stockwell out of Woodcraft's dam, whom I bought of old C. Bevil at Huntingdon Races for £2000, a monkey down and the rest paper. No sooner was the deal concluded, than I ran him in a small race there, and Billy Bevil rode him. I naturally tried to get back part of the purchase-money there and then by laying odds on him without compunction; but he got beat by Vespasian, 3 yrs., and that made Ostregor rather expensive. However, I took him to Goodwood, where he won me a little handicap, carrying 10 stone, beating Icicle, 2 yrs., 5 st. 7 lbs. Frank Westmoreland didn't believe it possible that any four-year-old could give his two-year-old 4 st. 7 lbs. This grand performance made me extra sweet on his chance for the Chesterfield Cup that same week; but he was only second to Broomielaw, to whom he was giving 11 lbs.

Never did any horse show such temper at the post as Broomielaw did that day, and had it not been for the masterly way in which that fine horseman, Custance, stuck to his horse, he would never have started, much less won—hard luck for me, but real jam for Harry Chaplin. Ostregor won me two races afterwards, one at Brighton and another at Newmarket Houghton, and this brings me to Actæa, 3 yrs., again. She had won a race at Stockbridge, and the Leger at Stamford, showing fair form, and then I ran her in all four of the principal Newmarket Autumn Handicaps. She was third in Eastern Counties, second in October Handicap, and fourth in Cesarewitch. By this time I was run nearly dry, and had but little heart or coin to back her with for the Cambridgeshire; however, she won, and I netted only some £5000. She was ridden by Huxtable (father of the present promising light weight), carrying 6 st. 6 lbs., beating poor Frank again, whose mare Thalia, 3 yrs., 5 st. 9 lbs., started favourite, and was backed by him to win a very large stake.

I was very angry with old Dr. Shorthouse, who then owned and edited the *Sporting Times*, who described Actæa's winning 'as a well-planned coup.' There was a lot of planning about it surely, as no animal could have been run more honestly, seeing that she had been placed in the three previous races she had run in; however, that funny old boy apologized to me at Tattersall's, and I was real pleased with the win, for lots of my pals had backed Actæa, and I had three presents of bits of jewellery sent me after the race. The mare never won for me again, though I ran her eight times in the following year, and

I then returned her to old Draper, who again leased her for two years to Stevens, for whom she won eight little races in 1868, and three in 1869 ; she was ridden in all her races by that eccentric jockey, Speedy Payne, and was again returned to her owner.

Poor old boy ! he ought to have put her to the stud, but he confided to me he felt certain he could win the Cambridgeshire again with her, and I fancy trained her at home, never running her till the Cambridgeshire, when she fell, and breaking her thigh was destroyed on the course.

During the ten years between my marriage in 1858, and my father-in-law's death in 1868, I had run my horses in the name of S. Thellusson (a friend of mine who had some horses in Drewitt's stable), and this I did to avoid Mr. Corbett's knowing I was wicked enough to own racehorses. Now it so happened that after Actæa had won the Cambridgeshire, I decided to run her in the Liverpool Cup, and as we were staying that week in Lincoln for the county ball, I started by an early train for Liverpool, and my wife was to return home to Elsham by road that same afternoon. As I was getting into the train I bought a *Lincolnshire Chronicle* at the station, that weekly paper having been published that morning, and before I arrived at Retford, my eye fell on this horrible paragraph : ' Col. Astley, who runs his horses in the name of Mr. S. Thellusson, much to the delight of his many friends, won the Cambridgeshire last week with Actæa.' Well, that was a scorcher ! and I felt sure that if Corbett read it, he would take particular care I should never inherit a copper from him. So I cut out and sent the obnoxious paragraph by the guard of a train, giving him a douceur of five shillings to see that the note I sent my wife was delivered to her at Brigg on her way home that evening, and in it I impressed upon her the paramount importance of her cutting out the mischievous sentence the moment she got home, on the chance of the old squire not having read it.

My note was duly delivered, and on arrival she found her father busily engaged reading the *Chronicle*. With great presence of mind she waited till he left the room, and then cut out the paragraph, and when I arrived the next day (after Actæa had been beaten) all seemed serene with the old boy, and I verily believe he never knew of my delinquency, or his will would not have been so kindly worded in my favour. It was a squeak though, wasn't it ?

Now we come to 1867, a queer year for me, very. During the previous autumn I had made up my august mind that

Hermit by Newminster, the property of Harry Chaplin, could not stay a little bit ; so concluded I would secure a useful sum to back the winner of the Derby with, by laying 20 to 1 against Hermit to lose £8000. The squire of Blankney had, on the contrary, a strong opinion that his horse would win the Blue Ribbon for him. We often met out hunting, and I fancy I stayed at Blankney that spring for Lincoln races, and whenever we did meet he always tried to persuade me to stand to win on his horse, but all to no purpose, and presently the Two Thousand Guineas was run, Knight of the Garter being a good second to Vauban ; and as it was an open secret that Hermit was a long way in front of the Knight, I that evening tried to back Hermit back, and his owner hearing me offering to take twelve monkeys of Steel, he in the most friendly manner, after calling me an elderly fool, for not being on, instead of against, his horse, said, 'I will lay you 12 to 1 to cover your money, the night before the Derby : for I stand to win a big stake, and I want my friends to win too.'

I was overcome with gratitude at so noble an offer, and waited with composure the progress of events. Well, as everybody knows, Hermit, about ten days before the Derby, broke a blood-vessel when at exercise, and out he went to 100 to 1. The night before the Derby, at the Old Turf Club in Arlington Street, I saw the squire and condoled with him on his apparent bad luck ; it struck me that he thought his horse had no chance, for he had not done a canter for ten days, and Harry had given up his jockey, Custance, deciding to let his horse take his chance with a lad named Daly on him. I took back that evening 2000 to 20 (I think it was of Ouseley Higgins). As soon as I got down to Epsom the next day I went to the paddock, and there saw Hermit walking about (quite an hour before the race) with his coat staring, and a dejected, languid look about him, as if he was more likely to die on the course than to win the great race ; it was bitterly cold, and snow fell at intervals. I was well on Vauban, the winner of the Guineas, and never thought it was worth while to take back the remaining £6000 I stood against Hermit (fool that I was !), for I could have had 100 to 1 to as much as I liked, and in all my born days I never have been so astonished—thunderstruck, I believe, is the proper term—as when I saw Hermit overhaul Marksman and Vauban, and win that Derby by a neck.

After his horse weighed in, I met the 'Squire,' and, though he had won close on £100,000, I could see his good fortune

was marred by the knowledge that I had lost, and he then and there said, 'Put your losings into your account on Monday to my name, and I will pay them.' Never did, or could a man behave more nobly than he, and it was done so nicely, no swagger or conditions, and I can tell you it lifted a huge lump off my burden. It took a bit of doing, but of course I paid him back his money in due course. Hermit's was a marvellous performance, but he was, like most of the Newminsters, a horse that required but little work. My part of the business shows how true that trite, but often neglected, saying is: 'No bet is good till it is well hedged'; and in this instance I could so easily have stood on velvet.

To return to Ostregor: I had made a match that spring with Captain Machell, that Ostregor, 5 yrs., should run Knight of the Garter, 3 yrs., at weight for age, the Rowley mile, the Friday after the Two Thousand Guineas—that meant two stone difference in weight. Fordham rode mine, 9 st., and Covey, Knight of the Garter, 7 st. After the latter's running in the Two Thousand, the talent laid 2 to 1 on the young one, and I was fairly frightened to bet; but the old one won, half a length, and that rather influenced me in underrating Hermit. Ostregor was a grand mover, and when the ground suited him took a tremendous stride; but a curious instance of how the going affects some horses was demonstrated in the Trial Stakes at Epsom, where Ostregor and Moulsey (Lord Bateman's) met.

The Epsom course had been very hard, but sufficient rain had fallen to soften the surface, though the ground was very greasy and slippery. Ostregor came bounding along, but (as Fordham told me afterwards) at Tattenham Corner he slipped and dare not afterwards stride out again. Moulsey, being a short-striding, scratchy goer, was not affected in the same way, and, to my chagrin and heavy loss, Moulsey won. At Newmarket it would have been poundage on my horse.

Well, we must now flit to Goodwood. As I told you, Ostregor was second to Broomielaw in the Chesterfield Cup the year before, and he was handicapped in this same race this year at 9 st. As bad luck would have it, I had run two or three horses, and they had performed so indifferently I was afraid that our stable was out of form, and Satan in the guise of two old Austrian General Officers approached me on the Wednesday and bid me £3000 for my pet Ostregor. Now, I owed old Padwick that very sum, which he had convinced me must positively be paid him on the following Monday; so I

very reluctantly accepted their offer, and agreed to deliver the old horse on the Friday afternoon, after I had run him in the Chesterfield Cup, win or lose. Custance rode him, and I backed him to win me some £5000, and the gallant old horse won, five lengths.

Deary me! how I hated myself, old Padwick, and the Austrian Generals! I got the two old boys together and offered them £1000 to be off the bargain, but no bite. I then asked Tattersall to go and offer them £2000 to let me keep my dear old horse, but they replied no money would tempt them, they had bought him for the Emperor of Austria and they must deliver him to their master. I dare say many of my readers will despise me, when I own that I never felt so utterly cast down and cut up, and I recollect well, chucking Custance a pony ready (for winning), then taking to my heels, and running down the hill, hardly stopping till I reached the little house we had taken for the week near Chichester. After packing up my traps I went off to Brighton. Good old horse! I had inscribed on that Cup (and, though stony broke, it reposes still on my sideboard): 'The best-looking, best-tempered, and gamest horse of his day. We ne'er shall see his like again.' However, he could not have had a pleasanter home, and one of the Baltazzis sent me a good picture of him whilst he was at the stud. Curiously enough he was not a success, and very few of his stock were winners. I paid old 'Paddy' on the Monday, but to me it was the price of blood.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Pirate Chief—Curious Accident—Bad Luck at Lewes—Dead Heat for the Cambridgeshire—Buckworth Powell's Legacy—Nicely Invested—Don Pedro—Lictor and Limner—Frail in the Know—Follow Suit—Lictor Wins me a Nice Stake in Eton Handicap—Sell him to Sir Joseph Hawley, who Wins Liverpool Autumn Cup with him—Mr. Corbett taken Ill—His Death—A Courteous, High-Minded Gentleman—His Will—My Son to take the Name of Corbett—Estate Management—My Hands Full—Depression of Land since 1870—Lease six Two-Year-Olds of Skipworth—My First Meeting with Fred Webb—His First Win—Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury and Croxton Park Races—Chester Cup—Too Clever by Half—But Knight of the Garter Wins—Charlie Legard's Vespasian—Am Elected a Member of the Jockey Club—No Time for Racing—Sell my Horses at Tattersall's, December 6th—Rent a Cottage at Newmarket in 1870—Jolly Times—Saxon's Death—Adonis Wins Cambridgeshire—Lord Falmouth—Kingcraft's Derby—Gaston Wins Feather Plate—Sell him to Charlie Kerr—Start Breeding Yearlings at Elsham—Buy Broomielaw—Anecdotes of the Horse—John N. Astley's Pell-Mell—Buy Scamp—Stock a Farm on Credit—My Brother Hugh's Letter—The Browns.

I HAD a nice three-year-old, Pirate Chief, by Buccaneer out of Emotion by Alarm; but in April, just as he was getting fit, he met with a singular accident. I was at Lewes, and had been out on the downs seeing the horses do their work, and when we rode back, the lad that looked after Pirate Chief put him on a single rack-chain and left him in his box, in order to fetch something. The silly toad had carelessly forgotten to pull the stirrup-irons up, and they were left dangling at his side. The horse must have turned his head to bite at a fly or something that annoyed him, and got the side of the near stirrup-iron wedged between his teeth. Directly he found his head fast he started struggling to get free, broke his rack-chain, and just as we—hearing a noise—entered his box, he reared up, fell over, and ricked his back. Though every remedy was applied (fresh flayed sheepskins placed over his loins were the ultimate partial cure), yet he never really recovered.



Four months after the accident I ran him in the Lewes Handicap, and I took 1000 to 60 three times about him, more because I didn't like to hear the bookies trying to knock him out, than because I thought he had any chance. Well, the horses started, and all went the wrong side of two posts, three came on and finished the race, four turned back and went round one of the posts they had missed, but Pirate Chief and two others went back and went round the two posts *all* had missed, and of these latter three horses, Pirate Chief came in first; but, as bad luck would have it, Judge Clark had left the box, thinking there were no more horses to come, and, though he was close to the box, the Stewards decided the race was to be run over again, and the first favourite, Brayley's Pearl Diver, won. It was very hard luck for me, for undoubtedly Pirate Chief and his two companions were the only horses that had run the right course at the first start, and if only the judge had been in the box when they passed, I should have won £3000, instead of losing £180.

The Chief only won me a selling-race afterwards, and was claimed by Felix Pryor for £300. In October this year I went to Bedford races. The course was about two miles from the station, and there were no flies left, so I and two friends started to walk. We had not gone far, before a good-looking but wretchedly bad two-year-old of mine, called Mexico, came trotting by to run in a selling-race. I hailed the boy, and, lengthening the stirrups, mounted and trotted away quite gaily, when presently poor Harry Hastings, Peter Wilkinson, and two others came by in a fly and saw me; they set to holloaing, putting up umbrellas, and trying all they knew to startle my blood hack, and, though good fun enough for them, it was only middling for me, for there was a nasty open ditch running alongside the road. However, I stuck to my quad and rode into the paddock; but even my exquisite horsemanship on the turnpike didn't make the duffer win his race on the turf.

The Cambridgeshire this year was memorable for the dead heat between 'Uncle Clayton's' Lozenge and Joey Hawley's Wolsey, and in the decider Lozenge won by a neck; but, though all my pals won, I was not on. Dear old Tom Drake was very proud of his uncle, and all the family had a nice bite. Buckworth Powell, late of the Grenadiers, did a good stroke of business once over this very race, in 1868, when See-saw won. An old gentleman whom he had frequently met while dining at Arthur's Club, died and left him £100, and

Powell, not caring to invest so small a sum, put it down upon See-saw for the Cambridgeshire. Two or three commissioners were employed, and by placing the £100 in dribblets all round the lists, pretty well simultaneously, the money averaged about 100 to 1. Curiously enough £105 was put on by mistake, instead of £100. So Powell won £10,500. In gratitude for his good-fortune he devoted the odd £500 to purchasing a peal of bells for his parish church, then in course of restoration.

A neighbour of ours in Lincolnshire, Capt. Skipworth (*alias* Don Pedro), had a breeding-stud, and he the previous autumn, being rather taken with the good luck Actæa had brought (through me) to her owner, offered to lease two of his yearlings to me, and I sent the two colts, Lictor and Limner, both by Lambton by the Cure, to Drewitt's, and Lictor turned out a fairish two-year-old, winning me a plate at Newmarket, the Grand Stand Plate at the Ascot Spring Meeting, and the Sussex Stakes at Newmarket Houghton. I ought to have won a cracker on him the first time I ran him in a selling-race at Epsom Spring, but he was an awkward horse for a boy to ride, as he pulled hard; so I was obliged to put a double bridle on him, and, though he got off every false start, he was left lengths when the flag fell. He made up a tremendous lot of ground but could only get second, and I was very fortunate in getting Westmoreland to claim him for me, on condition I claimed his horse for him.

In the following year, 1868, I backed Lictor for a lot to win the Wokingham Stakes at Ascot; but he ran badly, and as he was on the spot I decided to run him at Windsor the following week, and when I arrived on the course, I was much surprised by my old friend Frail (who was clerk of the course at Windsor) coming to me and asking me to be allowed to stand the odds to ten pounds with me on Lictor for the Eton Handicap, a mile. Of course I told him he could do so; but, showing him a whole page in my betting-book that I had devoted to Lictor's chance in the Wokingham, I declared he could have but little chance of winning. But, with hat in hand, the old boy assured me the race was good for Lictor, and I (with a certain amount of sense) concluded the intelligent one knew more than I did, and must be aware that two or three of the most dangerous starters were not on the job; so I took 2000 to 200, and with much pleasure handed the 'talented one' 100 sovereigns as his share of the spoil when Lictor had won cleverly. The horse did me but little good

afterwards, and I sold him to Hawley for £500, and he won the Liverpool Autumn Cup for him.

It was during the Goodwood Meeting this year that a summons arrived for the wife and me to return at once to Elsham ; for her father had been taken very seriously ill ; on arriving home we found the poor old squire in a very prostrate condition, and he shortly after passed away without any suffering. A more courteous, high-minded gentleman never lived, and though he and I had few notions in common, and many quite antagonistic, yet during the ten years I had been living so much with him, we never had even a little tiff, and I take it his latter days were some of the happiest of his life ; for he doted on his grandchildren.

He left a very just and generous will ; the only fault I could possibly find with it was, that my son on succeeding to his estates should take the name of Corbett, a good old name enough, but still I had always fondly imagined that my boy would be called Astley. However, the old Corbett motto of *Deus pascit corvos* would hardly have applied in that case, and so I have got reconciled to the decree. As Mr. Corbett had willed that my son should not succeed to the property till twenty-one years after his death, it was decided to place the estates in Chancery, and I was appointed receiver under the Court. I had a busy time of it : for, like many a good old country gentleman that lives on his estate, my father-in-law had somewhat neglected the buildings on his property. The two churches, most of the farmsteads, and the greater part of the cottages, had to be put into tenantable repair, and the building of two new school-houses and twenty-five pair of cottages was my first duty ; while the laying out of a large sum of money in bricks and mortar gave me plenty to superintend ; not to mention the re-valuing of all the farms, and fresh agreements with all the tenants.

I entered thoroughly into my new duties, which interested me much, and I was several times complimented by the Master of the Rolls, or rather the chief clerk, on my work, and I look back on my twenty-one years' receivership with considerable satisfaction, somewhat marred by the conviction that here and there I bought bits of land, which either cut into our property or were contiguous to it, at too high a price ; but it must be remembered that no white man could have imagined that land would have depreciated to the ruinous extent it has. Touching that topic, in the sixties the choice security that money-lenders or mortgagees selected to trust their money on was

land ; as the knowing ones used to say, 'that can't run away.' Now the same parties will agree to lend their money on any safe security, always *excepting* land.

This autumn I leased six two-year-olds of Captain Skipworth, all by Wamba, who was by Touchstone ; but they didn't do me any good. I called them Wanderer, Workman, Witless, Woful, Watteau, and Wrestler. One day in 1869, at Winchester races, I went to the large tent which then served for a shelter for the jockeys, and asked whether there was a lad who could ride 6 st., and a small voice answered, 'I can, sir,' and out came a proper-looking little kid, and he told me his name was Fred Webb. I put him up on Wanderer, and told him to come along and never look behind him, and he won handsomely. I think that was the first race that now fine horseman ever won. Workman also won that day, but I returned, or sold, all six colts before the year was out.

I had gone to stay that spring with Lord Wilton at Melton for Croxton Park races, and there was a house full of 'sports' of both sexes. I ran a three-year-old called Provider by Caterer, which I had bought of Drewitt. I knew little or nothing about him, but Fordham rode him very judiciously on that very peculiar course, and won the Belvoir Stakes, one mile, advising me to run him again that afternoon in the Granby Handicap, a mile and a half, and he won quite easily. When we got home to tea, one or two of the ladies gave it to me very hot (not the tea) for not telling them at breakfast of my good thing ; but nothing would have pleased me better than to have been the means of putting them on a winner, especially poor dear Maria of Ailesbury, who had always been so kind to me when quite a lad ; but I didn't know enough to tell them.

At Chester, this same year, I tried to do the legitimate and safe trick of standing a bit to nil. I found out on the Tuesday that Knight of the Garter would surely run for the Chester Cup the next day, and would be ridden by Fordham ; so, after luncheon, I judiciously employed a few minutes in taking 8000 to 1000 about The Knight, and felt proud of the feat, feeling certain that I should be able to stand at least two or three thousand to nothing, by hedging when the numbers went up. But, would you believe it ? the imbecile army of backers didn't fancy The Knight's chance, seeing that after he won (which he did easily) he was returned in the papers as starting at 7 to 1, therefore I had no chance of laying off my money at a profit,

and had it not been for Harry Chaplin arriving just before the race, I should have had to stand the whole shot. However, as I could not afford to lose four figures I laid him 1800 to 200, and then was obliged to win over £5000 on the race.

I bought a nice two-year-old chestnut filly, Tit-Bit, by Weatherbit, at Brighton that summer out of a selling-race, and won a race with her next day, and another at Newmarket Second October. She generally swerved a bit even when winning easily, and in the Houghton Meeting I determined to have a 'dash' on her, being very particular in cautioning Fordham to mind and not interfere with the other horses. He was romping home in a little T.Y.C. Handicap race, when she suddenly swerved right across from the off, to the near side of the course, but she was so far ahead of the others that the objection made by the owner of the second was generally considered childish; however, you never know, and the Stewards disqualified Tit-Bit, and thus a hollow win was turned into a solid lose, and she was claimed.

One of the best feats of weight-carrying by any horse I ever witnessed, was achieved this year at Goodwood, when good old Charley Legard's Vespasian, 6 yrs., won the Chesterfield Cup, ridden by Custance, in a canter, carrying 10 st. 4 lbs. During this year I was elected a member of the Jockey Club, and felt very pleased when Admiral Rous told me of my good fortune; but I had so much to do at Elsham that I found I had not time to look after my horses, in addition to which I had a most fearful bad time of it this autumn. I had lost at every meeting between Newmarket July and Newmarket Houghton, and I accordingly sold them all at Tattersall's on the 6th of December. They were not a gaudy lot, and only fetched £3500. To top up with, on the Cambridgeshire day I had ridden my beautiful grey hack, half Russian, half Arab, the most gentle and perfect-mannered animal I ever bestrode, and after a very bad day, my groom Fred came in to tell me that Ruskie (as I called him) would not feed and was shivering. I went out to the stable, and sent him off for a drink for the poor gee; but we had hardly begun dinner before Fred came running in to say Ruskie had dropped down dead, and, sure enough, there he lay.

It almost looked as if the sensible nag knew what a bad time I had been having, and died of a broken heart in consequence. I buried him in the paddock behind our cottage,

and placed a stone in the wall near his grave (and it's there now), with this inscription—

Beneath this yer sod lies my poor old quad,  
He was very fond of me and I of he you see.<sup>1</sup>

J. D. A.

But my friend Bob Honeywood wrote a much better epitaph for him—

'Thou'rt gone, my loved steed ; my own gallant grey,  
Can I ever forget that Cambridgeshire day ?  
'Thou hast gone, and thy loss I shall ever deplore,  
Thy Mate may be seen, but thy Match never more.'

The cottage I mentioned was a small one I had rented at Newmarket. It had been built by Robinson the jockey, and had a grass paddock behind it of about an acre, and we kept our hacks at Mrs. Flatman's (the widow of old Nat), next door. In the spring of 1870 I bought this cottage and paddock for £3000, and I don't think I ever enjoyed any period of my life so much as those pleasant meetings at Newmarket ; for we did the thing 'proper.' We each (wife and I) had two hacks, and never missed a morning, when it was fine, but were out on the Limekilns, or wherever the horses were doing their work, by 8.30, and came in to a delicious breakfast, with plenty of appetite, at 10.30. An hour or so before the races we mounted our fresh hacks, and with a fly to carry our coats, cloaks, and convey our two grooms, we caracoled down to the races, seldom dismounting, but riding from saddling-paddock to betting-ring, and backwards and forwards between different courses. If it rained real hard, we hopped off into our fly. Ah ! those were happy days, and no error ; and it was a bitter blow when, in after years, the nicest little crib at Newmarket had to be sold, and Jockey Wood bought it, and built those splendid stables in the paddock now the property of Colonel North.

I must now hark back to the Cambridgeshire of 1870. Count Renard had brought over a beautiful three-year-old called Adonis. How it was I never knew, but old Joe Saxon seemed to have the management of the horse, and as I knew him pretty well I used to talk much to him about Adonis, and I believe the old toad persuaded me to back him for the Cesarewitch ; but I got no run for my money. However, I determined to be on for the Cambridgeshire, and took 40 to 1 about him. There were some ugly rumours flying about that

<sup>1</sup> Surely Sir John ought to have had the refusal of the Poet Laureate-ship !—EDITOR.

the horse would not start, or that, if he did go to the post, he would not hurry. No doubt old Saxon and his friends stood against the animal, for certain of the pencillers were always willing to lay a point over the odds against him, no matter how confident Count Renard was that his horse could, and would, win.

Now, it so happened that the Sunday before the Cambridge-shire, Joe Saxon arrived by train in the afternoon, and, as was his wont, he put up at a public kept by one White, who had been our messman in the Tower of London, and he told me the next day that Saxon, when he came off the train, sat down in the bar and asked for a cup of tea, but as he was raising the cup to his lips he suddenly fell forward out of his chair, dead. The mysterious connection between Saxon and Adonis was at once apparent, for the man was no sooner *cold* than the horse came real *hot*, and he won in a common canter, starting first favourite at 6 to 1, in a big field, and, though it suited me right well, there was more than one prominent bookie who had a nasty knock over that race. Lord Falmouth won his first Derby this year with Kingcraft, but he was real lucky to land it, for Macgregor, who had won the Two Thousand, and on whom odds of 9 to 4 were laid, broke down in the race.

From 1870 to 1873 I kept no racehorses, except, I believe, Gaston, 4 yrs., by Light, whom I bought of T. V. Morgan for £200 at Newmarket, and I ran him in the Feather Plate, last 3 miles B.C.<sup>1</sup> As this annual race had been won by two-year-olds for some years, I only took ten ponies about Gaston, and was quite agreeably surprised to see him win, entirely owing to jockeyship, for the little boys who rode the two-year-olds were so tired that they were helpless; but Custance, who rode mine, fairly lifted him past the post. I sold Gaston for £500 to Charley Kerr, who bought him for a friend for steeplechasing.

I now busied myself in building some hovels, and parting the grass fields near Elsham Hall into paddocks; and bought a few brood mares. The first two I purchased were Vexation and Vigorous, both by Vedette, and I only gave about £250 for the two at Tattersall's; both were in foal, and Vexation colt, by Knowsley, turned out a real good miler. I sold him as a yearling to Dudley Carleton, who won eight races with him in 1873. During the winter of 1869, I had bought Broomielaw, by Stockwell out of Queen Mary, of H. Chaplin,

<sup>1</sup> Beacon Course, Newmarket.

at 'Tatt.'s' for £1600. He was a beautiful dark brown horse, perfectly sound, and the finest mover I think I ever saw; but he had what some people would call a vile temper, but I verily believe his temper was spoilt by bad treatment. He was one of those high-couraged horses that resent rough usage; unlike the timid, cow-tempered brutes who seem satisfied that man has a right to knock them about and bully them.

When I bought Broomielaw, I bought Phillips, the man that looked after him, as well; but he was no catch, as he could not resist drink, and on one occasion when he had been to Brigg, I happened to be in the yard, and saw that he was drunk; so I told him to give me the key of Broomielaw's box, and I would feed and do him up. He 'smoled' a drunken smile, and gave me the key. I didn't much fancy the job, but as the head-collar hung outside the box, I half opened the door and gave the horse a bit of sugar, and whilst he was munching it I put on his head-collar, and put him on the rack-chain, set his bed fair with the fork, brought him his feed and some carrots, took his collar off, and locked him up for the night, taking the key with me. I was up with the lark in the morning, and found Phillips blubbering outside the box, and whining to be let go in to the horse; but I told him to be off, and did Broomielaw myself, and would not allow the drunkard to go into his box till mid-day, which salutary lesson lasted him for a short time. Another day, when Broomielaw was amiss, and the little vet. didn't properly apply his prescription, I volunteered to do it, and as the stuff made him smart, the horse was very angry, and some week or ten days afterwards, on my return from a visit, I met him at exercise in the village, and, as was my wont, I went up towards him, to give him a bit of sugar, when he suddenly let out straight from the shoulder with his off fore, and had I been a foot nearer, my gastronomic apparatus would have been cruelly altered, and it took me quite a week to make friends with him again. No one can deny that the intelligent animal recollected I had been the party who had caused him pain, and he owed me one for it.

In 1871, a neighbour of ours, Marshall of Grimsby, won the Goodwood Cup with Shannon, by Lambton; she started at 50 to 1 in a field of six, but did our locality no good. I had a fair race on the Cambridgeshire, when Fordham, who rode a wonderful race, won on Sabinus, starting at 33 to 1; Sterling and Allbrook, running a dead heat for second, only



beaten a head from the winner. Allbrook ought to have won anyhow, but Jarvis rode his head off. In 1872, my cousin John N. Astley's horse, Pell Mell, was only just beaten by a head for the Derby by Cremorne. It was a wonderful, well-kept, quiet good thing, and started at 50 to 1; but all were glad to see Henry Savile win, for he was a real good sportsman and a genial friend. A nice, fat, cheery chap, Joe Radcliffe, won the Cesarewitch this year with a fine big three-year-old, Salvamos by Dollar, and little F. Archer rode him wonderfully well at 5 st. 7 lbs.; the gigantic horse tried to run out of the course, but the tiny mannikin kept him straight.

It was in this year, 1872, that I lost my mother—ah! and such a mother, the most perfect woman ever created, of that I have never had the least doubt. She was the most beautiful, most graceful, and most gifted of her sex, and, what was more to the point, she was as good as she looked. I have never seen any water-coloured drawings so good as hers, no matter which line she took up—portrait, landscape, or flower-painting—she was *facile princeps* at all. I may have heard—though I don't recollect it—a woman sing with as much feeling, or play the piano as bewitchingly as she could; but I will swear I never heard any man or woman sing and play their own accompaniment as did she. She left ten of us to mourn her loss, six boys and four girls, and, though we were not all real cherubs without faults, she managed to rear us by kindness and example, so that none of us ever gave her any real trouble. In 1854 my mother—and she was not the only one—received a terrible shock, when, a day or two after the battle of the Alma, a telegram was handed to her by some unthinking idiot while she was on a visit to the Ailesburys at Savernake: '*Captain Astley dangerously wounded.*' How that horrible word ever was used I don't know, it never occurred in any newspaper accounts; anyway it fairly knocked her over, and she never really was herself again afterwards; and, as I have already said, she died in December 1872, and we, her six sons, carried her shoulder-high to her grave (I never heard of a similar feat), and, though it is now over twenty years ago, I recollect well the buzz of admiration that ran through the crowd of villagers, as we paid this last tribute of respect to their kind friend, and our well-beloved parent.

Consequently, in 1873 I went to few races till the Newmarket Autumn, as my father died in July. He was knocked down by a stroke of paralysis some months before. He was a wonderful kind-hearted, good creature, but very shy (like

me!), and had no dash or go about him; he was an extraordinary powerfully built, handsome man, and ought to have been champion of England if he had ever cared to learn the art. I thought I would try my luck as a Bart. at Newmarket Autumn, but lost at all three meetings. Old Merry was in great form this year, for he won the Derby with Doncaster, and the Oaks with Marie Stuart; then ran them both on their merits for the Leger (without a declaration), and after a tremendous finish the mare won, a head. This winter I bought of Charley Kerr, Scamp, 2 yrs., by the Rake out of Lady Sophie, bred by Blanton, with whom I decided to train at Newmarket. The two-year-old had only run once, but Blanton was sanguine he would stay.

Our old place, Everleigh, had been let, but this autumn it was unoccupied; so I went down there with a few friends to shoot the coverts. The largest farm on the estate was also tenantless in '74, worse luck, so I had to take it in hand and stock it—a rather difficult process to some folks, without a guinea in the bank. But I was very well, and full of confidence; so one day I went down to Everleigh, and on getting out at Andover Station, a friend put his head out of one of the carriages and asked me 'where I was going, and what was my errand?' so I, at the top of my voice, halloed to him that 'I was going to stock a 1600 acre farm without a guinea.' The sequel will show that there is no great harm in being outspoken in some instances. There were two good sales of farm-stock in the neighbourhood that week, and before attending them I went over to Salisbury to see if either of the banks there would stand me a bit of 'ready'; but, though they put it nicely, so as not to hurt my feelings, I was told that, 'As I was not a client of theirs, and they had been hardish hit by the bad times, they regretted not being able to accommodate me.' I thought it very mean of them, for I *only* wanted from four to five thousand pounds with which to buy implements, sheep, and horses (bullocks on Salisbury Plain being an almost unknown quantity), and as I offered to give them a lien on my purchases, they could not lose much; however, they didn't bite.

The following day I attended a large sale at one of Lord Ailesbury's farms at Collingbourne, and, with the assistance of a friendly glass, I asked the auctioneer from Devizes whether he would take my bids, candidly informing him that I had no money, and didn't rightly know when I should have any; but that I meant paying him as soon as I could. He

was an excellent chap, and, though somewhat amused at my candour, exhorted me to bid for whatever I wanted, and *I did*. The same thing occurred the next day at Netheravon, only that the auctioneer came from Salisbury; but he was equally complaisant, and the result was that I not only bought all I wanted, but I flattered myself I bought *well*, to the tune of about £4000, and I really felt quite rich the next day when I saw strings of horses, implements, and sheep, all being stowed away on lower Everleigh farm.

I had selected a likely sort of bailiff, and off I started to some race-meeting, to try and get a bit of ready to pay off those two charming auctioneers; but luck was against me, and I could not even hold my own, much less touch any coin. Well, I was at my wits' end, for I felt I ought in all honour to convince those two eminent men that their confidence in me was not misplaced. That day's post brought me a letter from my brother Hugh, to say that 'the manager of the Capital and Counties Bank would be glad to have a chat with me.' I got in the train and sped down to Warminster, and, finding the manager in the bank, he spake thus to me: 'Our Mr. Brown was in the train the other day, and he gathered from what you said to a friend on the platform at Andover, that you wanted four or five thousand pounds to stock a farm at Everleigh, and he desired me to inform you that you can have an overdraft for four thousand pounds at our bank.' Deary me! how I loved the Browns—old Brown, middle-aged Brown, and young Brown, whitey Brown, or any coloured Brown, were to me glorified into angels, and all with wings. Of course I didn't disclose what a fix the blessed Brown had got me out of, but at the same time I was very grateful for the courteous accommodation, and all I had to do was to leave my signature and take with me a blank cheque-book.

Now, which is best: to whisper with bated breath of your impecuniosity, or to proclaim it on the house-top—no, I mean on the railway-station? If you can help it, *never have a secret*, say I. Well, I paid for all my farm-stock, and the following year was lucky enough to find a tenant, and realized a profit on my purchases, paying off the Capital and Counties with hearty thanks, and one cheer more for 'our Mr. Brown.'

The first rent-day after my father's death I went down with my lawyer, good old Peake, to take the rents at Everleigh, and Sir John Kelk was travelling in the same carriage, going to have a final look at Tedworth (old Tom Assheton Smith's late property) before deciding to buy it, for, I think, £200,000,

and when we got out at Andover, he confided to Peake that he would sooner buy Everleigh, and bid him offer me £130,000 for it. But I scorned the idea of selling the old place then, although my son would be glad to take less for it now. It is one of the nicest places (of its sort) in England, capital shooting, a very comfortable house, and one of the best training-grounds, with every variety of gallop, in Europe—only wants training-stables building—and, had my good father been willing, Sir Joseph Hawley would have put up stables and trained there. I wish he had.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Brocklesby Country—Many good Horsemen—J. M. Richardson of Limber—Disturbance and Reugny—Win Goodwood Stakes with Scamp—Enter the House of Commons—My Grandfather's Election Accounts—Rowland Winn (Lord St. Oswald)—The Lawson Liquor Bill—I answer as to my own—Horseplay while Canvassing—I bring in a Bill to Restrain Farm-servants administering Deleterious Drugs to their Horses—Rather too free in Speaking my Mind on Teetotalism, also about the Irish Party—I am called upon to Retract—Mr. Sullivan keeps the Ball Rolling—A Maiden Speech in the House—Chevalier O'Clery, M.P. for Wexford—All's Well that Ends Well—Mr. Mundella—Quiet Moments in the Snuggery of the Serjeant-at-Arms (Gossett)—My Opinion as to the Merits of being M.P.—I lose my Seat at the General Election of 1880—Vow never to stand again—Am presented with my Portrait—Sit to Sir John Millais—Agricultural Shows—I appear in the Arena as a Competitor—The Water-jump at Lincoln Show—I retire from the Show-ring in favour of the Light-Weights.

To alter the scene a bit, we will return to Lincolnshire, where, in the neighbourhood of Brocklesby, every spring our Hunt Steeplechases came off, and very useful cross-country horses were owned and bred thereabouts, while few Hunts could boast of so many good riders between the flags. Foremost amongst them was J. M. Richardson (Pussy) of Limber, and in 1873 he trained (at home) Disturbance, and won the Grand National on him, beating 27 others. The following year he won again on Reugny.<sup>1</sup> Both horses belonged to Capt. Machell, who used to be down in our country a good deal in those days during the hunting season. It was a wonderful feat for so young a man as Richardson, to train and ride two consecutive winners of the Grand National.

I ought to have paid more attention than I did to the little stable at Limber, for it was only seven miles from us, but I confess I underrated the establishment, and therefore won but little on its successes. Not so the neighbours generally, for

<sup>1</sup> Marcus Beresford's Chimney-sweep, 2, Jones; Dick Thorold's Merlin, 3, Adams.

most of them had their bit on, and much money circulated in consequence.

One and all were wishful to celebrate the double success of our popular young rider ; so a dinner was organized at Brigg, and I never presided over a more enthusiastic assembly than filled the large Corn Exchange the night of the feast. The dinner-tickets I had printed with the apt inscription : ‘Disturbance, but no Row.’ I forget now how many dozen of champagne were consumed, but I recollect one of the guests—and a very good sort too—backing into one of the large tubs that had been filled with ice for the champagne, and down he flopped to my immense amusement, and his own consternation. I didn’t envy him his long drive home that night, for he had no change.

J. M. Richardson was, and is now, one of the best performers I ever saw over a country, and few men who have ridden as much as he has have got off with so few falls, which fact is, doubtless, attributable to his exquisitely light hands ; no horse ever really pulled with him. When he got married he gave up steeplechasing, more’s the pity. However, he married one of the very best, and at the next General Election we all hope he will be our future member.

Two great events happened to me in 1874—I won the Goodwood Stakes with Scamp, and was sent to the House of Commons. I enjoyed Scamp’s victory a long way the most, so we will take that first. After a satisfactory gallop with some fair trying tackle, I engaged T. Glover (or, as we called him, ‘Tommy Clover’) to ride Scamp in the Goodwood Stakes, and as he won comfortably, I had a good fair race on him ; but the price didn’t average anything like Blackdown’s had done. However, I won about £4000 on the week, and went on to Brighton, where Scamp won the stakes as well ; so I couldn’t grumble. Blanton had brought him out in perfect condition, the horse looked as round as an apple, and yet was fit to run for his life ; and that’s the art of training, for surely it is much pleasanter to see your horse look big and above himself, ready to run another race or two, than to see him drawn too fine, with deep water-marks down his quarters, and a ‘weary of life’ look about him.

The morning of the Goodwood Stakes, when I was out on my hack seeing the horses do their work on the course, I met old Tom Jennings, than whom we have no more practical long-distance trainer, and he said to me : ‘I wish you luck, Sir John, but friend Charley has been too lenient with Scamp ;

he wants half-a-dozen more rousing gallops.' Good old Tom ! he had given his Goodwood Cup horse too many 'rousing gallops,' and couldn't produce him on the day, though on the spot. Scamp ran third in the Leger, and won me a Queen's Plate at Shrewsbury, where I bought a nice mare out of a selling-race, May Day, 4 yrs., by Thormanby out of Blue Bell, and won a race with her the following day ; but she had not the best of legs, and I only just managed to get her through a match at Newmarket July, in 1875, when she broke down, and I sold her to Blanton for a brood mare. That match was a real good one—May Day, 5 yrs., and Tripaway, 4 yrs., 8 st. 7 lbs. each, T.Y.C. Fordham rode mine, and Archer, Lord Rosslyn's mare, and the Kid<sup>1</sup> just won by a head—he was a wonder in a match, and no mistake. Broomieknowe, the first winner I bred by Broomielaw, won me a race that year at Ascot, and two at Newmarket.

I now became a Legislator—oh dear, was there ever such a parody on that exalted title ! I had always vowed nothing should induce me to stick M.P. at the end of my name. My good old grandfather had represented the Northern Division of Wiltshire for fourteen years, and the honour of gaining two contested elections cost him over £100,000. He had been careful to have a summary of his expenses methodically noted down in a book (which I have now), and the items are too ridiculous ; for instance, 'ribbons'—whatever that may mean—came to nearly £5000 ; the boots and the chambermaid at the Black Bear at Devizes are each down for £25, and they were no better treated than other servants at all the other Tory hotels of the principal towns in the Division.

To pay this heavy sum he sold old family property in Warwickshire and Staffordshire. The Howes and the Dartmouths bought the principal part of it, and in the fly-leaf of this curious account-book is inscribed in his own handwriting, and duly signed by him : 'I have had these accounts carefully compiled and vouched, to warn those that come after me not to enter into similar folly.' This warning, coupled with the knowledge that I was in no way fitted for the House of Commons, had determined me never to spend a bob in trying for a seat ; but when my Lincolnshire friends—and they were legion—put it to me that if I would only stand there would be no opposition, and that all my expenses would be paid, I softly gave way, and straightway went round the constituency in conjunction with Rowland Winn (afterwards created Lord St.

<sup>1</sup> George Fordham.

Oswald), who then represented the Division, and whose late colleague, Sir M. Cholmeley, a Liberal, had just died.

I had never discussed or thought much about politics. I distrusted old Gladstone, and had no great admiration for Disraeli. However, I went for the old Tory colours, the penchant for which had cost my old granddad so much. The very first place I visited with Winn was Crowle, in the Isle of Axholme, and there, from a waggon drawn up in the market-place, we had to address the pick of the voters in their district. After I had followed the sitting member, and announced in clumsy fashion my earnest hope that I might occupy the proud position of their representative in the House of Commons, and mildly touched on two or three topics of local interest, I boldly challenged any man present to ask me questions on any subject. I believe the Permissive Bill was at that time exciting much interest in the country, but I was totally nonplussed, when a truculent-looking politician stepped forward, and asked me my opinion of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's 'Liquor Bill': however, I pulled myself together and promptly stated that I didn't know much about Sir W. Lawson's Liquor Bill, but I did know that *mine* was a deuced sight too high that year. This naïve remark was received with much cheering, and my questioner, who had a long list of interrogatories ready for me, was advised on all sides to shut up, which he did, and my fame as a deeply read, as well as *ready* politician was established all over that part of the country.

I had many curious experiences whilst canvassing, but was well received in nearly every district I visited; the only exception was at one of the Wold villages, where some roughs had got together at the dark end of a loft (dimly lighted by tallow dips) where the meeting was held, and there made hideous noises. The brutes didn't like me telling them that they dared not come to the front and have it out; so when I drove away in the dark, smoking my cigar, one of them took a pretty shot with a stone, and actually broke my cigar in two, the stump remaining in my mouth. I was returned without opposition, and the following year came the General Election of 1875, when, though several Radical candidates were talked of, thank goodness! never a one turned up. Winn and I went round the constituency again, and duly took our seats as before. My good old colleague urged me to belong to the Carlton Club, but I had an idea that politics were the all-absorbing topics there, and as I thought I might get too



saturated with them, I firmly declined talking shop, except in the House of Commons and its precincts ; the Turf and the Marlborough were good enough clubs for me.

I attended to my duties fairly well, and in a weak moment was induced by some of my agricultural friends to bring in a Bill, making it a punishable offence for the men who looked after cart-horses, to give them any poisonous compound without their master's leave. Arsenic and antimony were the principal destructives which these horsemen were in the habit of buying and giving to their charges, with the intention of improving the sleek appearance of their coats. These poisons, when administered in too large, or too frequent quantities, caused serious havoc among the best agricultural horses on our Wolds, and I got up a whole heap of statistics and facts, of the harm caused by this baneful practice. It is extraordinary how many horses were killed outright, and hundreds of those that survived had their constitutions destroyed, and gradually wasted away without any apparent cause.

The first night I got leave to introduce my Horse-Poisoning Bill I shall never forget, for, though I had no difficulty in talking sense or otherwise, either before or after dinner, to my constituents on subjects that were of far more interest to them than to me ; yet, when I got up in the House of Commons and essayed to speak a few words on a subject which did interest me, and the facts connected with which I was really well posted, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and became like dry leather, and I became painfully aware that several unkind M.P.s took a delight in torturing their young friend by asking silly questions about his Bill ; while old Butt, Q.C., the leader of the Irish Brigade, openly declared I was trying to stop the poisoning of racehorses, and Sir William Harcourt protested against punishing the horsemen, who were only actuated by a laudable desire to improve the appearance of their horses, and these two potent enemies put their names down to block my poor little Bill.

I coaxed the old Irishman to withdraw his opposition by assuring him the purport of my Bill had nothing to do with racehorses, and with the valuable assistance of the then member for Cambridgeshire, I convinced Harcourt, that a man taking his master's wheat or cake, to give to his cart-horse, without leave, was liable to a fine or imprisonment. A nice time I had of it searching in the vast library of the House of Commons, for precedents to satisfy that astute but stubborn old lawyer, and, had it not been for the assistance of

H. Chaplin, I should never have got through the third reading; but 'Right is Might,' and my Bill was ordered to be printed. Well, though I say it as hadn't ought, it's about the most useful little bit of common sense that poor agriculturists have been treated to for many a long day, and though occasionally its powers have to be exercised, yet the deterrent effect of my Bill has been most successful.

I sometimes was guilty of using rather strong language at meetings that my constituents asked me to attend—convivial or otherwise—and though I don't believe I ever exceeded the bounds of honest truth, yet the bare truth, unless a little wrapped up, will at times provoke much criticism, not to say heart-burnings. At the risk of wearying my readers I must give two instances of the trouble I got into from not mincing my words. I was chairman at a dinner at Grimsby, of the Licensed Victuallers' Association of the district, and, in giving the toast of the evening, I dilated on the absurdity of any man of sense, and gifted with any control over himself, becoming a teetotaller, and I stated that a teetotaller in my opinion was a 'poor devil,' explaining that somewhat strong definition, by arguing that any party who took the pledge, did so because he could not trust himself to take a fair whack of liquor without taking too much, and therefore was a pitiable atom of society.

Notwithstanding that my conviction was cordially endorsed by my friends at the table, a constituent at a neighbouring town, on reading my speech in the newspaper, wrote me to say that, though he was a teetotaller, he was not a 'poor devil,' and invited me to come and see for myself. I at once replied to his letter by observing that, on consideration, I was inclined to think 'poor devil' was perhaps too strong a term, and that I would substitute 'poor creature' for it, and the next time I was in his neighbourhood I would certainly take the opportunity of accepting his kind invite, and share half-a-pint of hot tea with him and his belongings (if he had any); and I did, and was much pleased to find that, though a fierce Radical, he so much appreciated my character that he would not vote against me when next he had the chance; but, mind you, he was a chemist, and therefore had every facility at hand for counteracting the deleterious effects caused by a strict *régime* of tea-leaves and snowballs.

The other instance of too strong a vocabulary was at a luncheon-party, where some two hundred good men and true cheered their new member, and their own inner man, before

an auction-sale of some first-class shearling Lincoln tups at Owersby. In responding to the toast of 'The House of Commons' I made a little too free with the characters of a certain section of the Irish members, whose sole object seemed to consist in obstructing every useful measure brought forward by the Government. I quote from memory, but I believe I told my readers that I had mixed with many crowds of ruffians—as I was fond of sport of all kinds—and, therefore, had considerable experience of the rough element, but my conviction was that I had never met under one roof forty more confounded rascals than Ireland had sent up to represent her in the House of Commons. Though there was a lot of truth in it, yet the way I put it was a bit too stiff, no doubt, and in consequence I had several letters from the Irish members, many of whom seemed keen to have a shot at me.

A certain Chevalier wrote most to the point, and as I was told he was not half a bad fellow, I admitted to him I felt the term 'rascal' was a bit too strong, and I would withdraw it; however, that didn't suit one, Sullivan, who got up in the House and rated me soundly for my truism, and I got leave from the Speaker to give a personal explanation the next day. I went down to the House that afternoon, feeling about as uncomfortable as I ever did in my life, for I mistrusted my powers of rhetoric in that august chamber. I find in a cutting from some newspaper the following, which I believe is about a correct version of what happened on the occasion—

*'Sir John made his maiden speech to-night, and a charming performance it was. Sir John, you will know, is the author of the famous speech in which the Irish members of the House of Commons were delicately described as numbering in their ranks "forty of the most confounded rascals ever seen." Mr. Sullivan had made it appear last night that Sir John had apologized for these expressions at the point of the pistol, vicariously presented by Chevalier O'Clery, M.P. for Wexford.*

*'This had troubled Sir John Astley a great deal more than his conscience had, in the matter of his speech; and here he was standing midway across the floor (a serious breach of the rules of the House), with his hands kept out of his trousers pockets evidently only by violent efforts of moral suasion, and talking to the House of Commons as if it were the assembled mess in barracks. "There are a good many people who mightn't know I'd been in the army;" that being the gallant Baronet's modest*

way of hinting at the fact that he had been in the forefront of the battle of the Alma, and had brought away three wounds. "I have never been afraid of any individual yet," he continued; and a buzz of sympathy with Sir John went through the House, as it was comprehended how profoundly he was impressed with the surrounding circumstances, when he thus used so highly proper a word as "individual," when "chap" must have come so trippingly to his tongue.

'The first appearance of the gallant member for North Lincolnshire was undoubtedly a great success. A burly, handsome man is Sir John, with opulent white hair crowning a black-bearded face, that laughed all over from eyes to mouth, as he declared that he had "never had the least fear of an Irishman." He found great favour in the eyes of honourable members, and resumed his seat amid cheers that could not have been louder if his blundering, awkward, hesitating speech had been rounded by the periods of Cicero, and delivered with the skill of Demosthenes.'

Cheer or no cheer, I was wonderful pleased when I came to a full stop, and a lot of men came up and shook hands with me from both sides of the House. One of the most vigorous in his congratulations was Mundella, who assured me with much feeling that I was a fine specimen of an English country gentleman. He was, doubtless, a good old judge, and I was very near asking him to come outside and join a select party of my pals in a friendly glass over it; but I let him off. I met the Chevalier above-mentioned, some two or three years since in the street, and he then assured me that my opinion of his old colleagues was not a bit exaggerated, as he had found to his cost. How those forty senators (or their successors) have been going on since, is notorious; and I only wish I could as correctly pick out now the true form of the equine competitors in the Derby or Autumn Handicaps, as I did the characters of the Irish brigade in the House of Commons in the seventies.

I think I had best finish up my parliamentary career straight off. Well, the precincts of St. Stephen's held few charms for me, and I was always glad when I could get out of that political atmosphere; had it not been for the good old Serjeant-at-Arms (Gossett), who had a snug room up-stairs where most of the cheeriest members used to congregate, and over a drop of Scotch and a cigar discuss the leading topics of the day, capping each other's good stories whilst waiting for the division bell to ring, I don't know what I should have

done. I can well understand a man who wants to extend his acquaintance, or is desirous of obtaining some remunerative appointment in or under the Government of the day, sacrificing the pleasures of home and other congenial pursuits for the sake of a seat in Parliament; but to a country gentleman who already knows pretty well all the best men in the House, and has no hankering after office, or, if he has, feels that he don't possess the brains or qualifications requisite to lift him out of the ordinary herd—that man, I say, I cannot understand taking much trouble to become an M.P.; for even when the House is up, and you retire to the bosom of your family, you are allowed no rest, you are constantly called upon to attend meetings all over the constituency, and are considered fair game for silly questions and childish interrogatories, in some cases put to you by creatures who have not education enough to write them down. No! it isn't good enough in my humble opinion. All honour, at the same time, do I accord to those who think it is, and I should certainly vote for a medal with a suitable inscription being bestowed on every M.P. who can kiss the book, and declare that his sole object in entering the House of Commons is summed up in the motto, 'For my God, my Queen, and my Country.'

Notwithstanding my feelings as expressed above, at the General Election of 1880 I was actually induced to stand again, and a Radical candidate by the name of Laycock appeared on the scene, who hailed from the neighbourhood of Retford. He was almost a stranger in Lincolnshire, and though report had it that he possessed considerable command of money, yet his candidature was not considered likely to upset either Winn or myself; however, we buckled to, and did the canvassing and meetings trick all over again. Everywhere we went I recommended the electors, if they wished for a change, to at all events stick to Winn, than whom they could not possibly have a more painstaking or hard-working member. The polling day duly arrived; of course I attended at the counting of the votes, and there gathered with pretty good certainty, that the Radical topped the poll, and presently the figures were proclaimed from the Town Hall: Laycock, 4159; Winn, 3949; Astley, 3865; and I was free, not to say kicked out.

I could not have believed that I should have been so mortified as I was at the result. I there and then took my dying oath that I would never stand again—a declaration for which I was much blamed at the time, but which has stood

me in good stead ever since, as I should have been constrained to have another try. Well, I had been their member six years, and my many friends decided to present me with my portrait, out of sympathy at my failure, and that amply recompensed me; for at heart I was real glad to find myself free, though no man likes to be beaten at any game. Sir John Millais was good enough to take me on as a model, and after six sittings he produced a picture that I, and those that come after me, will ever be proud of, and which the late Lord Wilton (an acknowledged judge of art) told me one day, as I met him coming out of the Royal Academy, he considered the very best portrait of a man he had ever seen. I had it photographed, and sent a copy round to pretty well all the subscribers of over ten shillings, and so ended my experience as a County Member.

I believe I gained very many friends, and made very few (if any) enemies in the constituency. On no occasion do I meet so many of my old friends who helped me *con amore* in my canvassing, as at our county Agricultural Shows, which come off every year in July; but I cannot now gratify them by giving an equestrian performance, as I used to do when I was their M.P. I believe it was on four occasions that I competed for the jumping prizes on a good old hunter, a perfect and confidential fencer, that was bound to clear any obstacle, not excepting iron rails or sheep-nets, but barring water. At the Show at Grimsby there was, fortunately, no water-jump, and I landed the first prize cleverly; the lad that rode the second was over seven stone lighter than I was, a fair margin even at this game of romps. Being naturally elated at my success, I the following year was rash enough to attempt the performance again; but, bad luck to it! there was a water-jump, which caused me grave misgiving: for, to tell the truth, my old gee and I were not fond of water-jumping. If there was a fair bottom we always walked through any water-obstacle, and, if not, we galloped over it by means of the nearest bridge.

So, on that lovely, bright, hot day at Lincoln Show, I divested myself of my coat, waistcoat, and hat (all being my best, that were to appear the following week on the Lawn at Goodwood), and then, with a cigar in my mouth and a lady's parasol in my hand, I took my turn at the jumps. The old gee and I got on first-rate till we arrived at the water, and then—well, then we both seemed bent on a grand performance. He went at it hard all, I got firm hold of my 'bacey, likewise

of the parasol, and it looked good odds on a mighty fly—but deuce a bit! As soon as ever his keen eye caught sight of the water over the guard fence, he scotched a bit, and jumping short, came down on his knees on the edge of the water, and I went over his head splendid, and turned two or three somersaults on the (fortunately soft) grass, fairly bringing the house down.

Deary me! how the crowd did laugh, and large bids were made to me to have another shy at it; but no, not for me! I offered the mount to any one, just to show the company how it ought to be done; but not a soul took advantage of my generosity; and so I put my clothes on again, and was soon right for my speech after the annual big luncheon. The most creditable part of the entertaining cropper was, that my cigar was not interfered with, nor the parasol any the worse, and, beyond a slight dash of green on my small-clothes, there was no harm done. But my feelings were somewhat hurt after luncheon, by overhearing one of the crowd remark to his neighbour: ‘If that old fool, Jack Astley, had not ridden his ’oss hisself, he would have won.’ That was hot, very—though not true. I subsequently failed to take a prize at another match or two, and then left the competition to the light-weights.

## CHAPTER XXV.

A Few Words on Coursing—Goodlake of Wadley and other Coursing Celebrities—My Early Experiences with the Long-Tails—Jerry Goodlake urges me to Start a Meeting at Elsham—Coursing Anecdotes—No Certainty even with Two Runners—Coomassie and Waterloo Cup—A ‘Dreamer of Dreams’—Spring of 1875 appointed a Steward of Jockey Club—The Sphinx Fraud—Mr. Justice Lindley—Warren and Longland get Six and Nine Months respectively—The New Stand on the Rowley Mile—Mr. Holland’s Assistance—Also Mr. Jordan, Clerk of the Works—Hard to Satisfy every one—A Fine Investment—Wage War against the Touts during my Period of Office—Death of Admiral Rous in 1877—A Heavy Blow to the Turf generally—The Rous Memorial Hospital—Land given by the late Sir Richard Wallace—The Admiral’s Mistake with Sutton—Death in the following Year (1878) of George Payne—A Sound Reference in all Matters requiring Fine Judgment—Amusing to watch the Old Friends over a Game of Billiards—Regretted by all.

To vary the sports of the field a bit, I will now touch on coursing. When quite a lad, some 10 or 12 years old, I had been initiated into the ways and manners of the greyhound : for my father, who was a very keen courser, from time to time possessed some very fair dogs ; but I fancy he hardly held his own amongst the then famous lovers of the leash, such as Harry Biggs, Wadham Locke, Ralph Etwall, Alec Wyndham of Dinton, and Goodlake of Wadley. As soon as I was considered strong enough, I used to be entrusted with a brace of long-tails in a slip, and I was enjoined to hold on to them like grim death until my father, having gone two or three hundred yards, waved his pocket-handkerchief as a signal that I was to slip the dogs to him, so as to try their speed. A nice time I had of it ! often being dragged on to my poor little tummy by the eager hounds ; and if I did happen to let them go with the slip on, didn’t I catch it !

Fine old Salisbury Plain was a rare place for coursing, and the hares ran very stout on our downs. What gruelling courses I have seen on Snail Down, not a mile from Everleigh, and up over Beacon Hill, the Amesbury side of Stonehenge,



ay, and among those very Druidical remains themselves! When I shifted from Wilts to Lincolnshire (which, of course, I had to do when I got wed), I was urged by my coursing friends (especially dear old Jerry Goodlake) to get up a public coursing meeting over the Carrs of Elsham and Worlaby—some 2000 acres of flat land, mostly grass, and divided into fields by dykes half full of water. With Jerry's able assistance I started the Brigg Coursing Meeting, and at Corbett's death I asked five or six pals fond of the sport to stay at Elsham for the three days' meeting, and, there being plenty of hares (for I never shot one on that 2000 acres), some first-rate sport was provided for the large company that pretty well filled the little town of Brigg. I always took the chair at the dinner and draw at the Angel Hotel, and we met the crowd at 9 A.M. each morning, and with luck managed to run some forty or fifty courses a day; but it was very cold work in December and January. However, Jerry and I were generally to be seen on the box-seat of my brake, from which a good view of the sport could always be obtained. I was in the habit of yoking two Percheron mares to our conveyance, and with these powerful animals we could go anywhere, and, if there had been much rain, in places we had to plough through mud nearly axle-deep.

I used to stand luncheon to all comers, and gave all the hares away to the coursers and their trainers, not forgetting the Press, a very intelligent and ardent detachment. I hardly ever used to bet on the courses, though there was every facility for so doing, as the bookies that followed coursing always showed up in goodly numbers. But it's a tickle job is coursing, even supposing that it's all on the square, and that isn't, or used not to be, *always*; for when there are only two runners the temptation to make one safe is necessarily very great. My readers will most of them recollect that celebrated coursing-match at Newmarket, where the non-favourite, though the best dog, seemed by the betting, which was very heavy, to have little chance of winning; and no more he had if he could only have kept the half sheep (that he had been treated to before being put into the slips) on his stomach. But that day hares were scarce, and the non-favourite became uneasy and expectorated the mutton, and the favourite had just time to eat it up when puss was found and away they went. But the party that paid for the mutton had to pay the stakes and bets too, and serve him right; though he was a trifle unlucky, we must allow.

One day at our Brigg Meeting, a good sort, who wrote in the *Field* under the name of 'Robin Hood,' came up to our brake and told us he knew something real good, and that we must lay the odds on the favourite for the next course, as it was a dead 'cert.'; so Jerry and I both chanced a bit on this extra good thing. When slipped to a real stout hare the non-favourite seemed unable to move, and was led lengths. In the run up the favourite kept driving the hare, but could make little impression on her single-handed, so got pumped out and lay down, whilst the other dog warmed up, and, after a tremendously long course, the non-favourite's flag went up and we lost our money. We were rather hard on 'Robin Hood' when he approached our trap with a very crestfallen air, and he thus spake: 'Well, wouldn't you have thought you knew something to bet on if you had been me? for, just as it was getting light this morning, I saw the poor dog being fomented and then sewn up: for his kennel companion had given him a proper bite, and no one could believe he would be able to go out of a walk. But there, he must have been a game dog. He is dead now, so it's no use finding fault with me,' and, sure enough, the poor brute had run till he dropped and died. These two cases will, I fancy, convince the most sceptical that there is no 'cert.' in coursing.

The only time I ever did any good on the Waterloo Cup was when Coomassie won in 1877. It was this way: at luncheon the Sunday before, a friend asked if I believed in dreams? 'Not as a rule,' I replied. 'Well, but this one is a bit out of the common,' he answered. 'A mutual friend of mine and yours, and a veracious M.P., who cares nothing, and knows less, about coursing, dreamt the other night that a greyhound called Coomassie won the Waterloo Cup, and before he went to sleep he didn't know there was such a greyhound in existence.' After turning this dream over in my mind, I decided, as I was going down to Altcar on the Monday evening to see the Blue Riband of the leash run for, to stroll into Tattersall's that afternoon, and I took 500 to 15 about Coomassie. Later on I took the evening train for Liverpool, and arrived at the Adelphi Hotel just as my friend Goodlake was calling over the card, and, curiously enough, just as I reached the crowded doorway into the banquet-room I heard him say: 'Will anybody back Coomassie?' but, as no one wanted to, he passed her name. However, when I got up to the head of the table, beside the chairman, I asked John Robinson the price of Coomassie, and he told me 40 ponies—40 hundred if I liked; but I was satis-

fied with 1000 to 25, and was well chided by Jerry G. for backing one that had no chance.

Next morning at daylight we drove off to Altcar, and Coomassie won her two courses cleverly. Next day she repeated the performance; so, hedging on the third day, I was on lavender, for I stood to win a thousand by Coomassie, and three hundred by each of the runners up. The dream came off right, and I was paid my money; very few of the *cognoscenti* or coursing sharps won, and, had it not been for that dream, I should have had a bad time. Coursing now is not the popular sport it was, for, though the Brigg Meeting still continues, the entries are poor in number, and there seems no chance now of filling two sixty dog stakes as of yore. Jerry G. at one time owned some good dogs, and didn't do badly with them; but he had real bad luck at one of our Brigg Meetings, for his best dog, in trying to jump the biggest drain on our Carrs, broke his jaw against the opposite bank, and had to be destroyed. Farewell to coursing, say I; it's too cold and uncertain a sport for an 'aged broker,' though Colonel North has cut the record by winning the Waterloo Cup three times, and divided once, with Fullerton.

In the spring of 1875 I was appointed a steward of the Jockey Club, being nominated by Lord Falmouth, the retiring steward (the rule being that each steward should serve three years only), H. Chaplin being senior steward, and Admiral Rous number two. In those days the stewards had not so much work to do as they have now, but we three had a very busy time; for, on a motion of Chaplin's, it was decided by the Club that the rules of racing should be drafted afresh, and re-arranged. Chaplin took an enormous amount of interest and trouble in this business. In 1876, on his retirement, he nominated Lord Hardwicke as his successor, and in that year a gross case of fraud was brought to light. The malefactors were three men named Longland, Warren, and Garner respectively, who hailed from that centre of the boot-making trade, Northampton. They were probably red-hot Radicals, but, if so, that did not make them any the better.

Well, they bought a mare called Sphynx, at Sutton Coldfield races, for 29 guineas, and entered her as a two-year-old the next day, re-christening her Glance, by Outfit-Mead, in the Trial Stakes at Wolverhampton; but, for fear she should be recognized as Sphynx, four years old, she was put in a box that night at the Hen and Chickens Hotel at Birmingham and carefully altered in appearance. Her tail was cut short,

a white blaze on her face and the grey heel of her off hind leg were painted with caustic. The next day, as one of the party was being driven to the course in a brake, he spied a light-weight named Weston, and engaged him to ride the mare at 6 st. 10 lbs., giving him instructions to get well away and go right through with her—very much the same orders, as you will recollect, old Forth gave to the rider of Little Wonder before he started for the Derby. These orders were carried out, and the mare won comfortably, as she was pretty well bound to do at the weight, having two years in hand.

Now it rained hard during the race, and when the jockey, Weston, was taking the martingale off to weigh in, he noticed some queer-coloured stuff drop off the mare's nose on to his sleeve, and that, coupled with the little difficulty as to her pedigree, was the cause of the stakes being withheld, and an inquiry instituted into the identity of the animal by the stewards of the Jockey Club. I have my notes of the case somewhere *in extenso*, for, as the dear old Admiral was so very deaf, he deputed me to take the evidence. And a most curious—not to say amusing—inquiry it was. Had not the man Garner turned Queen's evidence, there is no certainty the ruffians could have been convicted. Before our tribunal no evidence on oath could be taken, and though I fancy that detail would have made but little difference to the late Mr. Bradlaugh's constituents, yet they would hardly have lied so glibly had they kissed the book.

This inquiry lasted some time, and the room being hot, both my colleagues resigned themselves to slumber, and I must confess, didn't snore in unison. It was very funny, and I am afraid I transgressed the ascetic rules of decorum, when the junior steward suddenly woke up as one of the culprits was asseverating his innocence with some strong-flavoured expletives, and expressed himself, in no measured terms, 'that he was a villain of the deepest dye,' his anger being in no way diminished, when the scoundrel coolly remarked that 'to the best of his knowledge he had not come there to be sworn at.' All three men separately and distinctly declared, that the mare was not their property, and it suddenly struck me that she might in that case become mine; so, after the inquiry was over, I told the man Garner that he must send the mare to me at Newmarket, and if he did so he might escape prosecution. On the morrow the animal duly arrived, and a very clever, sharp little mare she was, but remarkably good to know, for she had a most peculiar straggling blaze down her

face, a grey fetlock behind, and a deeply-cut chipped knee. I kept her a week or so at Newmarket, when one morning two of the men appeared and wanted me to give up the mare. As they had positively declared to me that neither of them owned a hair in her tail, and no other party had put in a claim, I told them I should keep her, as I fancied she would make a nice hack for one of my girls. So they had to go off without her, but subsequently, on my asking a legal opinion, I was advised to give her up, and I had to do so.

What became of her I never knew for certain; though it was rumoured that she found her way to the stables of another notorious wrongdoer at Oswestry. My notes were laid before counsel, and, though the Admiral was at first against prosecuting the parties on account of the expense, yet, as just then there was undoubtedly much villainy of this kind being successfully perpetrated, and as a clearer case could hardly be produced, he gave in, and the two men were tried before Mr. Justice Lindley, and, Warren was sentenced to six months', and Longland to nine months' hard labour. I forgot to mention that it came out in evidence before me, though not before the judge (as I understood), that the mare was hurried off from Wolverhampton the same day as she won, to Peterborough, and a witness told me he helped to wash the caustic off her at the Great Northern Hotel; moreover, he believed that she ran and won a small hurdle-race that very week somewhere in Suffolk as a four-year-old.

During 1876 I was Chairman of the Committee for arranging the new rules of racing, and had to give much attention to this complicated work. The labour of the Committee was not in vain; for, as compared with the old rules, the new code is certainly a great improvement. I was also saddled with the no small responsibility of building the new stand at the finish of the Rowley mile. Lord Falmouth during his stewardship had—under his guidance—caused a plan to be prepared, and it really was high time some new building should be erected; for the old stand was not only too cramped and uncomfortable, but the structure had for some time been condemned as unsafe, no one being allowed to use the upper part of it, and that was the only place from which a decent view of the races could be obtained. When the tottering old place was pulled down, it was a marvel how the favoured members of the Jockey Club had escaped serious accident; for the walls were built for the most part of bricks laid lengthways, with a wide hollow between the inside and outside

shell, filled in with rubble and chalk, there being hardly any bond.

I undertook the construction of the present stand, with the assistance of the late Mr. Holland, as architect, and a young clerk of the works named Jordan, who had superintended a great amount of building for me in Wiltshire and Lincolnshire. A very energetic and clever young chap he was, and a firm believer in the strength and endurance of cement concrete for the particular purpose of a stand in so exposed a situation. I don't believe any material short of the best quarried stone or granite—neither of which were obtainable—would have answered so well, although now some of the old hands grumble at times, and declare they 'wish the new stand had never been built'; yet, as age tells on them, and they find the expense of a hack, and the discomfort of betting in bad weather at the old ring opposite the Bushes is saved them, their growls grow fainter and gradually less; while all truthful sportsmen must acknowledge that they can get a good view of the races from almost any part of the raised ground or stand. A finer investment was never heard of, for the money that passed through my hands for the buildings and paddocks was only some £20,000, and now the income from the new stands and paddocks, in the gross, is about £25,000 per annum. This sum forms part of the very large contribution of added money given by the Jockey Club, and which at the present time amounts to close on £69,000.

During my three years' stewardship I greatly harassed the touts; but they have survived my persecution of them, and flourished to an extraordinary extent. I really believe that their numbers, and necessarily divided opinions, as published and circulated to their private employers, now does an owner no great harm, and when fishing in Norway, or otherwise enjoying himself in distant climes, he eagerly reads of the doings of his thoroughbreds, no matter where trained, and is afforded a certain amount of satisfaction by the daily reports; though he must at times be puzzled by the glaring discrepancies between the horse-watchers' statements, and his intelligent trainer's account of the well-being and work done by his cherished Leger candidate, or hoped-for Autumn Handicap winner.

It was in 1877, during my term of office as senior steward, that the good old Admiral passed away. His death was a heavy blow to all racing men, but more particularly to those so continually associated with him as the members of the

Jockey Club were. It was resolved to erect a hospital and almshouses to his memory, to be called the Rous Memorial. Some five thousand pounds was soon subscribed, and a committee appointed to carry out the work, of which I was an active member. The late Sir R. Wallace generously gave an acre of land, and on this site was erected the most useful set of buildings Newmarket possesses, and many lives have been saved by this admirable institution.

Admiral Rous was indeed a wonderful man, and the same energy and indomitable pluck that enabled him to bring his ship the *Pique* safely home, after being disabled by the loss of her rudder, stood him in good stead in the management of the highest interests of the Turf; and though some described him as a 'Dictator,' yet he was always amenable to calm reasoning; he might be led, but could not be driven. The labour he gratuitously devoted to handicapping was thoroughly appreciated, and if now and again he made a mistake in the form of a horse, he was always willing to acknowledge it. His worst production that I recollect was in the Cambridge-shire Handicap of 1875, when he put the ridiculous weight of 5 st. 13 lbs. on the four-year-old back of Sutton, a horse that had shown some fair form as a three-year-old; but in this case the good old Admiral too readily believed the stories told him of this cripple's broken-down condition, and never dreamed of his seeing the starting-post, much less catching the judge's eye.

I tried to bring in a rule, that in no case should a four-year-old or upwards be handicapped within a stone of the bottom weight, but could not obtain a sufficient following to carry it, though I still believe it would be much fairer on the three-year-olds and good old horses, and would be well liked by the handicappers.

The following year, 1878, another good man and true joined the majority, for we buried George Payne in the next grave to the Admiral. No cheerier or more respected sportsman ever lived, and, though he was only a moderate hand at managing his own affairs (for he got through two or three fortunes), yet his opinion and advice were both highly valued and sought for, whenever a breach of the code of honour, or personal quarrels, required a master mind to settle a knotty point. Poor G. P. ! how I have enjoyed seeing him and the Admiral playing billiards, the running commentaries they indulged in on each other's play and peculiarities of conformation were too amusing, and I have laughed till my sides

ached at those two old cronies trying to put each other off their play by various devices. When the old Admiral was getting the worst of the game, he invariably not only took off his coat and waistcoat, but uncoiled the long and stiff cravat which encircled his throat some three or four times, and, if matters didn't improve, his shirt-collar and one brace were wrenched off, and vigorously thrown on one side.

Yes! the 'only Admiral' and G. P. were indeed a great loss to the Jockey Club and the Turf generally, and, personally, I don't ever expect to see their likes again.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

Bipeds on Land and Water—Captain Webb—His Channel Swim—Wonderful Feats of Endurance—His Death by Drowning in Niagara Rapids—Bipeds on Land—E. P. Weston—His Match with Dan O'Leary—Weston Miscalculates his Hours—Short of Pluck—O'Leary Wins—I take the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, for a Six Days' 'Go as You Please' Competition—Won by O'Leary with just over 520 Miles—Vaughan of Chester—Publish a Balance-sheet, for various Reasons—Corkey and his Wife—Eel-broth and Attention—A New Bonnet—Balance-sheet of Second Competition: Not quite so good a Result—Take a Fancy to Rowell's Style—Find the Money to send him to Compete at New York—I give him a Trial Spin at Elsham—Am Satisfied—Rowell brings back Championship Belt and close on £5000—Crosses Atlantic a Second Time with equal Success—Blower Brown—His Quaint old Backer, John Smith—Hot Bath and Chops win the Day—Divided Opinions amongst Good Men on Long-Distance Competitions—My Club Friend—My Opinion carried out—So was he within Six Months.

Now I think we must spin a yarn as to the progression of bipeds, both in water and on land. I am a very poor swimmer myself, and never was a very ardent admirer of bathing, either in fresh water—where one shares one's ablutions with rats, tadpoles, and every sort of live reptiles, as well as occasionally bumping against a putrefying dog or a strangled cat—or in the restless billows of the briny ocean, where with moderate luck a bather from the shore or the luxurious machine may, in one or more consecutive gulps, run the gauntlet of dead fish of sorts and ages, decayed sea-weed, or the diseased jelly-fish. No! give me my tub, with pellucid water of the required temperature, and the comforts of my dressing-room around me—but I am getting a bit off the line.

Well, though I was not proficient at swimming, I always envied those that *were*, and in 1875 I made the acquaintance of Captain Webb, one of the gamest men I ever came across, and a veritable wonder in water. He had just succeeded in swimming from Dover to Calais, 35 miles, in 21 hrs. 45 mins., and he helped me to get up a sweepstakes for swimmers in

the Thames. I collected some £50 from the Members of the House of Commons, which was laid out in medals, &c., as prizes for competitions, the course being from Westminster to Putney Bridge, and *vice versâ*. I think I managed three of these shows, and then they died out. I was a constant attendant at the Lambeth Baths in 1879, when in a sweepstakes for six days (fourteen hours a day) Webb won, swimming 74 miles in 84 hours. Again, in March 1880, Webb swam for 60 hours at the Westminster Aquarium in salt water, and remained in the water, without a break, for 38 hrs. 52 mins. 10 secs.; he rested 21 mins. 30 secs., then dived in again, and remained in the water until the call of time at the end of sixty hours. According to agreement he was entitled to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours (in the aggregate) for rest, of which he only used twenty-one minutes and a half. He did this for a bet of £100 to £20, which was laid by me.

Poor Webb! he was very popular, and I recollect on one occasion, when he was acting as judge at the Weston *v.* O'Leary match at the Agricultural Hall, what an ovation the crowd gave him when he spoke a few words at the end of the match. It is sad to think that within eight years of his grand performance across the Channel, when it verily seemed as if water could not drown him, he should lose his life in attempting the foolhardy feat of swimming the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara Falls.

Now we will turn to the progression of bipeds on land. As I was useful myself, walking and trotting, I was always ready to encourage pedestrianism in all its forms, and during my Parliamentary career I became acquainted with E. P. Weston, a Yankee of extraordinary staying powers, and whose performances in his own country seemed to me marvellous. After witnessing some of his 'wobbling'<sup>1</sup> feats over here, I offered to match him against any man breathing, to walk six days and nights for £500 a side. Dan O'Leary, of Chicago, took up the challenge, the Agricultural Hall at Islington was hired for the occasion, and the match came off there early in April 1877. Now, Weston had made out to his own satisfaction that whoever did 506 miles in the 142 hours would be sure to win; so he wrote out an elaborate table of the number of miles he was to cover each twenty-four hours, and the amount of rest he could take in that time, and when O'Leary led him on the second day, Weston, instead of keeping near

<sup>1</sup> Weston's gait when walking was very peculiar, hardly fair heel-and-toe perhaps.

him, as he could have done, rested according to his table, feeling quite certain—as he told me—that his opponent would overdo himself and come back to him. But Dan O'Leary was the gamest of the game, and, though fearfully used up on the morning of the sixth day, he was some ten miles ahead of Weston, who had only to come on the track and put in a useful five or six miles, which he was quite capable of doing, and the match would have been his: but when I tried to get him out of bed he went soft, and on my telling him I should chuck some cold water over him, he burst out crying, and that settled the matter; for you can do nothing at any game with a party who pipes his eye. The end of it was that the game O'Leary struggled on and covered 520 miles, beating Weston by ten miles.

I helped Dan off the track, to his four-wheel cab at the private exit, and he was that stiff he could not raise his foot to get into the cab; in fact, I lifted one foot and then the other the few inches required to land him in the conveyance. And when I got back into the Hall, there was my man running round the track, pushing the roller in front of him, and keeping time to the music of the band. Next day (Sunday) he was as fresh as a kitten, and came down to Lowndes Square just as I was going to morning church, and insisted on going with me, and, I can assure you, played a pretty knife and fork afterwards; whilst poor Daniel, the winner, was all wrong for some days after. Out of the 142 hours, O'Leary had only been off the track 26 hours, and Weston 28 hours. For that matter, I don't believe I had more than two or three hours' sleep myself in each twenty-four, for I never was more excited over any performance; and the number of cigars I got through was a record—not silly little female cigarettes either.

Well, I was so taken with the long-distance business that I decided to take the Hall and give some good prizes, open to all comers; but as the wobbling gait of Weston was open to objection as not being fair heel-and-toe walking, I proposed that the competitors should '*go as they pleased.*' Accordingly, in good time, I advertised that I would give a champion belt, value £100, and £500 to the winner, £100 to the second, £50 to the third, and other prizes to those who succeeded in covering 450 miles, and on March 18th, 1878, about twenty started, amongst them O'Leary, and he just beat his previous performance of 520 miles, winning again by sheer gameness. At one time he was so dazed he could not see the edge of the track, until some fresh white sawdust was brought and laid round

the near edge. On another occasion, I fancy he got hold of, or was given, a drop of good old port, which a fond parent of one of the competitors had brought up to stimulate his lad's exertions, and a strong pull at this red wine on an empty stomach made poor Dan's progress decidedly devious; but all in, he won—beating Vaughan of Chester twenty miles, and Blower Brown by forty-three, both good men. Vaughan was, perhaps, the finest walker I ever saw, but could not run a little bit. He was by trade a carpenter, at Chester, and a real clean-made and thoroughly respectable man. Blower Brown we shall hear of later. O'Leary took the belt to America, and declared he would not part with it till some better man came and fetched it.

As some of the sporting scribes imputed all sorts of sordid motives to me, I had all the receipts and expenses verified, and published the following balance-sheet in the *Sporting Life*, which effectually silenced the carping critics for the time; for it dawned on them that a sporting 'Bart.' was a bit more liberal to the men of thews and sinews than the sporting 'Bung' usually was—

## BALANCE-SHEET.

RECEIPTS.									
				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By 'Gate'	Monday	.	.	.	.	267	2	6	
„	Tuesday	.	.	.	.	276	11	0	
„	Wednesday	.	.	.	.	400	14	0	
„	Thursday	.	.	.	.	470	14	6	
„	Friday	.	.	.	.	641	13	6	
„	Saturday	.	.	.	.	832	1	6	
									2888 17 0
Entries	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	170 0 0
						Total . .			3058 17 0

## EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
Prizes to Winners and Attendants at Conclusion of Walk	989	10	0
Belt and Medals	130	0	0
Extra Money-Prizes	498	10	0
Hire of Hall, Gas, Stands, Contractor's Work, &c.	455	3	4
Gate-Keepers, Commissionaires, Police	120	9	0
Judges and Scorers	192	0	0
Band	78	0	0
Printing, Advertising, &c.	137	3	6
Lavatories, Messengers, Miscellaneous Sundries.	56	3	6
	2656	19	4
Balance at Banker's for Future Prizes	401	17	8
Total	3058	17	0

I was glad to read in the *Chicago Tribune* of May 19th, 1878, that O'Leary, on being asked by a reporter, 'Was there any trouble over the stake?' replied, 'No, that was given up freely; let me say that Mr. Astley is a gentleman, and a lover of fair play.'

In October 1878, I got up another 'go-as-you-please show,' on much the same lines as before, and for about the same prizes. I will here put in one more balance-sheet, which shows the receipts were not quite so good, and the expenses were heavier; but the lighting of the hall and the accommodation for the competitors was superior.

## BALANCE-SHEET.

RECEIPTS.				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By 'Gate' Monday	.	.	.	317	5	1			
„ Tuesday	.	.	.	275	14	6			
„ Wednesday	.	.	.	343	4	0			
„ Thursday	.	.	.	406	19	0			
„ Friday	.	.	.	674	10	6			
„ Saturday	.	.	.	829	5	10			
				2846	18	11			
Less Banker's Commission .	.			2	12	6			
							2844	6	5
By Entries	.	.	.				211	0	0
„ Burt for 'Right of Sale' of Programmes	.	.	.				31	0	0
„ Baker for Standing of Lung-Testing Machine	.	.	.				2	0	0
Total .	.	.	.				3088	6	5

EXPENDITURE.				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Prizes to Winners and Attendants at Conclusion of Walk .				867	0	0			
Extra Money-Prizes .	.	.	.	406	0	0			
Belt and Medals .	.	.	.	130	0	0			
Hire of Hall .	.	.	.	400	0	0			
Gas and Electric Light .	.	.	.	125	16	0			
Contractor's Work for Track, Stands, &c. .	.	.	.	109	2	0			
Accommodation for Men .	.	.	.	40	15	2			
Gate-Keepers, Commissionaires, Police .	.	.	.	133	3	0			
Judges, Scorers, Timekeepers .	.	.	.	274	0	0			
Band .	.	.	.	60	0	0			
Printing, Advertising, &c. .	.	.	.	91	0	0			
Staff, Messengers, &c. .	.	.	.	111	18	2			
				2748	14	4			
Balance towards Fund .	.	.	.	339	12	1			
Total .	.	.	.	3088	6	5			

This time W. Gentleman (Corkey) won with 521 miles; B. Brown was second, 506 miles; and Rowell third, 470.

The winner, Corkey, was a very quaint-looking little old chap, of forty-six: he had won a lot of running matches in his time, and had very peculiar high action. He didn't look a bit like staying, was as thin as a rail, and stuttered very funnily; but in Mrs. Corkey he possessed a real treasure. She never left him day or night, and was always ready to hand her sweetheart a basin of delicious and greasy eel-broth, that he loved so well, and which evidently agreed so famously with him. Towards the last, when it was evident Corkey could not be caught, I ordered a lovely suit for him to finish in, and bought Mrs. Corkey an out-and-out bonnet, slightly on the gaudy side; but I can tell you he and she were a striking couple when they did the last few laps arm in arm together, to the tune of the 'Conquering Hero.'

The third man in the late competition, C. Rowell, took my fancy much, as he was a very clean-made, muscular young fellow, and had formerly been our boat boy at the Guards' Club at Maidenhead. He had since that time run long distances well, and was real fond of the business, though he had not made any great score. However, I fancied he could, if properly looked after; so I posted £100 for Rowell and entered him for a six days and nights competition at Madison Square Gardens at New York; and I bid Rowell get himself fit, and I would pay expenses of himself and two friends (to look after him) in the land of Stars and Stripes. In due time he reported himself in proper fettle for the contest; so I wrote to him to come down to Elsham, and I would see him run four or five hours. He duly arrived, and the next morning, having measured off the requisite number of laps to the mile on the gravel walks in our kitchen garden, I set him going, and told him to run at the rate of eight miles an hour till I bid him stop.

He ran the first sixteen miles with such ease in two hours that I went away, telling one of the gardeners to score up the laps with a bit of chalk on the garden-wall. In about an hour I returned, and he seemed going easier than when he started; so I let him continue another hour, and when he had covered thirty-two miles—just under the four hours—he had not turned a hair. I stopped him and advised him to have a good rub down between the blankets; but he ran off to the stables, and stripping, got two of the helpers to chuck three or four buckets of the coldest spring water over him; he was then rubbed dry in the warm stables, put his things on, and asked me to let him go and shoot some rabbits, and away he went. I

was satisfied that he was good enough to send over to try and bring back the champion belt to England, and I duly sent him and his two mates over to New York, lending him £250 to cover all expenses.

The match came off, March 10, 1879, and sure enough he won with a total of 500 miles; Ennis, 476, second; and Harriman, 450, third. Rowell brought back the belt, and with his prize and share of the gate-money he pocketed nearly £5000—a pretty good haul for a man who had seldom had two sovereigns to rub against each other. He paid me back my £250, and subsequently went over on his own hook, and was again successful in September 1879, doing 530 miles—Merritt, 515, second; and Hazael, 500, third—landing quite ten thousand pounds over the two trips. It was touch-and-go with him the last day, for he had some poisonous stuff put into his food or drink, and only just got over it in time to keep the rapidly diminishing lead he had gained on the third day. Rowell was a native of Chesterton, near Cambridge, and thought nothing of running up to London (some sixty miles) under the eight hours, and back again the next day.

It was wonderful what interest the public took in these long-distance performances; though in England the entrance was only a shilling, in New York, I believe, it was a dollar. Scores and hundreds of people came in just to have a peep, and were so fascinated that they stayed for hours, returning day after day. Amongst these were many refined men of letters, one of whom, a brilliant poet, confided to me one morning, in the small hours at the Agricultural Hall, that he had never been so interested in any show in his life. The money taken at the doors nearly always exceeded the prizes and expenses; so, after giving away more than I advertised, I put by the surplus for a prize fund for walking and running different distances, and distributed many watches and belts amongst the successful competitors.

My readers will be weary of any more of the 'go-as-you-please' competitions, so I will only add that in April 1879, Blower Brown won with 542 miles; Hazael second, 492; Corkey third, 473; Weston, 450, fourth. In June 1879, Weston won with 550 miles, Brown being second with 453. February 1880, Brown won with 553; Hazael second, 480; and Day third, 456. At New York, February 1882, Hazael won with 600 miles; Fitzgerald second, 577; Noremac third, 555; and it is reported that in December 1888, G. Littlewood did  $623\frac{3}{4}$  miles, but I have never felt quite satisfied as to the

correctness of the scoring, though I know he was a very smart young chap, and perhaps the prettiest runner of the lot. And now farewell to the progression of bipeds during the six days and nights' 'go-as-you-please' shows at merry Islington and New York ; but I must say a word about that peculiar brick-maker, Blower Brown, and his backer, one of the quaintest of old peds, John Smith, whose *soubriquet* when in his prime was the 'Regent Street Pet.'

Brown had early distinguished himself by the rapid manner he trundled his barrow of bricks to the kiln, and back again for another load, and, like all brick-makers (I have ever heard of), he was wonderfully fond of beer : therefore, when old Jack Smith wished to get an extra spurt out of his *protégé*, he used to yell at him on the track, and the same exhortation and promise was enumerated whenever his instinct told him encouragement was needed : 'Well done, Blower ! go it, Blower ! you have got 'em all beat, my beauty ! Yes ! Blower shall have a barrel of beer all to himself if he wins ; go it, Blower !' One day Blower showed signs of shutting up, and as he was more an animal than an angel, Smith and I agreed that it would be a good thing to wake him up a bit by putting him in a hot bath—quite a new sensation for him—so we took him to my lodgings hard by, and I ordered two chops to be got ready for him, and then put him into a hip bath of *real hot* water, which livened him up considerably, fairly making him sing out. When we had got him nicely dried, the chops appeared, and whilst I was helping Blower into his running-suit I was horrified to observe old Smith busily employed gobbling up all the best parts of the chops, leaving only the bone, gristle, and fat, and when I expostulated with him on his greediness and cruelty to his man, he replied : ' Bless yer, Colonel ! Blower has never had the chance of eating the inside, he likes the outside,' and, sure enough, the brick-maker cleaned up the dish, with the result that he won first prize, doing 542 miles, a grand performance, and, what is more, his appetite and thirst were in no way impaired.

One word *re* the utility or otherwise of these feats of endurance. My opinion is, first, that any means by which an honest penny is to be acquired by those who need it ought to be encouraged ; secondly, that it is good for man to know how short a time for sleep or rest in the twenty-four hours is really essential to sustain the physical powers of his body ; thirdly, that it is quite as good for man to know what distance the human species are capable of covering between two Sundays, as



it is for him to blindly believe that the sun is two million miles, one lap, four yards, three feet, and two inches from the earth. To sum up: the experiences of a 142 hours' trudge inculcates the necessity of a man refraining from over-indulgence in the pleasures of the world, the flesh, or the devil.

Good men and true differ in their opinions on long-distance contests, some insisting that their tendency is demoralizing, others that they tend to a *mens sana in corpore sano*. During the evenings and nights, heaps of my friends used to come up to the Hall; amongst the most constant were the Duke of Hamilton, the late General Goodlake, and a host of others. My brothers, Hugh and Spencer, were also very much interested in the undertaking. It is curious how these competitions have died out, but perhaps it is that there are very few gentlemen who would care to incur the risk and trouble such shows necessitate. All I can say is, I never knew of any man injuring his physique or constitution by a six days' tramp, and I have always thought that I was badly treated by one good old gentleman at my club, who pathetically besought me one day to abandon a competition that I was just starting; saying: 'My dear Sir John, I feel sure you will be some day tried for manslaughter, when one of your competitors dies on the track.' I replied, 'Worthy sir, I will bet you "fifty," and leave it to our heirs and assigns to determine, that you die from want of exercise before any one of the competitors dies from taking too much;' but, will you believe it? he would not book the bet, and quietly slipped into his grave (being short of exercise) some six months afterwards.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Many Irons in the Fire between 1870 and 1880—Purchase Orleans House and Grounds adjoining—Form a Club—Six Hundred Members to Start with—Weather a Serious Consideration with a Club of this kind—Lose Money in the Concern—Entertain Australians after Cricket—Obliged to Sell the Place in 1882—The Filter Gentleman—My Cabs and Horses—Bad Luck at last—Horse Bolts and Meets with a Soda-Water Van—Driver Injured—Hospital—Uncle Appears—A Cunning Old File—Defend the Case in Person—Waddy, Q.C.—Notwithstanding my Eloquence am cast for £125 Compensation—Take to Chance Locomotion at Ordinary Rates per Time or Distance—The Story of Nougat.

PERHAPS some of my readers may think that I had a fair lot of irons in the fire between 1870 and 1880, but I had plenty of 'go' in me then, and so ought every man till he is well over fifty. In addition to racing, coursing, shooting, athletic competitions, managing two estates (one under the strict rules of the Court of Chancery), Jockey Club steward's work, a breeding stud, a string of racehorses, a home farm, magistrate's work, Parliamentary work, looking after a wife and seven children, a house in town and one at Newmarket, and a couple of hansom cabs, in March 1877, I went in for a 'spec.,' and bought Orleans House and Mount Lebanon, with the grounds, comprising forty-two acres, of the Duke D'Aumale for £45,000 as it stood, paying a *douceur* of four thousand to some parties who had the right of pre-emption. I subsequently sold Mount Lebanon and eleven acres to Mr. W. Cunard for £11,000. Then I set to work to furnish Orleans House throughout as a luxurious social club, and employed a City firm for that purpose. In addition, I went down to a sale at Kearsney Abbey, near Dover, where I laid out judiciously about a thousand pounds in brand-new furniture, some of which had not even been unpacked, as its purchaser had died suddenly. One item, perhaps an extravagant one, was a beautiful billiard-table and fittings, for which I gave three

hundred. The richly-carved legs ran up the price ; now, being more careful, I am not sure that plain legs would not have done as well.

I soon whipped up some six hundred members at five guineas subscription and ten guineas entrance ; but, alas ! I was not long in discovering that the success of a club in the country as a speculation depends entirely on the weather. Could I have insured a sunny dry summer like that of 1893, a profit might be made, but in wet or even uncertain weather but few people care to come down either by rail or road. In 1878 I raised the subscription to ten guineas, which most of my members cheerfully paid ; but I still lost money. However, like a soldier, I struggled on gamely till the end of the season 1882, when I was glad to sell the property to Mr. Cunard for £33,000, losing, therefore, some five thousand on the deal, let alone ‘*exes*’ out of pocket, which were considerable. Had I only put half the money into Kempton Park, which started about the same time as my club, I should have made a real good hit ; but my trustees would not hear of that as an investment for trust-money.

Orleans was a charming place, and I flatter myself I had greatly improved the grounds when I sold it. I had made a very fair cricket-ground on a small scale, and in July 1878, I got the Australians to come there and play a two days’ match against the Orleans Eleven, as got together by C. Thornton (‘Bun,’ I mean). The *fête* was a great success, and I believe the Colonials were much pleased at the reception the club gave them. I took the chair at the dinner after the first day’s play, and both elevens had a high old time, fraternizing extraordinary over the flowing bowl. The large picture-gallery with its oak parquet floor made a first-class ball-room, and I gave a fancy dress ball there one evening, when Royalty honoured the club with its presence. It being a lovely still night, the pretty lawn and extensive shrubberies looked quite charming when they were lit up by the lime-light and thousands of lamps. The river was also a great attraction, as I had a steam-launch and plenty of boats always in readiness.

It was at this club that I first discovered what an extraordinary profit could be made on aerated waters, which were to be bought wholesale at three-halfpence or twopence a bottle, and sold retail at sixpence. Under these circumstances my readers will thoroughly appreciate what a nasty jar I received one morning, when, as I was standing on the steps at the front

door, a stranger walked up the drive with a large brown-paper parcel under his arm. I asked him what he wanted. He said he had come to see Sir John. I replied that what was left of Sir John was before him, and what was he carrying under his arm? To my horror and indignation he produced a huge filter of the most approved principle, and was about to dilate on its merits when I shut him up sharp, pointing out to him that every one in the establishment had strict orders to warn thirsty souls against drinking the local water, and that, therefore, by no manner of means could I encourage the purifying qualities of his invention, which simply meant rapid ruin to the proprietor of the club. I, furthermore, curtly told him to retrace his steps as quickly as he could, and never come near Orleans again; but to show that there was no bad feeling, I told him he could name his liquor up to sixpenny-worth, and the poor inventor retired terribly crestfallen.

I had reserved for myself a very pleasant room looking over the lawn and river, and often, after the long and tedious sittings in the House of Commons, I used to drive down in my buggy behind an old Russian trotter, in the small hours, to Orleans, and was not unfrequently lulled to sleep by the rippling song of the nightingales, who never deserted the shrubberies. No greater contrast can well be imagined than the peaceful slumber induced by these delicious surroundings, to the wretched and neck-breaking efforts to snatch repose in some nook of the lobbies of Westminster, where your nap was abruptly ended by the tinkling of the division bell, or the strident screech of some Irish owl. Lots of my old members still recall with pleasure the jolly time they spent at Orleans, and heartily regret its collapse—so do I.

I mentioned that I owned two cabs, and I never knew what pleasant locomotion in London was, till I bought of Captain Wombwell his private hansom cab and a smart quick-stepping black horse, also engaging his coachman, W. Rump, to drive me. However, I soon found that, as I was so much out of London, I must have another hansom with a number on it, to earn something while I was away. So I bought another cab, and had Asteroidal, a five-year-old racehorse that I had originally bought for three hundred to lead Scamp in his work, broken to harness. He had sprung the sinews of both fore-legs, and I had had him fired, and though I believe he could not have carried a six stone boy, yet with the weight off his back, no better cab-horse ever went on the stones; he could take me down to Orleans Club and back in real good time, and

with very little trouble to himself. My third cab-horse was a pretty little thoroughbred chestnut mare I spotted one day running in a hansom on my way to the station. I told Rump to find out all about her, and next day I bought her for forty guineas. With these three nags I could work both cabs well, and my riding cost me comparatively little. I gave Rump twenty-five shillings a week standing wages, and he paid me ten shillings a day when he plied for hire and I didn't use the cab ; so he made a bit, and I rode comfortably and speedily at a small cost.

At last there came a day of ill-luck, for having brought up an old hunter from home called Hook and Eye, which I had bought some years before from the old Lord Vivian, I handed him over to the cab-work, and one morning when his driver had to get off the box to call for his money at the Bachelors' Club, the old horse became frightened at some building operations going on over his head, got loose from the commissionaire, who was minding him, and galloped up Park Lane, and, as bad luck would have it! the cab-wheel collided with a soda-water van, the jerk pitched the driver off his perch on to the pavement, and he was conveyed insensible to St. George's Hospital, where I went to see that he had every comfort. He soon got over the concussion of the brain and returned to his lodgings, and both could, and would, have resumed his van-driving ; but he had an old uncle—quite the lawyer—who persuaded him to get a tidy bit out of the Bart. before he went to work.

One fine morning the uncle came to me in Lowndes Square, and, after a long jaw, I told him I would give his nephew fifty pounds compensation and no more (plenty too) ; but the old one said he would have five hundred, or go to law for it. So into court we went, and I defended my own case. Mr. Waddy, Q.C. (now M.P. for our Brigg Division of Lincolnshire, worse luck!) prosecuted. I believe the fifty pounds I paid into court would have sufficed ; but, unfortunately, the case before ours was, curiously enough, also one of accident. The tap of the Waterworks Company's main was some inches higher than the rest of the roadway, and an elderly party had been pitched out of his carriage by the fall of his horse, which had stumbled over the obstacle, the jury awarding £125 damages against the Water Company. Well, this was the last act of that jury, and the new jury were waiting in court to be sworn in, and when our case came on, these twelve talented men were convinced that culpable negligence on the part of my cabman was

the cause of the van-driver's accident, and they paid no attention to the fact that my cab-horse was in charge of a commissionaire; at any rate, as in the last case they had heard that £125 was awarded to the injured party, they followed suit, and I was cast for £125 too; so that made my riding come rather expensive that year.

There was a good bit of fun in court during the case, and old *Twaddy* was quite on the spot when he appealed to the judge to curb my peculiar style of examining and cross-examining the witnesses; for, said he, 'I am sure your Lordship will have observed that the worthy Baronet has exceeded the rules of this court, and I venture to think he is trying to introduce the "go-as-you-please" principle, as he so successfully did in the Agricultural Hall'—a smart sally which livened up everybody, from the judge to the plaintiff. I had to pay and look pleasant, and not long after, as times got worse and worse with me, I had to sell the whole bag of tricks, cabs, horses, and harness: but got the nags and cabby good places. After this I had to chance my locomotion, paying the usual rates per mile or hour.

I will conclude this somewhat short chapter with the story of an animal called Nougat, which I bought in 1874; and I ought to have related it among the events of that year, but, no doubt, it will do very well in its present position, and is, I think, worth telling.

#### THE STORY OF NOUGAT.

It was during Windsor Summer races, 1874, I was looking on at a selling-race, and my attention was attracted to the peculiar manner one of the jockeys was riding his horse; it was a two-year-old, bred in France, called Nougat. H. Chaplin was also struck with the same idea, and straightway I got a friend to claim Nougat for me; at the same time, H. C. bought the winner, Carlos, 3 yrs., at auction after the race, and both were entered in a selling-race closing that night, so that we might have a public trial and make sure as to our suspicions. I had no horse at the meeting, nor was my trainer there; but, seeing old Drewitt on the course, I asked him to take charge of Nougat for me, telling him to be careful no one could tamper with the horse during the night, as there would sure to be an inquiry into the running of the horse on the morrow. Good old Drewitt was quite proud of the confidence reposed in him, and, getting a lad to lead the two-year-old, he strutted away behind him, looking very consequential,

while his good-natured phiz wore an expression of dire determination.

He told me that he had one of his own padlocks with him that no living man could open, and away I went up to London ; but came down in good time the next morning, and drove to the Swan Inn at Clewer, where I found Drewitt brimful of importance. He told me that there had been much talk about the race of yesterday. We went to the stables in the rear of the inn, and Drewitt, producing a key from his pocket, proceeded to unlock a massive brass padlock. There, sure enough, in the box was Nougat. Drewitt proudly declared that he had seen the horse done up, had fed and watered him himself, and had taken every precaution possible that no stranger could get to the horse. Whilst he was talking, I observed that the partition between this box and the next was only carried up to the height of the wall, and, there being no ceiling, any one could climb over from one box into the other. I pointed this out to the sapient one, but he was still positive that all was right, admitting, however, that a horse from the same Epsom stable stood in the next box. Nougat looked a bit dull, and Drewitt said he would walk up to the paddock with him before the first race. So he did. When I got to the paddock I was struck with the peculiar way Nougat carried his head (as if it was too heavy for him), almost between his knees, and as I was told that when all right he was a corky, light-hearted horse, I made up my mind some interested party had given the poor beast some strong sedative, and did not back him for a bob.

Well, neither Carlos nor Nougat were in the first three in the race ; but, dead amiss as he undoubtedly was, Nougat finished in front of Carlos (both being ridden out) some distance. These facts were laid before the stewards of the Jockey Club, and after inquiry the jockey was suspended for two years. Nougat was very queer for some time, and it was not till the Houghton Meeting I could run him, when, finding he could stay, I had a bit on him for the Feather Plate, at 8 to 1, and he won anyhow, by twelve lengths. But I lost him, for Jennings had orders to buy him for Count Legrange, as he could run in France ; so I let him go at 700 guineas. He won several good races in France, and has been a fairly successful sire. I never heard of his conqueror, Carlos, any more.

I again won the Feather Plate in 1878, with a two-year-old, Chocolate by Mogador, and had a good race on her, as she

pleased me much in a long gallop with some old horses. She won again at Shrewsbury, and R. Peck bought her for 530 guineas ; but she never won another race. No better race to gamble on than the Feather Plate if you can light on a two-year-old that can stay, and is not too headstrong for a little lad to ride the long two miles.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Racing in 1875—Scamp, 4 Years—The Whip at Newmarket—Duke of Parma, 3 Years—The Trial—Ask Sir Charles Russell—Buy Hoppbloom, 2 Years—Chirk Castle—Dicky Biddulph and his Wife—Scamp Improves—Machell and Match-making—Pop v. Claret—Pop walks in—Thanks to Archer, Brigg Boy gets Home First—Caledon Alexander beats me with Nina, 2 Years—Curious In-and-out Running at Doncaster—Hoppbloom wins Hunt Cup at Ascot—A Nice Price—Runs Second to Rosebery for Cambridgeshire—Send Scamp and Bridget to Epsom—Fogo Rowlands and Pitt Place—Marcus Beresford—The Sadleirs—Reggy Herbert—Jack Jones, Trainer and Jockey—A Split in the Stable—Fogo nearly Bungles with Scamp—Peter Crawshaw—The Big Hurdle-race—Scamp wins easy—Never took to Jumping—Send him to the Stud—Jimmy Adams—His Retort to me—I get the Worst of it.

WE must now return to the race-course and my luck thereon. I left off about 1874, after Scamp had won the Goodwood Stakes, &c. In 1875 Scamp, 4 yrs., walked over for the Whip at Newmarket, a curious old trophy, which I held unchallenged for two or three seasons. For the Cesarewitch of this year I backed Scamp for a lot of money, but I was a fool to do it, as it turned out, for we had the winner in Blanton's stable, though I must confess I never dreamed of the Duke of Parma, 3 yrs., being dangerous ; no more I believe did Blanton, or his owner, good old Solytkoff, until one day the young one astonished us all by the way he pulled over the older horses in a rough gallop. In consequence, it was arranged that he should have a rough-up on the Saturday before the Cesarewitch with poor A. C. Barclay's five-year-old horse Bertram, two miles.

It was a foul morning, for it rained and blew *tremendous* ; however, I mounted my cob, and the two horses were started, with another to make the running at Choke Jade, and they came right round by the tan-side at a rare good pace ; but, in spite of the blinding storm, I could see, some distance off, that the young one with the four white legs had a lot the best of it, and the Duke romped home the easiest of winners. Therefore

at 5 st. 7 lbs., he looked like 'a moral' for the big race, if only a small boy could ride him. (I wonder if Sir Charles Russell thought so too? You might ask him.) The commission already arranged for was executed that afternoon, and I had £1200 to 100 in it; so I saved my outlay on Scamp, who ran moderately. I was only a bare winner, notwithstanding, and all the stable were reckoned real flats for not discovering the 'nugget' till so near the day.

Lady of the Lake, 4 yrs., by Broomielaw out of Lady Hungerford, won me three races this year, and took to jumping very kindly in the autumn, winning me a hurdle-race at Lincoln Spring, and would have won the following day but, in landing over the last hurdle but one, she spilt one of her fore pasterns all to pieces. At Shrewsbury Autumn of 1875 I had the good luck to buy Hopbloom, 2 yrs., by Parmesan out of Cognisaunce, after he had won a small selling-race, for 340 guineas. His trainer, Stevens, was sorry to part with him, and pointed out to me that he had cut himself inside the hock on the seat of spavin; but I told him that was the result of the deep ground and the horse not being up to the mark, and that we would try and make an alteration by the following spring; so he didn't get Hopbloom back!

I was staying at Chirk Castle that meeting with my good friend R. Biddulph, who then had a horse or two in training, and went well to hounds. What a lovely place is Chirk!—the undulation of the ground, the splendid timber, the massive and grand old castle enclosing its spacious quadrangle yard, is a combination you rarely meet with, in a picturesque sense; while the comfortable interior of the structure, the *Al cuisine*, and the incomparable 'pop,' together with the fair form of the hostess, and hearty welcome with which she and her 'hubby' always greet their friends, produce a *tout ensemble* not to be beat. Please to mind that I ain't guessing, for I and my better-half have paid many visits to good old Chirk, and all the harm I wish Dick and his good lady is, that their granite boulders may turn into 'nuggets,' for I know of no couple that would make better use of a thousand a week. But, hie! How about Hopbloom?

Well, the next morning I took 'Marky Beresford'—who was also staying at Chirk—to cast his eye over my new purchase, in a wretched box at the Raven Hotel, and that extra good judge of the equine species evidently pitied his elderly pal for so rashly purchasing such a long-haired rat. But it did me good to note his look of surprise when, the following spring, I

asked him if he recognized a lovely round and shapely three-year-old (with a coat like satin) in Blanton's stable. When I told him it was the Shrewsbury donkey that he had so despised last November, he cordially agreed with me that he was quite a dear, and yet not *too* dear at 340 guineas. This year, one of my own breeding, Brigg Boy, 2 yrs., a very pretty little brown colt by Broomielaw out of Vigorous by Vedette, won me a race at Epsom Summer, and a match at Newmarket, beating poor 'Duppy's'<sup>1</sup> Kaleidoscope at 8 st. 10 lbs. each, when Fordham did the trick. He also won a Nursery at Newmarket First October, and another at Lincoln Autumn, when most of the Briggites (my neighbours) were well 'on' their Boy. Poor little horse, he was unlucky in 1876, as he ran second to Controversy, 5 yrs., for the Lincoln Handicap. Had he won, I should have landed a nice stake. He won a race at Newmarket Craven Meeting on the Tuesday.

That night I dined with Captain Machell and Fred Calthorpe, and that's the only time that I know for certain I put away two bottles of superior 'chammy,' because the other two drank claret. The result of this extra dose of 'pop' did me more good than harm, and that I can prove this way. Machell, knowing I was fond of a match, suggested that he would run Oxonian, aged, against Brigg Boy, 3 yrs., one mile. It was a queer match to make, as the old horse was past his best, and a straight mile at Newmarket was too far for my little horse. However, I agreed that we should run the Ditch Mile at even weights, for £200, on the Thursday, and that didn't take very long arranging; but the weights the horses were to carry took a lot of settling. Machell would insist on eight stone—giving as his reason that he wanted Archer to ride Oxonian—and at last I gave way, and the match was duly drawn out, signed, and sent to Weatherby's.

We parted the best of friends, but as I strolled home I bethought me it would be judicious to secure Archer to ride mine (as Fordham was unwell and not riding). So next morning I stowed away my rasher of bacon and drop of tea a bit earlier than usual, and set my cob and cigar going up the Bury Hill. I soon found Archer, whom I thus accosted: 'You ain't beholden to Captain Machell, are you?' 'No,' said he. 'Right,' said I; 'you would as soon ride for me as for him?' 'Every bit, Sir John.' 'Right you are then,' said I; 'I made a match last night, and I want you to ride Brigg Boy for me to-morrow, eight stone.' 'With pleasure,' said he,

<sup>1</sup> The late Lord Dupplin.

'and what's the other horse?' 'Old Oxonian, even weights, Ditch Mile.' 'Oh dear!' he said, 'I'm afraid he will beat you, for I know the old horse is very well just now.' 'Never mind! I may depend on you to ride mine?' 'Quite right, Sir John,' and so we separated. Some hour or two afterwards the Captain appeared on his pony, and asked Archer to ride Oxonian. 'Very sorry, Captain, but I have promised to ride Brigg Boy for Sir John.' What passed I don't know, and perhaps if I did I shouldn't write it down, but whilst I was betting on some race that afternoon at the stand, Machell came up to me, and said: 'You're a pretty fellow!' 'Right!' said I; 'I thought so when I looked in the glass this morning; and what good "pop" that was you gave me last night!' 'Yes, but you have done me out of Archer, and you know I insisted on eight stone so that I could have him to ride mine.' I replied, 'I have a vivid recollection of all that passed last night, and undoubtedly you were keen to have Archer; but I had a fancy that way too, and I have got him—so it's odds on "pop" against claret for early rising, ain't it, if you only get it good and take enough of it?' And lucky it was I had got Archer, for after a tremendous race he just got Brigg Boy home a short neck in front of T. Chaloner on Oxonian.

That was the last time Brigg Boy won for me; he was beaten in a match with Caledon Alexander's Nina, 2 years, when it was thought such a *cert.* that 5 to 2 was laid on the Boy. To show how peculiar the running of horses is at times, and how careful we should be not to blame owners, trainers, or riders without really knowing something, I will tell you what happened at Doncaster this year. The Duke of Hamilton owned Lollypop, 3 years, and he and Brigg Boy ran in the Portland Plate at Doncaster on the Thursday, at even weights, 7 st. 6 lbs. each; Huxtable rode the Duke's, and Rossiter rode mine. After a severe race Lollypop won, beating Brigg Boy by a neck. Next day the two horses met again—same course, same riders—but Lollypop carried ten pounds extra for winning, therefore Brigg Boy had ten pounds the best of the weights. He started at 7 to 4, and Lolly at 10 to 1; but Lollypop won, a length and a half, the Boy being second. Now, the real sharp's idea, I suppose, would be that I went for the Duke the second day; but he would not have thought so if he had glanced at my book, for I thought the safest horse in the race was Lollypop, and bet according.

The Boy's last race for me was at Lincoln Autumn, when C. Morbey (now the king of Soham and perhaps the luckiest

and most intelligent owner of 1893) rode him, and the event looked a dead snip; but at the distance the saddle turned round, and Morbey finished on his bare back; so that good thing didn't come off, and I sold my little horse to Lord Rosebery for a thousand.

This year, 1876, Hopbloom, 3 years, won me a little handicap at the Craven Meeting. He was then trained for the Ascot Stakes, where I ran him and backed him freely; but he and three others ran out at the top turn near the stables, and my Bloom went end over end into the blooming gorse and heather. When I went to stables in the evening at the Ascot Hotel, Blanton was all for sending him home; but I told him I had had a bad race, and that the horse had a chance in the Hunt Cup, so that I should run him the next day; as it turned out I was right, for he won cleverly, and at a nice price. I had taken 1000 to 30 five times and had shut up my volume, when a good little bookie from Nottingham came right across the ring, and dared me to take forty ponies, a pretty bet which I could not turn away. Little Hopkins rode a good race, and luckily neither he nor the horse were the worse for their tumble the day before.

I kept Hopbloom for the Autumn Handicaps, and thought he was good enough to win the Cesarewitch at 6 st. 12 lbs., but poor Rossiter rode his head off. I particularly impressed upon him not to come to the front till he got to the Bushes, but in the Bird Cage, after the race, little Charles Rayner ('The Weasel') confidentially informed me that Hopbloom would win the Cambridgeshire; for, said he, 'I was on my hack at the corner of the Ditch, and your horse was leading the lot four lengths' (so much for my orders to Rossiter!). It is a matter of history now that Rosebery won both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire that season, but my horse was only beaten a neck for the Cambridgeshire. I was riding my hack on the top side of the course whilst the race was being run, and galloped parallel with the running horses from the Red Post, holloaing like a madman, 'Go it, Hopkins! well done, Hopkins!' (same boy that won on him at Ascot), and from where I was—behind the horses—I really thought I had won; but no such luck! I was second, beaten a neck—nice price it was too, 40 to 1. We had two better favourites in the stable, but I should have landed a pot. Rosebery was a good horse that day, and his party landed a lot of money. I sold Hopbloom to the Duke of Montrose for two thousand, and he won him some races, and a good job too, for 'Ronnie' Montrose

was, and is, as good a sort as they make 'em, and so is the Duchess (I don't mean his mother).

Now I must return to the doings of Scamp. This year he never won a single race; so I sent him and Bridget, by Hermit out of Bertha—whom I had bought after winning a selling-race at Newmarket July the year before, when a two-year-old, for 440 guineas—to Epsom. Bridget had won for me this year the Trial Stakes at Epsom Spring, and a little handicap at Lincoln Autumn, and another at Shrewsbury. Well, I sent these two sound, likely nags to Fothergill Rowlands' training stables at Pitt Place, Epsom, to be taught jumping. I had known 'Fogo' Rowlands for some years, and no more amusing companion or loyal friend need one wish for; and I don't know a better exhibition of pluck than he showed when, suffering from gout in both feet and knees, he insisted on being lifted on to his horse's back sooner than pay forfeit on one occasion. It was when he rode his horse, The Guide, 14 st., against the Duke of Hamilton's Vet, 15 st., owners up, 2 miles, in March, 1867, at Warwick, and won anyhow. He was also a fine rider between the flags, and had once possessed a beautiful mare, Medora, on whom he had won some good races, notably one at Cheltenham, carrying 12 st. 7 lbs. She was indeed an extraordinary animal, for the week she was fifteen years old she won three steeplechases, and when she retired to the stud she was the dam of several youngsters, though none, perhaps, of any great repute. 'Fogo' had some five-and-twenty horses or so at Epsom, and poor Jack Jones—now dead—was his principal jockey. I used to go down to Epsom frequently, to see the horses being schooled over fences, and many a cheery day and evening have I enjoyed at Pitt Place. Marky Beresford, Dick Thorold, and Reggy Herbert were, amongst other pals, often there, and Mrs. Rowlands (bless her! she is well and hearty still, and has sent me this very Christmas—1893—a card, with forget-me-nots and tender wishes for my future emblazoned thereon) was a real kind hostess, and took immense interest in the stables. And so did a very pretty woman, Mrs. Sadleir, who, with her husband the Captain, a very good sort, used to live a good deal with the Rowlands, and few women could sing more charmingly than Mrs. S., so you may judge that the attractions at Pitt Place were a bit mixed, and not entirely given up to the equine species. Well, I mean they must be shut up in darkness to take their rest, long before their owners or trainers are put to bed, and so it happened not

unfrequently that I and others stopped to dinner and a game of billiards, and—what I liked best—some singing in the drawing-room.

Scamp and Bridget both took kindly to hurdle-jumping, though Scamp, rather too often for safety, would knock his hurdles down. In the early spring of 1877 'Fogo' wrote me I must come and see my two horses have a stripped gallop over hurdles on the Croydon race-course; and so to Epsom I repaired, and next morning in good time we drove over to Croydon. Jim Adams (brother to Fred, who was head lad at Pitt Place, and cousin to Sam, who won many races for W. Day's stable) rode Scamp, and Peter Crawshaw (good little Peter! no better or pluckier gentleman jock than he!) rode Bridget, and we had a useful animal to make running. After a well-run, and apparently true, trial, Scamp won nice and comfortable. 'Fogo' was delighted, and no error, and declared he was sure to win the big hurdle-race in March.

Now, during the winter months, Marky Beresford had set up a separate training establishment at Epsom, and taken Jack Jones as his trainer and jockey; so, though 'Marky' and 'Fogo' continued friends, there was a slight soreness in old 'Fogo's' breast, which made him all the keener to beat the seceders from his stable, in the Croydon Hurdle-race. I must tell you that Colonel A. Paget and 'Duppy' had some jumpers with 'Marky,' amongst them a very promising tit named Woodcock, also engaged in the big race at Croydon. The rival stables were both equally confident they had the winner. Well, I ran Bridget in the Wickham Hurdle-race at Croydon in February, and she won so easily that, with luck, Scamp's chance for the big race looked wonderful rosy; but the Epsom people didn't fancy him nearly so much as Woodcock, for my horse certainly did jump his hurdles in a slovenly fashion at times. However, as his speed had been good enough to win several tidy races on the flat, it was curious the talent didn't fancy him more than they did. I well recollect, and cannot help laughing heartily now, at dear old 'Fogo's' reception of me a few days before the big race came off. As I entered the front door he met me, and in his eager, sharp manner, exclaimed: 'John, how dare they lay 10 to 1 against my horse! how dare they, John? Why, it's 10 to 1 *on* him! —put me 200 on him, John.'

Now, it so happened that both 'Fogo' and I were wonderful short, and though my credit was very good, yet I could ill afford to lose much money at this critical time of year; so I

chided 'Fogo' for his rashness, but declared him on 1200 to 100 with me, and vulgarly hinted that if the good thing didn't come off, the century must be at 'Tatt.'s' on the Monday after the race. But he would not hear of defeat, and didn't care a rush for the Monday. The day before the race I got the following telegram from him, which I have had framed: 'Finished his work rare and well. I fear nothing.' Poor old boy! he was so excited that he forgot my oft-repeated instructions, that if he took Scamp by rail to Croydon he must mind and take the partitions out of the box; for, though he was the most docile and good-tempered of horses, Scamp could not bear being cramped, or feeling anything beside him. The consequence was that, when we got down to the course on March 6th, the best news I heard was that Scamp had injured himself so much in the train that he would not be able to run. However, his hurts were exaggerated; but it had been a near thing, for, feeling a bit too much penned in, the horse let drive and kicked a hole right through the side of the box, and had cut his hock badly.

Well, the wife and I and a couple of pals had posted down in one of Newman's equipages with a pair of greys, and so had the Woodcock party, and we both placed our carriages on the top of the hill, from whence we could see every yard of the race, while the Pitt Place carriage—full of ladies—with my colours (straw and green cap) very much *en évidence*, was there too. Oh dear! what fun it was! Not half a bad day, and plenty of lunch handy. My confidence was materially increased when I got the card and read with delight that Scamp was number 7, and as his weight was 11 st. 11 lbs., I sung out 7's the main and 11's the nick,<sup>1</sup> and put a bit more on at 8 to 1 for luck. Old 'Fogo' was somewhat *piano*, as he had been busy fomenting Scamp's hock, and feeling acutely that if by any possibility the horse didn't win he would be blamed for his carelessness; however, Jim Adams was confident, and in the canter past when it was seen that the injury didn't affect his action, 'Fogo,' with the aid of an extra glass of 'pop,' recovered his defiant mien, and called every bookie a fool that offered to lay, and every backer an idiot that didn't fancy his certain winner.

I told Jim Adams to lay away, and let the other horses knock down the hurdles for Scamp, but to come hard all up the hill and chance the last hurdle. He rode a beautiful race,

<sup>1</sup> For the sake of the uninitiated it is as well to explain that eleven is the nick (as it is called) of seven at the game of Hazard.



and though my heart was in my mouth at the last hurdle, no sooner was he over than Scamp sailed away and won eight lengths. It was lovely! I never enjoyed a win so much, and never shall again—not a drawback, and all my pals on to a man, even the opposition stable—whose Woodcock ran third—saved their money on mine, and plenty of chaff and ‘pop,’ you may be sure, was flying about. I won about £5000 clear, after handing ‘Fogo’ his twelve hundred, and giving the brothers Adams two hundred each (in those days considered quite a handsome present for head lad and jockey), and never did money come in more handy, for I was freezing hard up. Good old Scamp! he only won one more race for me—the Midland Handicap, at Warwick Autumn; curiously enough, he did not improve in his jumping, and didn’t like the game a little bit. I sent him to Arthur Yates at Alresford, but he got light on his work, and I had him home, where he sired some real good hunters, and the wife rides one now by Scamp out of Bridget. As these two had kept company so long, I thought in all decency they ought to be married!

When I sold my horses, Scamp was bought by an Australian; but he died of inflammation soon after landing in the Antipodes. I felt a brute for parting with my pet, but creditors were real greedy. Bridget won a race for me at Lincoln Spring, appropriately named the Elsham Hurdle-race. She won nothing afterwards, and I had her home and put her to the stud. I must give Jimmy Adams a word of praise for the way he rode these two winners for me: a fine horseman and a cheery jock, nearly always laying odds on himself in his own mind against the best of them, and real fond of the game, may his shadow never be less! Not that I have any fear on that point, for very nearly the last time he rode, as he was going out of the gate at Kempton Park, the profile of his figure struck me as so peculiar for a steeplechase rider, that I felt constrained to do the civil; so I asked him if I should take care of his ‘tummy’ till he came back again. Touching his cap he courteously replied, ‘Much obliged, Sir John, but I think you have got plenty to do to take care of your own.’ (N.B. I was then from two to three stone heavier and fatter than I am now.) It was ready of him, and much to the point, wasn’t it? Good Jimmy, I hope he will long live to lead in many winners of his own training and owning, and am glad to read of his son and heir distinguishing himself in the saddle.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Stirling Crawford—Sefton's Derby—A Moderate Horse—Buy Drumhead—Brogden the Jockey—The Bloater in Trouble—Gretton and Isonomy—He Wins the Cambridgeshire—Mr. Robins and Mr. Lorillard—The Newmarket Handicap—Parole—The Yankee Wins—Iroquois—A Cast-iron Horse—L. Rothschild's Sir Berys Wins Derby, 1879—Bibury Dinner, Stockbridge Meeting—Match-making with Caledon Alexander—Drumhead and Briglia, Owners up,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Miles—Drumhead Wins—Ploughing-match Void—Pigeon-match Won by Alexander—I make a Match with Gretton—Drumhead Breaks Down—Rayon d'Or Wins the Leger, 1879—I, a New Hat—Rosycross Wins Lincoln Handicap, 1880—Bend Or—Robert the Devil—I Lose my Betting-book—An Effort of Genius!—Moonstone—Zanoni—A Good Deal—Jack Peyton—Gretton and Fernandez—Beaten by Lucetta—Poor Gretton!

IN 1878, Stirling Crawford, a bosom friend of the late George Payne's, and like him a thorough gentleman and good sportsman, either when holding his own with the Quorn, or at any and every kind of shooting, or in the management of his lengthy string of racehorses, won the Derby with a moderate horse, Sefton by Speculum. But few benefited by the win, for the simple reason that in the City and Suburban the three-year-old with 5 st. 8 lbs. on his back only just won by a head from Advance, 5 yrs., 8 st., quite a second-class horse, who was actually giving him six pounds over weight for age.

In July I bought a horse that I had coveted for some time, more from his make and shape than from any form he had shown—Drumhead, 5 years., by the Drummer out of Refreshment. I had the luck to claim him out of a selling-race at Sandown for three hundred. Blanton put the polish on him, and he won an 'Apprentice Plate' at Newmarket Second October, and the next day he won again. In both races he was ridden by a lad named Brogden, whose stable name was 'Bloater,' as he came from Yarmouth. He looked after Drumhead, and was a very comical boy, and when winning this his first race, he was so elated that before reaching the judge's box he waved his cap in the air as a token of triumph.

The second day he rode a really good race, but his success quite turned his head, and when I went to the stables in the evening, Blanton, who was a first-class stableman—no better—observed that 'Bloater' had not removed the marks of the girths under his horse's belly, and the boy being somewhat saucy, Blanton took him by the hair of his head and pushed him under the horse, saying: 'Now, you young rascal, look up there and tell me if you call that doing your horse properly.' The boy had to get his tools and finish Drumhead's toilet.

Next morning, I noticed 'Bloater' had had his hair pretty well shaved off his head, and asked what had happened to him, and it came out that, after the rough handling of the evening before, he went to the saddle-room, and gave one of the lads a shilling to clip his hair close, saying, he would take care that his master should not get hold of him by his hair any more. The present I had given him did him a lot of harm; he got into a bad set, and I heard of him no more. But to return to Drumhead. He was the means of my winning £1000 on Isonomy the following week, 'thusly'—Gretton suddenly appeared at our cottage one morning whilst we were at breakfast, and asked me to lend him Drumhead, to make one of the trial horses he was going to gallop Isonomy with before the Cambridgeshire. I was only too pleased to oblige him, though I told him my horse was not good enough to tell him anything; but he said he was quite satisfied already that his horse would win, and I must stand forty ponies with him. I demurred, as Isonomy's merits up to then were obscure, and I had already more on the race than I cared to lose; however, he persuaded me to stand £1000 to 25 with him, and said the wife must have £200 to 5 too, and right enough it was, for Isonomy won comfortably; but I should never have backed it had it not been for Drumhead and Gretton mixed.

One morning in 1879 I opened the front door of our cottage to an American sportsman, Mr. Robins, who had come over to take the management of a few horses Mr. Lorillard of New York had sent over to Newmarket to be trained, and he handed me a letter of introduction from a mutual friend. Having lit a cigar, we talked over the reason of his calling. I had noticed a very peculiar shaggy and rough-coated old gelding leading the Yankee's select string at work of a morning, and Robins informed me that this same horse was a real good animal, having so proved himself in his native country, and he wanted me to back him for the Newmarket

Handicap, which was run that week, to win £20,000. Now, as there was little or no betting on the race before the numbers went up, I suggested that he should begin the other end, and state what money he was game to lose, and that I would do the best I could for him ; moreover, I should get a better price than most, because I was going to back my own horse Drumhead for a monkey for the same race ; the result was that I agreed to back Parole for a monkey. He carried 8 st. 4 lbs. and mine 7 st. 2 lbs., and to look at the two horses it was good odds that mine ought to beat the other at even weights ; but you can't go by looks, that's for certain, ain't it ?

Just before the start I declared to Robins that I should have to pay him about £4500 to his £600 if Parole won, and I should win about £4000 if Drumhead won ; but, like a fool, I never had a bob on the Yankee. Nevertheless, I saw him win very cleverly, a long way in front of my sleek old gee. The Yank turned out a real useful horse, for not only did he win a lot of races, but he was school-master to Iroquois, another American-bred horse who won the Derby and Leger in 1881, besides many good stakes at Ascot and Newmarket. He was a cast-iron horse ; for, in my life, I have never seen any horse stand such a tremendous preparation as his trainer gave him for the Leger, and though the touts often reported him settled, you had to lay 'long twos' on him on the Leger day, the race never being in doubt. I wish Iroquois had not returned to his native land, for he was just the horse I should have liked to have bred from.

In 1879, I had a fair race on Sir Bevy's, L. Rothschild's horse, for the Derby. I had backed him entirely because Fordham rode him, and, curiously enough, it was the first Derby the 'Kid' had ever had his number put up first ; though I always fancy he did win on Lord Clifden in 1863, when Macaroni was said to have beaten him a head. At the same time, I freely admit no one but the man in the box can say for certain what has won at Epsom, as the stand is so far behind the winning-post. This being the first Derby Leo. Rothschild had won, he came in for quite an ovation ; and quite right too, for, like his good old uncle, he is never so pleased as when all his pals win with him.

We had a real cheery party at Stockbridge this year. The Bibury Club Dinner was held in the Grosvenor Arms Hotel, and I fancy I was in the chair ; at any rate I was 'all there,' and ripe for match-making. Dear old Caledon Alexander was

also full of play ; so, after a lot of talk and a certain amount of 'wet,' he and I made three matches—viz., to plough an acre of land for £200 ; to shoot fifty pigeons for £200 ; and I was to ride my horse Drumhead, 6 yrs., against Alec's mare Briglia, 5 yrs. (owner up), Suffolk Stakes Course, one mile and a half, at Newmarket July, for a monkey. All these three matches were written out and duly signed. The next morning I invested in two thick woollen jerseys, and started running and walking to Houghton Down (where Tom Cannon then trained) and back, and I got rid of some five or six pounds of fat ; but was so thirsty after it, and the pop at luncheon so beguiling, that I don't think I was an ounce lighter the next morning ; however, I kept up a fair amount of exercise, and got off over a stone, but dared not get any lower. Old Alec tried to reduce himself as well, but he went wrong in his feet and had to give up.

Well, we both got to Newmarket a few days before the race week, and I practised standing up in my stirrups for a mile, and then two, and borrowed an old hunter of Joe Cannon, Foxhound by name, to take me round the Bury Hills. He carried me so well that I gave J. C. two hundred for him—a very clever hunter he was ; but he was real glad, I fancy, when the match was over. Of course I rode Drumhead a bit too, and found him carry me like a bird. Alec, on the other hand, didn't get on at all comfortably with Briglia, as she was as narrow as a knife, and a bit too hasty for him.

The day for the match arrived, and a comical pair of jockeys we were ; extra weights had to be employed when we went to the scale. I weighed 16 stone 6 lbs., and Alec 16 stone, with our nasty little seven-pound saddles, totally unsuited to our well-favoured figures. I cantered my cob down to the post, and there found Alec emerging from his brougham and pair. I believe the betting was 7 to 4 on Briglia, as doubtless she was better form than Drumhead ; but my horse was well calculated to carry weight, and Alec's mare was not. We jumped off pretty well together, and Alec made the running (willy nilly, I fancy). At the turn into the straight Bunbury mile I was as near as a toucher turning too short, through mistaking the post ; but Tom Jennings and some of the mounted sports halloed to me just in time, therefore I didn't lose much by the mistake, and when we got fairly in the straight I was only two lengths in the rear. However, Drumhead was going great guns, and he gradually got to the mare, and at the corner of the Plantation—some four hundred yards

from home—I would have bet a guinea to a shilling, for dear old Alec was very uneasy on his small plate, and Briglia was in difficulties. So I let Drumhead stride along, and won anyhow by three lengths. Deary me! there was some cheering, and amid roars of laughter we shook hands. I know I hurried off to the luncheon-tent for a glass, for what with the excitement, and the mighty effort of standing up in one's tiny stirrups for a mile and a half, I was real thirsty. Thus ended match number one. The ploughing-match never came off—I wish it had; and Alec beat me at pigeons at Brighton the Saturday after Goodwood Races. I shot very badly, and only killed 33 birds to Alec's 38 out of 50.

My success had so elated me that I made a match with Gretton for five hundred, one hundred forfeit; I to ride Drumhead, 6 yrs., and Billy Bevill to ride Solomon, 6 yrs., 16 st. each, last two miles of Cesarewitch course. About this time, Blanton, finding that he had more horses than he could look after, shunted me and two others; in consequence of which I moved my horses to Joe Dawson's stables at Bedford Lodge; and after I had made this match Dawson told me that 'he was afraid Drumhead's near fore-leg was a bit dicky,' and I ought to have paid forfeit, as it certainly was a bit warmer than the other. But I despised Solomon, he was a great big coach-horse, and slow as a man, though a fair stayer; and I thought I could wait on him, and beat him for speed to a certainty at the finish. Still, to carry sixteen stone two miles, a horse must be real sound on his legs, and I had to pay for my obstinacy; for when we had gone about a mile and a half, and Beville had been kicking and cuffing at Solomon all the way, I intimated to my good old horse that we might venture to get a little nearer than the two lengths which had parted us all the way; but Drumhead changed his leg more than once, and in a stride or two I felt him falter, so I pulled up and jumped off at the Bushes, and my horse was led home. Poor old chap! I felt much annoyed with myself, for I ought not to have lost my own or my friends' money.

Good old Drumhead! he was the very kindest and quietest of horses. I once gave him some whisky before he ran at Shrewsbury, as I thought he didn't quite struggle as gamely as he ought, and the old boy liked the cordial so well, that he followed me round the paddock in hopes of another suck at the bottle; yet he had no Scotch blood in him that I know of! As soon as he could travel I sent him home to Elsham, and had my picture done sitting on his back. Yes, he and I

were great friends; and to show the mutual confidence that existed between us, I have often sat on his quarters and smoked my 'baccy whilst he was lying down in his box. I sold him later on to A. Lumley, of Rufford, where he enjoyed a comfortable home till he died. My jockey kit has been in silver paper ever since, and I don't suppose I shall ever struggle into it again; though I am still open to a retaining fee as first jockey to any square owner, and could go to scale about 14 st. 7 lbs., having dwindled down two stone.

Rayon d'Or won the Leger this year, 1879, and I won a fair stake; for at Goodwood I thought that big leggy chestnut had much improved, and told his trainer I fancied he would be his best at Doncaster; but Jennings didn't agree with me, and said he considered Zut ten pound the better horse. Nevertheless, I bet him a new hat that Rayon d'Or would be his best, and also took forty fifties about him, being much pleased at getting such a price, especially as I saw the Lord of Crichel snap up 2000 to 60, and he isn't generally satisfied with anything but the very top of the market. It was all the same on the Monday after the Leger, and I won a new hat as well. In the year 1876 I had got comfortably settled in Joe Dawson's stable; he was the prince of trainers, and, indeed, one of 'Nature's noblemen'; everything was done in the most perfect way, and no man could prepare a two-year-old for its engagements, early or late, as he could. This year he won the Lincoln Handicap in March with Rosy Cross, 6 yrs., a beautiful brown mare belonging to H. Rymill, who told me he fancied her chance much. So I backed her to win me a nice little stake; and here a fortunate superstition I entertained about picking up horseshoes came in handy. The mare was saddled on the common outside the ring, and as I walked across to have a look at her, with good old Joe Danby, my foot hit against some hard substance in the long grass. I caught sight of a horseshoe, and picking it up, showed it with great glee to Dawson, telling him I should have another hundred on the mare; upon which he asked me to put him on fifty as well. I got 20 to 1 on the money, and after the mare had won, we had a friendly glass together over that lucky shoe.

How is it one don't kick against horseshoes now? I suppose it's the advantage of technical education, the consequence being that they don't come off; at any rate the twenty to one don't, with me. My old trainer, Blanton, and his friend Brewer—a large commission agent—this year owned a real

good three-year-old in Robert the Devil; he was homebred, and was by Bertram out of Cast Off, a small, insignificant little mare, not even at the top of plating form, nor was the sire more than a second-class horse. I often used to look in at Blanton's and see this horse; but somehow I didn't fancy him as much as his owners did, and when Rossiter threw the race away I wasn't so cut up as many of my friends were, as Bend Or beat Robert by a head. However, the tables were turned in the Leger, for Robert won, and Bend Or was beaten out of a place.

I had a nasty jar on this Derby day. There was a big crowd at the Downs Station after the races, and I was doing my best to get my wife and a friend into the railway-carriage, but whilst holding the door with one hand, and keeping the crowd back with the other, my betting-book was extracted from my pocket. I found out my loss as soon as we were seated, and then and there pulled myself together and tried to recollect all the bets I had made that day (the Tuesday's bets I had copied out before leaving home in the morning), and, fortunately, I put down every bet right, both as to amount and names of those I bet with; therefore, considering I had made thirty bets, it was a good performance. I got a new book for the next day (Thursday), and went down to Epsom in good time, and after comparing each bet, found I was right to a pound; and very lucky it was, for I had won £1425 over Chevronel, and £800 on Dreamland, although I only cleared £1015 on the day, losing every bet on the Derby. I always reckon that was the highest test I ever put my small modicum of brain to.

This was a merry meeting for me. Moonstone, 3 yrs., by Queen's Messenger (whom I had bought the previous autumn as a two-year-old, after winning a selling-race at Newmarket, for 380 guineas) ran second on the Tuesday to Chevronel, 5 yrs.; so I bought the winner for 230 guineas. He was a real grand horse, but was somewhat disfigured by the loss of one eye, and having both hocks fired; he had never shown any form before, and on this occasion started at 20 to 1, unbacked by his owner or trainer. He turned over a new leaf as soon as I got him, and did me many a good turn; his legs were made of steel, and the harder the going the better he liked it, and he used to come down that Epsom course like a blast of wind. If he only got off he was bad to beat, and didn't care for weight. The day after I bought him he won me a race at 7 to 1, and another on the Friday at 4 to 1, and



I won £1900. Subsequently at Brighton he landed a nice stake at 8 to 1. So he wasn't a bad buy, although he had but one eye—what do you think?

Now, you often see a horse that runs well at Epsom show to advantage at Brighton. Moonstone did me a real good turn this week, for not only was he the means of my buying Chevronel, but on the Thursday when he won I backed him freely, and that wasn't one of the silliest days of my life, as I will try and convince you. As I was going down to Epsom that morning by train, I was studying the race-card with all my might, and made out that the Selling Handicap was a real good thing for one of two, viz. Zanoni or my horse Moonstone, and was grumbling to myself that I should have to back both. No sooner had I arrived in the Club stand than up came that prince of good fellows, and perhaps the smartest big man I ever beheld in cavalry uniform—when he commanded the 18th Hussars—Jack Peyton, and thus he began: 'Ah, bedad, Mate, and how are ye? It's yourself that's always fond of buying a good selling-plater.' 'Right you are, Jack! and what's its name?' 'Ah, well, it's my cousin that owns Zanoni, and he wants to sell him.' 'Where's the horse, and how much does he want for him?' 'He'll just be in the paddock, I'm thinking, and it's a monkey he wants for him; he should be worth that same, anyway.' 'Right,' I said; 'we will go and have a look at him,' and down we went, and 'cousin' and I soon came to terms, for I was very keen, and he took my hand over my first offer—four hundred on Monday, and one hundred first win.

I felt rich directly; for now Moonstone was good—in fact, a dead snip—for the Selling Handicap: for, though the Peytons and their trainer urged me to run Zanoni, as he was so well and sure to win, yet I was firm, and made up my mind I would put him upsides of my trying tackle at Newmarket before I put the dollars down, and I advised them to have a dash on Moonstone, as I meant to do. And, would you believe it? the benighted bookies laid 7 to 1—such a tempting price that I invested a bit extra, and when I tottled up my book (after he had won comfortably) I found I had landed £4350 on him, besides having Zanoni to look forward to. Moonstone won me another race at Brighton and again at Shrewsbury.

This autumn I went for a big stake on the Cambridgeshire, having got into my head that Fernandez, 3 yrs., 8 st. 1 lb., ridden by Fordham, was real good goods. He was own

brother to Isonomy, and his owner, having won a great stake the year before on this race, meant having another try. I never shall forget Gretton taking me into Fernandez's box the evening before the race. He had done himself a little extra well (as was not his unfrequent habit), and when I said I had never seen a horse look better, and that I considered the race as good as over, he replied, 'Yes, that's all very well; but he has got at least ten pounds more on him than he would have had if Tom Cannon had not gone and run Bend Or to a head for the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot. Whatever did he want to beat the Derby winner for? I told him the horse wasn't fit, and that I wanted to win the Cambridgeshire with him. I never can make out what Tom was about that day. Oh dear! oh dear! it would have been a good thing to-morrow if Tom hadn't gone and raced the winner of the Derby! Whatever did he do it for?' And when I left him he was still bemoaning his jockey's uprightness over a glass of Scotch, though the reason wasn't very far to seek.

If you put a square jockey on a good horse and the stake is worth nearly £2000, you wouldn't expect to see your horse beat off, would you? However, next day when Fordham on Fernandez had apparently the race in hand, Soltykoff's little four-year-old mare Lucetta, carrying 7 st. 1 lb., swerved right across the course and finished on the low side, beating Fernandez by a bare half-length. Of course there was an objection; but the stewards confirmed the judge's verdict. I made good use of the half-hour they were taking evidence by hedging some of my money, and as I had £2500 to £1 about Lucetta beforehand, I had a fair race; though, as has so often happened to me, I missed the big money by sheer bad luck, for had not Fordham chucked up his horse to save him striking into the mare he would have won right enough. Poor Gretton was fit to be tied, and must have consumed enough Scotch to wash a bus before he got over this sad slip between the cup and the lip.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Stay at Wynnstay for Chester—Lord Combermere—Frank Foster—Tom Drake—Lords Portsmouth and Falmouth of the Party—Simpson the Stud-Groom—Windsor, 4 Years, Wins the Cup—I Buy Peter—Terrible Luck at Manchester—Peter at Ascot—A Wonderful Win—The American Plunger—A Deadly Nuisance—I give him a Bit of my Mind—Unlucky with Rowell, 2 Years—Table of Running for Year—Hard Up—I Sell Peter to Richard Combe for £6000—Struggle on Afresh—Archer and Edensor—Highborn and Lefevre—Dresden China—Ought to have Won Cesarewitch—My Winnings during 26 Years—My System not altogether to be Recommended—Different Natures take their Losses Differently—Author or Bear—Dormouse or Fossil—A Word to others as to the Reason of so many Men going to the Wall, Racing—Stakes much larger than they were up to 1882—Renders Betting not quite so Absolutely Necessary.

IN May 1881 I went to stay with good old Watty Wynn, at Wynnstay, for Chester. What a rare sort was Sir Watkin! He didn't care a deal about racing, but was very fond of hunting, and kept a wonderful clever lot of weight-carrying hunters, most of them bought for him by his old comrade and fast friend in the Household Cavalry, Lord Combermere, as good a fellow as ever lived! Old Simpson was his stud-groom, a truly remarkable character, both to look at and to listen to; and the week in question we had a cheery lot of old sports, for Alexander, Frank Foster, Tom Drake, Portsmouth, and Falmouth were of the party.

I had bought the year before a nicely-turned little three-year-old mare, by Hermit out of Musket's dam, after winning a selling-race at the Royal Borough; so I christened her 'Windsor.' She had a fair turn of speed, and could stay a little bit, and as she was nicely handicapped in the Chester Cup I had her sent there; but Dawson didn't think much of her chance, and did not go to Chester. On the Tuesday evening I took Tom Drake to the stables to see my mare, and we found her so much amiss that we both thought it folly to run her. However, next morning before the races, I took

Simpson with us, and he prescribed a tonic for the mare, and she seemed so much more comfortable after it that I sent her into the paddock, and well watched her. She settled down, and was so calm that I took 1000 to 60 five times about her, and told Weston (the jockey whose acquaintance I had made whilst investigating the Glance case in 1875) to take the lead as soon as he could get to the front, keep close to the rails, and never let any horse get upsides of him if he could help it, and that he should have fifty ready if he won. Sure enough the mare was so handy, that round the first turn she got inside, and Weston kept her there, made all the running, and won cleverly, this pretty win being solely attributable to old Simpson's tonic.

Sad to say, all those good men and true who were of that party have been gathered, except Frank Foster and myself; and so has Simpson, but he bequeathed me the receipt, and it is still on offer at a nominal sum. Windsor didn't do much good afterwards, and Blanton bought her at my sale in December, and put her to the stud; she is the dam of Windgall, a good but unlucky horse.

Now I had coveted Peter, 5 yrs., by Hermit out of Lady Masham, for some months, and old Gee, who had bought him at General Peel's sale, had given me the refusal of him for six thousand guineas, for being an old friend of Dawson's he was very wishful that the horse should stop in the stable. The moment Windsor had weighed out all right, I wired off to Gee that I would buy Peter, asking him to meet me at Newmarket on the Saturday. He duly turned up and the bargain was concluded; though not without the assistance of an old friend, who lent me £2500 out of the £6300 I paid for the best horse of his day—if not of any other. On that Saturday morning I caught Archer on the Bury Hills, and he opened his eyes wide when I told him I had bought Peter, as he imagined that one or two men whose income was more per week than mine was per year, would buy the horse. I chided him for thinking they would be so rash, and told him I hoped he would ride Peter for me in the Hunt Cup at Ascot, which he was sure to win no matter what weight he was handicapped at, and he at once agreed; and I began thinking whether the Cup would be as nice a one as was Hopbloom's.

One morning, about a week after, Peter went so well one mile and a half, that I asked Sherrard, who had now taken the management of the horses at Bedford Lodge (poor Joe Dawson being very ill), to let Peter go round the Lime Kilns

with Foxhall, 3 yrs., who was then being trained for the Grand Prize, and I never saw a horse cut down another easier than Peter did the Yankee; and when we weighed their riders after the morning's work, we found that Peter was giving Foxhall two stone and a half, and it looked as if he could give him another stone, anyhow. So I made up my mind to have a cut in with him for the Manchester Cup, one mile and three-quarters.

Now comes (to my mind) the most extraordinary bit of bad luck I ever heard of. Of all the unwritten laws of racing the one most generally observed is, that an owner ought never to take off the jockey of the stable, if he is a good rider, and has served him well and faithfully; so I had told C. Wood he was to ride Peter in the Manchester Cup. The week before the race, as Archer was riding out of the gate at Kempton he gave me a note, saying: 'This will interest you, Sir John. I will ride Peter if you wish,' and away he cantered down to the post. I read the note he had handed me, it was from Captain Machell to Archer:—'Dear Sir, if you will ride Valour in the Manchester Cup I will run him; if not, I shall not send him to Manchester.' When Archer came back he asked, 'What answer shall I send the Captain?' I told him on no account would I take the stable jockey (Wood) off my horse. I had asked him (Archer) to ride Peter in the Hunt Cup, because I knew two of Wood's masters—who had prior claims on his services—were certain to want him; and added—with a slight dash of scorn—he might ride Valour by all means, but what chance had he to beat Peter at four pounds? Well, it came to pass that my doing the proper thing was the cause of great disaster to me, for in the race Valour beat Peter by a neck, which made a difference to me of over twelve thousand pounds; besides which, had Peter won, I should have then and there bought Barcaldine of his Irish owner.

It was aggravating, very! Archer never rode a better race than that Manchester Cup, and I verily believe Peter could have given Valour twenty-one pounds. I should have made a match with Machell, but Peter was not to be relied upon; he might not start, or he might stop in the race. That was not my only bad luck that day. I had brought two useful selling-platers to get my money back in case Peter did not win, and the very next race after the Cup, I started Costa in a selling-race and backed him freely. He won cleverly; but, as I was talking to some one, I did not go to see the horse weigh in, when, suddenly, up ran somebody and told me Wood could

not draw the weight. I scuttled into the weighing-room, and whilst the horse's bridle was being taken off, I told the clerk of the scales to put four pounds in; as that hardly turned the scale, of course the bridle was useless and Costa was disqualified; therefore my losses were considerably increased, instead of lightened. A four-pound cloth must have been abstracted by some interested individual; for it is any odds that Wood weighed out right.

I never recollect to have heard of any harder luck than those two consecutive fiascos. In the first place, had I taken Wood off and put Archer up, Valour would not have run and Peter would have won lengths; in the second, had the weights not been tampered with I should have been handy 'home, sweet home.' No, it was hot—very hot. However, I pulled out Zanoni next day, and he not only won, but weighed in all right: so I had a smirk and a smile left; for I had bought Zanoni—as I told you—at Epsom last year under somewhat peculiar circumstances, fancying that he would bring me some chips, and he *did*, at a most useful juncture, and no error. Well, the sometimes naughty Peter was none the worse for his Manchester race, and he and I duly arrived at Ascot, and as there were only some rips in the Queen's Vase on the Tuesday, I thought Peter might canter with them, and place that piece of plate on my sideboard. But there must be two to any bargain, and Peter didn't fall in with my views, for when he got to the stable turn he pulled up and began kicking, and eventually returned to the paddock. That looked bad for the Hunt Cup on the morrow; but, notwithstanding his foolish pranks on Wednesday morning, I found he was first favourite, and I had to take 5 to 1.

I warned Archer, when about to mount, to treat him kindly, and, if he felt like stopping, to pat his neck and coax him. I also sent 'Farmer'<sup>1</sup> Giles on my cob down to the post with a hunting-whip, being afraid that Peter might run back and try what the iron gates were made of, at the start for the new mile. All who were there, know what a wonderful animal Peter proved himself that day. Soon after he started he began to scotch, and was on the point of stopping to kick, as he had done the day before; but Archer patted him (according to my orders), and though at the half-mile he was a long way last, he suddenly took hold of his bit, and, coming up hand over hand, he won quite cleverly, and that with 9 st. 3 lbs. on his back. When Giles returned on my cob he could

<sup>1</sup> Giles the jockey, nicknamed 'Farmer.'

not believe it possible the horse had won; for he declared he was so far behind at the half-mile post when he went over the hill, that he felt certain he would be last at the finish. However, he realized the fact when I gave him a 'pony' for his trouble; and he bought a black pony with it, which he afterwards rode constantly at Newmarket.

On the Friday, Peter looked good (if in the humour) for the Hardwicke Stakes, worth over three thousand, and here Archer's wonderful forethought came in useful. Before the races began he said to me: 'I have been thinking over this race, Sir John. You know the start for the mile and a half we run to-day is just below the spot where Peter stopped to kick on Tuesday, and it is very likely, if I canter up past it with the other horses, he may take it into his head to repeat his Tuesday's performance. If you will get leave from the stewards, I will hack canter him round the reverse way of the course, and arrive at the starting-post just as the other horses fall in; by so doing, he may jump off and go kindly.' 'A brilliant idea, my lad,' said I, and Peter was seen to emerge from the paddock some minutes before the other horses. Luckily, they were off at the first attempt, and he literally *walked in*, eight lengths ahead. I didn't bet till I saw Peter was fairly off, but was fortunate to have two good bookies, hungry to get back some of the Hunt Cup money I had won of them, and so I landed some £1500 at evens.

I wonder where Valour would have been that day? Why, sprawling like a drunken gipsy under the Spagnoletti board, whilst Peter was pulling double past the post. No! Peter was a rattling good horse that Ascot, and how he came to disgrace himself as he did at Goodwood I never could understand. In the Cup, only three runners, he, with two stone in hand, was cantering behind his moderate companions, as the three disappeared from view on the far side of the Cup course, and lo! when the competitors came in sight again, there were only two, and wilful Peter presently returned by a short cut to the paddock, after having got tired of kicking; and ditto ditto in the Singleton Stakes the same afternoon. Peter won me one more race at Newmarket, and ran a real good horse in the Jockey Club Cup, when beaten by Corrie Roy by a head, giving her plenty of weight. I had a good Epsom this year (1881); my two best winners, curiously enough, being the same horses that had benefited me most the previous year at Epsom—viz., Chevronel, on whom I won £3560 on the Tuesday, and, the same day, £2100 on Moonstone.

I had bought a selling-plate winner at Lincoln Spring, Medicus, 2 yrs., by Joskin, for 140 guineas, and he turned out a very consistent runner, winning me several races, and being in the first three every time he ran but once, that being at Newmarket, when ridden by a foolish jockey. He was beaten out of a place on the Wednesday in the Criterion Nursery; but, the next day—with Wood on his back—he won a mile nursery. This was the time that nuisance, the Yankee plunger, ‘Walton,’ got all the money as soon as the numbers were up, and I was obliged to give him a bit of my mind in somewhat forcible language. Another very sharp horse at five furlongs, I bought at Manchester—Glen Albyn, by Blair Athol. By far the best two-year-old of my own breeding was Rowell, by Hermit out of Vigorous, a beautiful colt; and when I tried him I fondly hoped that the 10,000 to 100 I had taken of Captain Batchelor for the Derby of 1882, would at all events see good hedging, if not be transferred to my pocket. But, alas! whilst running in the July Stakes he broke a blood-vessel, and, though I gave him every chance, the same thing happened nearly every time he sported silk; though at exercise he could get through real good gallops with Blower and Corky (two other decent two-year-olds I possessed) without accident. I had over sixty horses pass through my hands this year; but many of them (claimed in selling-races) I let go, if not good enough to keep. I won *sixty-four* races, more, I believe, than was ever won by any man in one year, and I thus totted down the result on the back of one of the Right Hon. Jim Lowther’s electioneering cards, which I now copy:—

My horses ran 261 times; therefore, as the following table shows, they were in the first three 149 times out of 261 starts:

Placed first	.	.	.	.	64
„ second	.	.	.	.	54
„ third	.	.	.	.	31
Unplaced	.	.	.	.	112
					<hr/> 261

‘*Ride ‘em out, lad.*’

This year I won £16,800 in bets and £15,871 in stakes, and yet was cruel hard-up; so, after the Houghton week, I fortunately found a good customer for poor Peter in Richard Combe, who, I believe, as much out of kindness as because he wanted the horse, gave me a cheque for six thousand pounds (most of which went into the pockets of the bookies), and he



put him to the stud. He stood at a place near Cobham his first season, where the men were frightened at him, and when I went down one day to see him, the man in charge said: 'Take care how you go up to him, sir!' I told him to undo the rack-chain, and leave me in the box with Peter, and no sooner did I talk to him than he knew me at once, and put his nose almost into my coat-pocket, to look for a bit of sugar. The following year, when he was located at Newmarket, where he was well cared for, I went, with some other men—after the races—to see him, and directly I halloed to him, 'How are you, old boy?' he hinnied with delight, though the door was shut and he could not see me; but, directly I went into the box, we were fast friends at once. He is now abroad. His stock are many of them very speedy, but lack bone (as a rule), and are none too reliable. A more sensible horse in the stable there never was, but on the race-course Peter was an idiot, at times.

On December 20th I sold seventeen horses at Tattersall's, and they fetched £8710; Medicus, £1500, was the highest price.

I came up smiling (grimly) in 1882, and began well by winning the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln with Petticoat, a very speedy two-year-old chestnut filly by Blair Athol out of Crinon, that I had bought at Chobham Sale last summer, same day that I bought Lovely, by Alvarez out of Electric Light, two well-chosen youngsters who paid me well, the two only costing me six hundred pounds. I also ran a two-year-old, one of my own breeding, Saucy Boy, the produce of the marriage of Scamp and Bridget. He won three or four races, and was perhaps the most perfectly formed little animal I ever saw. I must tell you another trait of Archer's extraordinary forethought and keenness to ride a winner. I had bought Edensor, 3 yrs., by Lowlander, the year before of Lord Huntly, but he only won me one race at Goodwood, and that was on the Friday, when very few of my pals were on; but, unfortunately, very many of them had followed my tip, and backed him in the Stewards' Cup on the Tuesday, when a small boy could make nothing of him, he being over sixteen hands.

Well, this year, 1882, the only race he won was at Newmarket July. It was a Welter Handicap, and I thought he had no chance; in fact, I was not going to run him, till Archer came up to me and asked 'if Edensor was going to run.' On my saying, 'No, he could have no chance,' he replied, 'You ought to run him, and if you will let me ride him

he will win, and you must back him.' I never was more astonished ; but, as I thought he must know more than I did, I told him he could ride the horse. I took 1000 to 100 about him, and he started first favourite at 5 to 2, and won. Archer knew something when he came and asked to ride him, *you may bet*, and, what is more, the horse never won again. At Sandown July I sold another batch of fifteen horses for £5900, and struggled on again.

In 1883 I don't think I had any horses, and at Doncaster I sold Highborn for 1000 guineas to Mr. Eyke, but, though at his new home he was the sire of several good jumpers, his stock did not shine on the flat. Highborn (originally named Plebiscite), by Gladiateur out of Fille de l'Air—perhaps the two best French animals that ever raced in England—was given me by M. Lefevre. One evening he was showing me his horses in T. Jennings's stable, and in one of the boxes was a good-looking three-year-old which had somehow ricked its back ; at any rate it dragged its hind legs, and had got the straw into heaps, from not being able to lift his hind feet over the bedding. Lefevre was bemoaning his bad luck, as he had tried the colt as a two-year-old a neck better than Flageolet, and looked forward to his winning freely for him ; when, by some accident, the horse went wrong in his back, and having kept him a year he considered his case hopeless for racing purposes, and offered to give him to me. I said I would give him a trial, and when I got him home I put him on sawdust. In a short time he could move round his box with much more freedom, and soon was able to walk and trot fairly well. One of his first foals was that topping good mare Dresden China, whose dam Fortress (a very moderate performer) belonged to a sporting yeoman, Bob Walker, a neighbour of ours, and a real good rider between the flags. The filly turned out a fair two-year-old, and if she had only been well managed as a three-year-old, she would have won the Cesarewitch for certain ; but her owner was too eager, and won the Great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster with her, so, having to carry the penalty, she was only third for the big handicap—what a fortune thrown away ! for, had he come to me and told me how good she was, and trusted me with the commission, I would gladly have guaranteed him £5000 to 100, besides which I should have had a pleasant win myself in 1879. In 1880 she won both Goodwood and Doncaster Cups.

But to return to Highborn : he soon began to show there was not much the matter with his back, for he acquired a

trick of standing up on his hind-legs and battering the brick wall of his box with his fore-feet, and out of curiosity I measured the height from the floor to where he pounded the bricks. I found it ten feet four inches—the strongest-backed horse in England could have reached no higher! I always speak of men as I find 'em, and I don't believe there was ever a straighter owner of racehorses than Lefevre. He showed his sense by giving Fordham a retainer, and the number of races he won for him by sheer riding was something wonderful. The most notable that occurs to me at this moment, was his winning the Jockey Club Cup on Ladislas by a head in the very last stride. Lefevre was a princely supporter of racing, was generous to a fault, and, unlike Count Lagrange, there was no mystery about his horses.

Now we approach the end of my racing career, at all events of my owning horses, and betting monkeys. I hardly bet this year at all till Ascot, and, though I won some £6000 between this and the end of the season, I was fairly settled, and in my betting ledger, which I kept very carefully up to December 1883, I see the following somewhat peculiar note:—‘Am dead broke, shall have to live at Elsham entirely, like a blooming maggot in a nut. Shall I ever bet a “monkey” on a race again? I should like to, but it's naughty, *nous verrons.*’ What do you think? In twenty-six years I had won £28,968 by betting. Some of my readers may want to know how I managed to get broke if I won over a thousand a year. Now, you young men that happen to read this effusion, mark and learn. For the first three years I bet only in small sums, but lost each year about half my (then) small income. I had of course to borrow money to pay my way. This I did legitimately by insuring my life at three to three-and-a-half per cent., and borrowing money on the policy at five—*i. e.* I had to pay £80 a year for every £1000 I borrowed.

As my income decreased I thought it advisable to increase my investments, and at one time my luck seemed to turn, as I began winning handsomely. For instance, in 1862 I won £11,097; in 1863, though I won over £11,000 in the Sussex fortnight, I only won £6000 on the year; so you may judge I was fairly on the job. When I won, I ought of course to have stored the chips for a rainy day, but I was goose enough to spend it, and when I lost I had to borrow, *voilà tout*. The wonder is not that I got broke, but how it was I lasted so long as I did—viz., twenty-five years. It requires a man of very superior ability, whose income is only £1500, paid

quarterly, to realize, when he is paid twice that amount on a Monday in cash, after a fair week's luck, that his expenses must be guided by his legitimate income, and the superfluous dross must be devoted to paying off his debts, or even entrusted to his bankers. Well, my ability was *not* superior, that is certain ; and so I continued spending when I won, and borrowing when I lost ; till at last I had to pull up, and eke out the rest of my days, as I am now doing, on a small allowance.

You, my readers, may have noticed that sudden changes of this sort affect some men differently. Some hybernate the year round like the grizzly bear and the dormouse do in winter ; others turn into fossils, and are seen no more by their compeers ; others take to an inordinate amount of alcohol, which promptly lands them in the cremating-pot ; others doze away their existence in foreign parts ; while some glorious examples may be found who, made of sterner stuff, attempt to increase their pensions by their wits, and though not naturally suited for the 'lofty calling,' become *authors* ! I ain't the bear or the dormouse, nor the fossil, nor the alcoholic sponge, nor the gourmand who lives on frogs and macaroni far from his native shore ; so I must be the elevated, and may I add the 'instructive, author,' who hopes by his confessions to dissuade young men from getting into debt, and then trying to get clear by gambling. The real reason that racing is accountable for so many men getting wrong is, that the ordinary run of mortals cannot put by their winnings. Then, again, the training, travelling, entering and forfeit expenses are very heavy, and require a substantial income to meet them without betting. Bear in mind also that, up to the time I got broke, the stakes to be won were very much smaller than they have been since 1882.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

The Gallant Major of Hussars—‘Who says a Card?’—A Learned Divine—Granite or What?—My Brother an Adept at Cock-fighting—His Indian Birds—The Old Black Hen—I Travel Manchester Way to Witness a Cock-fight—Various Precautions—The Sapient Myrmidons of the Law—My Lane Companion—FAnson’s Sale at Malton—How we Outwitted the Police in the Eastern Counties—Painting the ’Bus Windows—The Wrong Scent—A Pleasant Day’s Sport—A Few Words on the Pastime of Cock-fighting—A Tempting Offer—A Story of the Past wherein I Prove how Sensitive are the Feelings of some People—The Working-Man’s Club—I produce my Running and Racing Prizes—Likewise the Garments Donned on most Occasions when Running—The Infuriated Sky Pilot—I attempt to Pay him off—My Little New Year’s Gift—The Stuffed Canary Presented by the Congregation—A Little Suggestion on the Subject.

It is very difficult to give up talking racing. Still, don’t be frightened, I am not going to spin you a long yarn; but, on my way down to Ascot, in 1884, I happened to be in the same railway-carriage as a very smart Major of Hussars, whom I did not then know. I had bought a race-card, and—after much study—by the time we had got to Staines I had marked (to my mind) the probable winners; and this is a custom I still keep up. The Major had vainly shouted at several stations for a ‘*kerrect card*,’ without obtaining one; so, as I was bent on getting a little ‘ready’ to face the bookies with, I offered him my card, ready marked and nicely trimmed, all for one-and-six—cheap as rags!—and he, luckily, became its possessor. With fair good fortune I bought another card at the next station for sixpence, so I had a nice balance of twelve pence to gamble with.

You must know I had now taken to betting ready money only, a great safeguard. It’s that terrible easy custom of betting ‘on the nod’ that plays havoc even with the most careful, particularly after a free luncheon with the soldiers. Well, I had been most fortunate in my selections *en route*, and, beginning with a very small outlay, had run into £150.

I had only bet on four races, and was on the spot each time. At the Turf Club that evening, I was congratulated by a pal on having had a real good day. I asked whence he got his information. He said: 'The Major who bought your marked card is a friend of mine.' And it appears that he had told him how I had been the means of turning the first three days of heavy loss into a glorious 'home, sweet home' day on the fourth, and a nice bit to take on Monday. Wonderful luck for him, wasn't it? The gallant soldier sent me a very pretty pencil-case to commemorate his gratitude. He told me afterwards that he had followed my markings explicitly, and only backing one, had spotted the winner of every race. Moral: When you travel with a *savant*, pick his brains, and don't be niggardly in paying for the treat. 'Who says a marked card for one-and-six?' Be in time.

That word *savant* brings to my recollection an occasion when I sat at dinner next to an eminent divine, I believe quite at the top of the geologists' handicap. At any rate, I was told so, when I asked before dinner who the old boy was. We had not many topics in common (funny if we had), so I bethought me of a conversation I had been obliged to listen to a few days before, and with an amount of nerve which you will allow did me some credit, I boldly asked my neighbour what in his opinion was the primary formation. (I mean, of course, long before Adam and Eve began tailoring.) The learned one was all there, and at once replied: 'Granite.' Delicious! (I had almost said silicious); just the very substance I had hoped he would select. I had him on toast, and with as pitying a rejoinder as I could command, said: 'Oh dear, no; that could not be, as a friend of mine had seen the impression of a leaf on a piece of granite.' The sage lit up, and with an exclamation of 'You don't say so!' on his lips, and a grateful glance at our host for having placed him next so brilliant a scholar, he was preparing to trot me out again. But, though I longed to crush him by giving him the identical age of the toad that was found hibernating in the centre of a granite boulder, I thought I had best let triumph rest with me, and becoming stone—might have been granite—deaf on that side, was soon in busy jest with my other neighbour. Oh, dear me! I was getting very clever, and I attributed my increased intelligence to my having recently become a grandfather.

We will leave intellectual science for the present (maybe for good), and take a peep at the scientific activity displayed

by the gamest of the feathered tribe. One of my brothers (who was in the 11th Infantry Regiment) was, from quite a lad, passionately fond of game-fowls, and when quartered in India, soon became intimate with some of the dusky potentates who spare neither trouble nor expense in breeding and fighting the very highest class of game-birds ; and he was soon recognized as one of the most enthusiastic of cock-fighters. He used to write me long letters about their doings in the cock-pits of Lucknow, and other centres of sport, and thought nothing of travelling a thousand miles to witness a good main and maybe handle his own birds against those of some wealthy Rajah. Before I got broke I used to send him, now and again, a little present of coin, to swell his meagre pay ; and I was considerably astonished, when he came home on leave, that he brought with him to Elsham some Indian game-birds, and to learn the value set on them by the Indian sports. The trouble he had taken to land these birds in this country was surprising, and yet some of the best of them had succumbed on the homeward journey.

I noticed one old black hen particularly, and on asking if she was of a high-class strain, he assured me that ‘ she was at the very top of the pedigree-class, that no money could buy her, in fact he would have lost caste in India had he put a price on her. Moreover, he had been offered £20 each for her eggs.’ In my ignorance I could hardly conceive a man being hard up who owned such a gold-mine—what do you say ? Well, this gem seemed to get acclimatized, and enjoyed life with others of both sexes ; but she never laid an egg for two years (pretty manners, very). So he decided to send her back to her native home, and—would you believe it ?—that bird was so clever that, when she was taken on board the troopship, she knew she was returning to her ancestral home, and showed her joy by then and there laying an egg ! My readers will be satisfied that it would be very difficult to set a price on such a bird. The cross with the Indians and the English game turned out well, and were very successful in the pit. To look at, their Indian heads are flatter and wider than our birds, and they are broader across the back. My brother was anxious that I should see his birds perform, so I started off to Manchester one evening, and he wrote me, I should be met on the railway platform at early dawn on the following morning, *by a party in the know*, who would conduct me to the rendezvous. All went well, and—after a long journey—about noon we arrived at a railway-station in a picturesque,

but mountainous district. Some ten or twelve passengers, bent on the same errand as myself, turned out quickly and disappeared in various directions. I was told to walk up the road till I saw a lodge, and then turn in and walk up the drive to a gentleman's house. This I did, and was much amused to see human heads peeping up at various points amongst the laurels and rhododendrons. I was ushered into the presence of the Squire, who told me 'he hoped that we should have a real good main, and that he thought we were pretty safe not to be interrupted by the police.' That was a comfort, and I pitched into a good luncheon, which was laid for a large party ; but I was the only one that played the knife and fork.

According to orders, I strolled out to a cattle-yard some little distance from the house, and enclosed by four walls, inside which were some sheds and boxes for beasts ; under one of these sheds some nice green turfs were laid, forming a square ; this was the pit. From the woods on the side of the hill some thirty or forty sportsmen presently dropped in ; the birds were produced and the fun began. There were one or two false alarms of the approach of the myrmidons of the law (I must tell you that scouts were posted in various directions to give timely warning of danger), but all went merrily till eight or ten battles had been fought ; then, all of a sudden the birds were thrust into bags, and these were gently pushed into a large hole in the wall, and some straw piled over it ; the turfs were carried away, and before I realized the situation I found myself and a lame chap the only two men near the place.

I had been advised to run and hide in the woods, but I had a heavy great-coat on, and so elected to smoke my cigar and take stock of the cattle and horses in the field. My lame comrade was already hobbling round a mare and foal, as if no other object had brought him there. The pasture in which I stood sloped down to a deep ravine, and toiling up this steep ascent appeared three men, one being a policeman and the other two in plain clothes. I asked the eager 'bobby' as he hurried towards me, whether he knew where I could find the man that had charge of the cattle ? and as he gasped for breath after his severe exertions, consulted him as to the state of the weather. My simple manner quite disarmed suspicion, and he hurried off to join the other two men, one of whom (I heard afterwards) was the chief constable of the district. They all three disappeared in the straw-yard, and after thoroughly



searching for human malefactors and belligerent fowls without any result, they re-appeared, well mopping their steaming brows, and agreed with me that the view and day were both hard to beat ; subsequently retiring, leaving the boy in blue to keep watch.

I strolled down to the house, which appeared deserted, and, after a parting glass, got down to the station, from whence I took train to York, whither I was bound, for the purpose of attending I'Anson's sale at Malton, where the relatives of Queen Mary and her illustrious descendants were to be sold on the morrow.

My brother wrote me afterwards that 'They brought off the main at three in the morning inside the house.' The police on this occasion were curiosities : they had found out that a lot of cocks had been brought to the station in bags, and had sent out two of their number at dawn disguised as poachers, with spades, two dogs, and a box of ferrets. These men were to rabbit, or pretend to be rabbiting, on the hill-side, some distance from the house, and were to convey the necessary information by signal to the agents of the law when the cock-fighting began. How their plot failed I never heard ; but I believe the two spurious poachers were squared by coin or drink, and the other man had not sense enough to move the natural-looking heap of straw, that concealed the courageous factors of our illegal amusement.

I attended another main one day near a town in the eastern counties, where everything was brought off nice and comfortable without any disturbance. The 'bobbies' in the district were cleverly and thoroughly duped, considering that two or three mounted officers were stabled within a few yards of where they knew the birds were waiting to be taken to the field of battle, and, unless they could be put off the scent, the contemplated main could not be brought off ; but, poor 'bobbies,' though keen and well-intentioned, they were easily outwitted. There were two omnibuses in the yard of the inn where the birds were located ; the large glass-windows of one 'bus were whitewashed, and after—apparently—considerable caution the horses were put to, the vehicle was driven out of the yard by a back way, and took a road due south. The 'bobbies' in high glee let the whited 'bus get nicely on its way, then rode after it, just keeping it in sight, so as to be able to pounce on the law-breaking men and birds as soon as the place for debarkation was reached. After covering some seven or eight miles the 'bus was driven down to a likely-looking farm-

yard, and the police prepared for a grand capture ; but, poor dears ! there was no sign of any law-breakers in or round the premises ; and when they sternly bid the driver open the door of the curiously-tinted vehicle, they gazed on space.

Fun for them ; for, had they waited a few minutes longer, they might have had the privilege of riding after the other 'bus, which, without any attempt at concealment, and with its windows nice and bright, drove off due north, containing several men and birds all on pleasure bent, who were thus enabled to enjoy a quiet and uninterrupted afternoon's sport. I know it is my loss, but I never could get up any great amount of enthusiasm over a cock-fight, though, for the life of me, I can't see any great harm in it ; for it cannot make much odds to the bird whether he is caught by the cook and has his carotid artery severed by a knife, or whether he is killed by the spur of his antagonist. If the bird could be consulted, it is any odds he would much prefer the latter arrangement, by which he would certainly have some fun for his money ; besides, if he proved himself an adept at the game of skill, would not only survive the conflict, but with his shrill clarion announce his readiness to meet all comers for many a year, to the dignified admiration of his half-dozen devoted wives.

There are lots of sportsmen, good and true, who regularly enjoy their favourite pastime, and only recently I was told I could witness a first-class main of £200, and £10 or £5 each battle, and not have to travel very far either by road or river. One of the experts who was to handle the birds is a friend of mine, and comes of ancient lineage, being somehow related to that well-known traveller William Gulliver, but he has more eyes than that old boy.

It is funny how some intelligent folks try to make mountains out of molehills, and would you believe it ? that even the mention, let alone the sight, of any article of underclothing acts on their sensitive nerves as does the red cloth on the infuriated bull ? You will want to know what I am driving at. Well, it was this way. You may remember that when I was narrating my own performances on the cinder-path, I alluded to the light and airy costume I used to run my races in, which consisted (if no ladies were present) of a tiny pair of drawers—made of silk—with a pattern like the plaid band round the Scots Guards forage caps. If the fair ones were to the fore, the same little gems were pulled over silk tights. Well, these small coverings reposed, and do still, in one of my

racing cups, and to the innocent amusement of my guests, I not unfrequently produced the dapper garment, and have never been even reproved for so doing.

At a town about fifteen miles from Elsham, I was asked by a charming lady to come over and assist at the opening of a Working-man's Club. I was to be sure to bring my racing and running cups, and not to forget the dear little silken garment which she had had the privilege of inspecting. Accordingly I sent my cups; and, neatly folding up the tiny 'envelopes,' I put them in my *cigar-case*, and hied me to the new building I was asked to open. There were many ladies present, and—as is my wont—I blundered through a few sentences on the objects of the building, &c., and then, pointing to my running cups and champion belt in the Crimea, I dilated on the great advantage running possessed over other athletic sports and pastimes, in so much that all my luggage was enclosed in my *cigar-case*, which I produced from my pocket, and, amidst much laughter, pulled out the little silken gems, remarking that 'There was no delusion,' would any lady or gentleman like to handle them?

Well, all passed off cheerily enough, and I returned home the following morning. At the station I bought a local paper, and, glancing at the account of the doings of the previous evening, to my indignation I read a letter from a local parson, which ran thus: 'Anything more ungentlemanly than the way in which he' (that's Astley) 'spoke of, and displayed his luggage, I never heard, and considering that quite half his audience were ladies, he might have spared us that part of his speech. For my own part—having a lady with me—the only thing to do was to leave the hall at once.'

Poor dear innocent 'Sky Pilot'! I fancy he has long since (if alive) rued the composition of that ridiculous letter. I bided my time, for you may depend I was not going to let him have it all his own way, as he had not only treated me, but also my 'luggage,' with contempt; so, on the last day of the old year, I invested in a wire arrangement, more needed by thin than stout ladies, and, enclosing it in a neat little parcel, sent it off with the following note: '*Rev. Sir—On the advent of a new year I send you a modest tenpenny improver, and as Old England is up to now a free country, I would suggest that my New Year's gift be adjusted to any part of your lady's person that you may think deficient in outline, and hope it will give you satisfaction. You will oblige me by not displaying this fancy luggage before any of your male acquaintances, for fear their*

*sensitive ideas of decorum may receive as rude a shock as yours did, when the vulgar "Bart." had the audacity to flaunt the silken garment (common to both sexes) which enveloped, though it did not impede, the useful machinery which enabled him to win four cups at Aldershot one afternoon in 1856, after similar triumphs in the Crimea.—Yours, The Proud Possessor of the aforementioned Luggage.'*

Rather a pretty effusion I reckoned it, and worthy, I thought, of the perusal of some of his parishioners, who had doubtless read his letter, but would very likely imagine that the 'Bart.' had taken a licking (as we put it at Eton) and hadn't the nerve to answer their pastor's hyperbole (that's a good word, ain't it?). So I asked my friend, John Corlett, if he thought well, to insert the incident in the *Pink 'Un*, and to send me 50 copies. When I received them I sent 40 to the care of a friend, to be judiciously distributed in the parish, which was done, and created considerable amusement amongst that section of my old constituents. There I imagined the matter would end, but the following February I met one of the congregation in the train, and he informed me with considerable glee that 'on St. Valentine's Day some choice spirits had bought a stuffed canary, and had sent it, with their compliments, to the parson, hoping that he would put the little dicky bird in that pretty wire cage that Sir John was so kind as to send him on New Year's Day.' Whether the suggestion was acted on I never heard; but I fancy the 'Bart.' had ample revenge on the priest, and if I had been he I should have carried out their hint, and hung the improver, with the songster therein, in my front window.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

A Little Bit about my Old Regiment—How I Evaded the Authorities and got on Board the Troopship—‘Curly’ Knox in Command—‘The Girls We Left Behind Us’—Stamping Letters—Fresh Trouble in Egypt in 1884—The 2nd Battalion Ordered Out—My son, Frank, one of the Number—Go down to Gravesend to see him off—1st of February, 1885—Not so Cheery a Time as before—‘All’s Well that Ends Well’—A near Shave for my Lad—Capt. A. Fitzgeorge—Scotland and my Visits there—A Few Words about Grouse-driving—My First Day with the Grouse—Ganochy and Beaufort—My First Stalk at Beaufort—Hard Work—Grouse-driving with Henry Saville, Duke of Beaufort—Jim Macdonald and Sterling Crawford—At Longshaw with De la Rue and W. Morris—A Funny Accident—The Perpetrator of the Deed makes Amends—Sport at Danby—Sport at Brodiek in the Island of Arran—A Charming Place—‘Born too Soon’—The ‘Duck’ and I go well together—Little Lady Mary and her Grace, both too Nimble for the ‘Old ‘Un’—A Few Words on Stalking in Arran—Kindness of many Friends towards an ‘Old ‘Un’ when Shooting—Sandringham—Harry Keppel.

I THINK I ought to touch now a little bit on the doings of my old regiment. England had been some thirty years clear of war’s alarms when the state of Egypt rendered it imperative that she should look after and protect the direct waterway to her vast possessions in the East. The first move necessarily was with the Navy, and some of our great iron tubs were ordered in July 1882 to roll up alongside Alexandria,<sup>1</sup> and pitch a few hundred tons of iron into the forts (so called) of that miserable town. At the same time some soldiers were sent out to help the Khedive and his native troops to catch and punish Arabi Pasha. The 1st Battalion of Scots Guards paraded in Wellington Barracks at 7 A.M. on Sunday, July 30th, 1882, and I had made up my mind that I would see the last of them before they quitted the Thames; so, shortly before they marched off, I hurried out of barracks, and got to the steps on Westminster Bridge, whence they were to

<sup>1</sup> The Fleet was under the command of Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour (now Lord Alcester).

be conveyed in three small river steamers to that splendid sea-going boat, the *Orient*, which was lying alongside the Albert Docks.

On arrival at the steps I was politely informed by the police that no civilian—unless on business—was allowed to go on board even the small steamers. I tried to coax the friendly ‘bobbies’ to let me pass, but no go, and as I was on the point of giving it up as a bad job, I espied a newspaper vendor with a bundle of *Observers* under his arm. I quickly bought his little lot, and again approaching the steps, explained to the ‘bobbies’ that I was commissioned to take charge of the literature under my arm, and convey it on board for the use of the officers. They then reluctantly allowed me to descend the steps, and I quickly stowed myself out of sight in one of the steamers. Presently I heard the strains of the band playing that well-known, and to soldiers, much appreciated, melody, ‘The girls we left behind us.’ It seemed to me that the very same men must be playing as when, near thirty years previously, we marched to Nine Elms to embark for the Crimea, and I almost felt as if I was a ‘wrong ’un’ not to be going out too. Well, the men soon came clattering down the steps, and as soon as the well-laden boat was cast adrift I emerged from my hiding-place, much to the astonishment of the commanding officer, Colonel Knox (‘Curly’ for short), and offered my newspapers to my old comrades.

We glided down the stream and chatted merrily till we arrived at the Docks, where the huge *Orient* was to be seen towering above us. All disembarked and wended their way to the companion-ladder of the big ship, and, though I had got nicely in amongst the rank and file, a ruthless marine angrily stopped my further passage, and by no mode of expostulation, oily or bluff, could I work upon his feelings. I sat down disconsolately upon some baulks of timber, and was beginning to think what a fool I was not to have come down on poor Jim Farquharson’s private steamer, when I was roused by a splendidly got up and consequential official shouting to me, ‘What are you doing here, sir? No civilians allowed here, sir.’ With a dash of importance, I replied, ‘Waiting to go on board, sir.’ He rejoined, ‘I can’t have you here. Go on board at once, sir,’ and with a smile of defiance I approached the hard-hearted marine, saying, ‘You hear what the officer says, get out of the road,’ and up I skipped and dived down to one of the officer’s cabins at once,

and didn't emerge till I felt the powerful screw churning the water in the basin. Then out I came, and one of the ship's officers offered me some breakfast. Well, you can bet I was keen for a bite, and set to with a will. We were soon out on the bosom of old 'Father Thames,' and the deck became alive with soldiers, officers, and men, who had now stowed away their baggage and put on their ocean kit, and as we looked over the side, we were soon chaffing the occupants of Farquharson's little steamer on one hand, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' boat on the other, for he had brought down his brother the Duke of Connaught, who was also bound for the East.

Presently the signal was given for all those who hadn't business at Malta to leave the *Orient*, and I was left the only civilian on board, except one of the joint-owners of the ship, who had promised to give me a passage back from the Nore in his steam-launch. It was curious to watch how our big ship, with the screw going about twenty revolutions a minute, left the small steamers—who were doing all they knew to keep up with us—far behind, and soon afterwards they turned back, while we dropped down to the Nore, where, as the tide did not serve, the anchor was let go, and the huge ship swung round, waiting till the incoming tide would enable her to continue her voyage. My friend's little launch not appearing, he hailed a tug, and after taking leave of the old regiment and imbibing several parting glasses, we descended the ladder, and the tug landed us at Gravesend. I arrived at the Turf Club about 11.30 p.m., to the surprise of those who had last seen me on the *Orient*, they having settled that I should be carried on to Malta.

I had been intrusted with some fifty letters, which I was enjoined to post that night, and told not to be too inquisitive as to some of the addresses of the younger ones' epistles, but, like a good fellow, to stamp those that needed it. Though sorely tired, I set to and stamped all the letters that required it; still, I could not help being reminded by not a few of the superscriptions of the good old tune the band had selected in the morning. I was a bit tricky and lucky in carrying out my resolve to see the last of the battalion that Sunday, and I could have had any odds I didn't bring it off, and don't believe I have seen the picture of any other man that could have done it. Modest way of putting it, eh! The battalion returned home the following November, having done its duty well, and left Egypt in a comparatively peaceful state; but in

1884 an old fool called the Mahdi (whatever that may mean) having sprung up and unduly excited a large number of dervishes, misguided Arabs, and others, England found herself again compelled to send out troops to Suakim. This time the 2nd Battalion of Scots Guards was for duty, and one of the officers who went out with them was my son Frank, to whom I introduced you on his birth at Rome in 1859. He had (after leaving Eton) joined my old regiment about 1879, and in June 1882, married Lady Gertrude Pelham, a charming little woman, only sister of our neighbour, the present Lord Yarborough; and in 1884 my first grandchild made his appearance. A smarter boy than Jack (now ten years old) I never set eye on, nor have you!

My son was attached to the Mounted Infantry, which consisted of some fifty men of each battalion of Guards, and some few days before that fixed for embarkation, I bought and distributed amongst the men detailed for that duty, a haversack, a pound of 'baccy, and a pipe each, and as I distributed these little presents among them, I told the men to keep their eye on 'young Astley,' and bring him back safe.

Well, the battalion paraded at Wellington Barracks (as the first had done) on the 21st February, 1885, and this time were taken down in small steamers to Gravesend, where they embarked on board the *Pembroke Castle*. I escorted my wife and daughter-in-law by train to see the last of Frank on board. Not half so cheery an event did I feel it as the start of the other battalion three years before; and, of course, it was a real trying time for the wives of many of the officers who embarked that day. But they, one and all, held up bravely, and were all rewarded by welcoming home their husbands again in the following July, when the battalion returned. My lad had a very narrow squeak for life, for, though he had never been sick or sorry during the short campaign, no sooner had he embarked at Suakim to accompany the battalion to Alexandria, than he was struck down by fever; and, had it not been that he, fortunately, was put on board a return transport, where only a few sick were placed, and therefore had the advantage of extra careful nursing, together with the kind attention of the commander, A. Fitzgeorge, he would never have reached home. As it was, I never spent a more uncomfortable week than waiting at Southsea with his little wife for his return. The old tub he was on board of was several days overdue, and when at last it arrived, though rejoiced to find Frank alive, he was terribly weak, and we got leave to take



him in a gunboat straight to Netley Hospital (a first-class institution), where he soon picked up, and don't look any the worse ; but it was a near shave, very.

Having harked back a little to relate the doings of my old regiment in Egypt, and said a word or two about my son Frank, I must get forward again ; for doing so has taken us back as far as 1882, and as a retrograde movement will not tend to finish this book any the quicker, I will at once proceed to another variety of sport, and one to which I have not hitherto alluded.

I have touched but little on the many enjoyable visits I have paid in Scotland, and, to tell the truth, when I took so vigorously to horse-racing I hardly ever found time to go North, and trusted only to the generosity of my friends to remind me of the 12th of August, when sending me grouse. As that much-beloved day drew near, I used to remind those that I knew were bound for the heather, that the present year was an extraordinary good one for bread-sauce at Elsham, but that it was a very moderate dish by itself, although it went wonderful well with grouse—and I found the gentle hint very productive, one year having had as many as forty brace of grouse sent me. My first introduction to the moors was as a lad of sixteen, when, armed with a single-barrelled gun, and one pointer, I killed nineteen brace of grouse in Kincardineshire. When I grew into an Ensign I spent many a pleasant week with various friends in the Highlands, always shooting over dogs. Amongst those places where I enjoyed myself most may be numbered Ganochy with Billy Peareth, and with Lord Lovat, at Beaufort (the grandfather of the present man).

At Beaufort I was first initiated into the art of deer-stalking, and real hard work it was, for we—the party consisting of the old lord, his son Simon, the Master of Lovat, a wonderful hard and keen stalker, and Alastair Fraser (a great chum of mine in the regiment)—used to go up to a lodge in the forest. I was turned out at 6 A.M., and had to walk about six miles along some Highland road, and then ascend some awful hill, and direct my wanderings according to the wind, so as not to drive the deer over the march ; in fact, it was quite on the cards that after a two hours' struggle up-hill, my stalker would insist on our descending by the same route : and then we had to climb up again to another ridge to spy some other ground ; perhaps we might get a shot, but it was no certainty. Often have I had to return, tired to death, without having had half a chance, maybe without having seen a beast worth stalking,

and after wiring into a leg of mutton and rice-pudding, turned into a very hard, but, to a tired sportsman, a welcome bed.

I have done but little grouse-driving. My first attempt was at Rhysworth, belonging to the late Henry Savile of Rufford, where beside whom were the Duke of Beaufort, Jim Macdonald, and Stirling Crawford, a quartette of good sportsmen and good fellows not to be beat, the Duke being the only one left. I wish they were all buzzing about now. On another occasion I was lucky enough to be asked to shoot at Longshaw (the Duke of Rutland's) when Warren De la Rue and W. Morris rented it, and here I met with quite a funny accident. I had been warned by his nephew, that old Morris was a trifle dangerous, and (like my luck) in drawing lots for places I found myself next to him. But all went well on the first day till after luncheon, when, as the butts were somewhat closer together, I bid my loader build up the sides of my hiding-place, which was on the right of Wicked Bill (W. Morris's pet name), a bit higher as a precaution, and presently a large pack of grouse came sailing along between our two butts. I let go two shots in front and then snatched up my second gun, and turned round to have another two shots when they had passed me (alas! I can't turn on my own axis as nattily as I used to): so swinging round, I took a pace to the rear and so got out of my hide, of which the old boy took prompt advantage, and tickled me up freely, putting a couple of pellets into my right cheek, and, as I told him afterwards, he nailed me just as if I was a buck rabbit popping his head out of a hole. However, I was none the worse; in fact, all the better, for he asked me to his first-rate shooting at Wrotham in Norfolk, which I don't think he would have done had he not wished to make the *amende honorable*, and in writing to accept his invite I told him he might have another shot at me, but I must name the spot.

Twice I have had some driving on a capital little moor near Northallerton, and Black Hambledon, leased with others by a neighbour of ours in Lincolnshire named Cliff, a keen sportsman. This year (1893) I shot at Danby (Lord Downe's), rented by A. Soames, who did us right well. Armstrong, the head-keeper, is a very quaint and clever old party. But of all the places where grouse and deer do congregate, commend me to Arran, the loveliest of islands, owned in its entirety by the best of good fellows, the Duke of Hamilton, 'bless him!' Deary me! how I have enjoyed myself there! Would that I were younger and more lissom: for it is terribly annoying to see a real steady good dog drawing up-hill, and, though you know,

and would bet 40 to 1, that grouse are running in front of that never-mistaken 'dorg,' yet your bellows and wooden old legs often prevent your rewarding the intelligent animal by getting within range of the birds when they rise.

Again, much the same acute sensations afflict you when, after a couple of hours' feeble efforts at climbing some steep hill-side, you sit down and spy, and find a real good stag gradually feeding away from you, and perhaps realize that the beast will very soon reach difficult ground for you to get within range of him; though, if you could run a few hundred yards, you might get up to some cover, where you would be cock-sure to get a fair shot, but, though keen as mustard, the machinery is too antiquated to carry out the movement, and the opportunity is lost. Yet, with the indisputable fact that you were 'born too soon' constantly recurring to your mind, and each year more pointedly, I would sooner spend a month in Arran than in any place I have ever known. Those of my readers who have not been there, hurry up and see for yourselves. You will find pleasant quarters at the hotel at Brodick, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, whose chief delight seems to be to make their visitors comfortable. The first time I went to Arran, the Duke and Duchess were entertaining a party at Brodick Castle, and I then made the acquaintance of their little daughter, Lady Mary, a most lovable and pretty child. We soon became great friends, and when picking blackberries I could fairly keep up with her; but when invited to take a ride I was soon left in the lurch, and I am afraid lost caste in her young estimation.

The same want of youthful dash stood in my way when the Duchess wanted to show me the beautiful gorge of Glen Rosa; but that didn't humble me so much, for she is the best mover I ever beheld—she just *can* walk, her easy swing is the poetry of motion. Now, the 'Duck' (as I call his Grace) is more my style, as he is terribly handicapped with the gout, and I don't feel so cruel old when brushing the heather with him. That year he and I drove over to the shooting-lodge the other side of the island, a matter of some twelve miles, taking our guns with us, and when we had driven about eight miles we found the keepers and gillies and three brace of dogs waiting for us. We got off the trap and shouldered our guns, while a brace of dogs were let go, and away they dashed—delighted to get out of the couples—over the heather; but had not gone twenty yards before they were suddenly brought up all of a heap, and stood in most perfect form; and as we walked up I saw nine

heads peeping out of the heather. In another second up got nine grouse and down came four of them. 'How many are there now, and where are they gone?' asked the Duke. 'Five, and no that far away, yer Grace,' said old Mackenzie. And, sure enough, when we had got round a small knoll there were the five heads. Up the birds got and down came three, and the same question brought the intelligence that there were 'just twa.' They also rose and met the same doom—father, mother, and seven bairns were duly accounted for.

It did tickle me. I could not help having a hearty laugh at the tameness of these birds, for, as the old keeper expressed it, 'they were vara accommodating.' I believe we ought to have left the last two, in order that their pretty manners might be handed down to their progeny; but we didn't think of that in time. Grouse do certainly lie better in Arran than any place I have ever shot over. It may be because there is no driving, all the birds being killed over dogs, and rare fun it is; for I must say I like seeing the dogs work. I am but a poor shot with the rifle; nevertheless, I do thoroughly enjoy deer-stalking in Arran; the wind there is never wrong, for you cannot put the deer over the march into your neighbour's forest.

What, in this vale of tears, can be more enjoyable than after a nine-o'clock breakfast, cooked by a first-class *chef*, each guest gets his orders, either to go stalking or shoot. Two start off in an Irish car some few miles, to where the keepers and dogs are waiting for them, to shoot; off go two other cars, with a guest, stalker, and gillie in each, to their different grounds; and, lastly, the 'old 'un' (that's me) is told he can go where he likes. Either on foot or on a real confidential Iceland pony (my favourite is a white one that I christened Snowball), and attended by Peter Crawford—a dear old wiry Scot, who knows every yard of the island—and a gillie, I start as if I could hurry up the steepest of hills. But, oh dear! before I have been two hours on the trudge, that horrible truism asserts itself, 'Born too soon,' and I persuade the trusty Peter that I fancy I see a real big beast on yonder face, with my race-glasses. Then down we sit, and Peter, pulling out his telescope, after a searching spy, shakes his head and says: 'Yon is only a wee staggy, with two or three hinds.' But I have had a rest; and, maybe, if the day is very warm, just a sketch of whisky with water from the burn, or I may have to touch one of my bottles of 'soddy': for I make it a rule to balance the gillie with two or three bottles of 'aërated' in case good water is not handy when thirst is. Refreshed, I

up and plod on again, and the next time Peter's telescope is required to verify the indistinct glimpse of my glasses, a bonnie beast is spied, and this time (wind being right) a cigar is lighted and a council of ways and means solemnly held.

Personally, I don't object to lying where we are, if the heather is dry and soft, till the antlered monarch has fed or moved on out of sight, and we can then advance without fear of being seen; but, if he is lying down with his hinds around him, we may have to retrace our steps and advance from another quarter. I always vote for trying any method of approach rather than progression by 'crawling.' I don't think I am built the right way for this style of advance; no doubt your head ought to be the highest part of your person, when on all fours, but I cannot truthfully assert that mine is. I am naturally inclined to do the ostrich trick, which bird (I am told) when frightened buries its head in the sand, thinking, I presume, that if it cannot see it cannot be seen. Well, when I want to make myself invisible by 'crawling,' I am told I carry my head too low and my—body—too high. So if the stag would crawl away on his knees and hocks, then I might compete on my hands and knees; but, keep on my feet I will, if I can.

After a careful scramble the supreme moment at length arrives. For some minutes Peter has taken to whispering—a sure sign he believes that, when we next sight our quarry, I shall be near enough to get a shot. Now the two cartridges are slipped into the rifle, and, panting and breathless, I grasp the weapon and peep with extreme caution through the heather that fringes the top of the knoll that screens us from the stag. Ah! there he is, a grand beast lying facing us, as yet totally unconscious of his danger; at the same time one of his harem looks a little uneasy, and, rising, taps the ground with one of her fore-feet. 'Now, be ready and steady, old boy,' says I to myself, my heart beating with excitement so loudly that I am almost afraid the stag will hear it, and jump up and be off endways on, before I can get a bead on him; up gets another hind, and the Sultan, having faith in their joint sagacity, rises defiantly from his lair—in another instant he and his girls will be off. There! now he stands for a second broadside on; 'Let him have it,' I mutter to myself, and bang, whizz goes the bullet. I hear it hit something, but is it the stag? Oh, it *must* be, the sight and his heart were in a line when I pulled. Confound it, he's off!

I let go the other barrel and see the bullet chuck up the

dirt to his right; 'Keep your eye on him, Peter, I couldn't have missed him: he was such a pretty shot—not one hundred yards off.' 'But you have "mussed" him, Sir John, and you couldna have had a prettier shot.' To which I rejoined: 'You be sugared, old boy! Look yonder: he can't keep up with the hinds—ah! he reels, he's down!' Peter admitted that he was struck, and said, 'Ah! you've hit him sairly.' Then with my glasses I try to find the wound, and, sure enough, the bullet is into his side, but a few inches too far back. We make a slight detour, and I give him another barrel from close quarters, and the bonny beast turns over, while Peter, running up, gives him the *coup de grâce*; but before the last obsequies I bid the gillie pull out a bottle of 'soddy,' and with a dash of whisky we each drink to the success of our stalk, and agree that he must be near twenty stone.

The gillie, leaving the lunch with us, is sent off to get the sleigh, so as to get the beast home at once. Peter and I make off to the nearest spring and just about enjoy our lunch, the lovely view over the sea to the mainland, and a good draw at our tobacco, and by evening—when we got home—after another stalk and a miss, we find the stag already hung up in the larder. He weighs 20 st. 6 lbs. clean, but his head is hardly up to his weight; yet it will take some beating, and the 'Duck' coming in from his day's cruise on the *Thistle*, orders the head to be set up in Glasgow, and it now adorns the hall at Elsham. Well, I say, what can be more delicious than such a day as I have described? Oh! it's glorious, and so think the others who have now returned, maybe each having killed a stag, while the shooters bring a nice bag of grouse and a few black game. And after a good tubbing we all fall to and do justice to the happy efforts of the *chef* and the best of 'pop'; then with a cigar and a taste of whisky-and-soda, each recounts his day's sport, and all tumble into bed and recruit our weary limbs.

If the day is so wet, or a mist hangs on the hills, rendering stalking out of the question, we used generally to spend the morning in the boat-house, a luxurious building on the shore; some wrote letters, others took a turn at the lathe, or tend to the behest of Lady Polly. After luncheon we scatter to different corn-fields along the sea-shore, and either wait behind the stone walls, or get into little huts built of wood-scantling, and covered with shocks of oats, and watch for the flight of black game that come in to feed between three and five. Not half bad fun either! Sometimes with patience you may get

two old blackcock in a line, feeding on the oat-stooks, and knock them over at a shot; or maybe one falls, and you get the other when rising, with your second barrel, and you have not long to wait before another crowd come in to feed.

In one of these corn-fields, from my hide, I once counted fifteen grouse, twelve partridges, six black game and some grey hens, five or six wood-pigeons, two rabbits, a small stag, and three hinds, all feeding within one hundred yards of me; and whilst smoking my cigar I waited patiently till the blackcock came up and drove the grouse off the oat-stooks within shot; then I blazed both barrels, and got a brace. As I didn't show myself, the happy family, though all much agitated, could not make out whence the sound came; so, loading again, I browned into the partridges and got six.

As I said before, give me Arran, there is no possession like it; and though I suppose the Garden of Eden, before Eve meddled with the apple, was a long way in front of Hurlingham, Ranelagh, the Sweet Waters of Asia, or even Kensington Gardens, yet it could not in my imagination compare with the Isle of Arran for beautiful scenery. I have never had so much shooting as during the last six years, and the only pull I have yet discovered in getting old is that, generally, the elderly party has the best of places assigned him, and I verily believe I enjoy a good day's shooting as much or more than I ever did. The worst of the sport is the expense attending it. To a man of slender income four days of heavy shooting means, at the very least, the extermination of a tenner, and more often two tenners evaporate by the time you get home. Of course, if your host won't allow you to send for any more cartridges than you bring, but magnanimously provides them for you, you may do it a bit cheaper.

At Easton one year I fired away 1500 cartridges in the first two days; fortunately for me, one of the party went wrong, as his head could not stand the heavy shooting, and, as I have generally an eye to the main chance, I gently hinted that it might not be worth his while to lug his remaining cartridges up to London, and, like a real good fellow, he bid his servant hand them over to my loader. That's as it should be, ain't it? This past season (1893) I have had on two or three occasions my cartridges supplied by my host, in the same way that he finds me victuals and drink—a grand idea, and much to be encouraged by those of small means.

This last season I had nine extraordinary good days' sport, three days in each of three consecutive weeks, and in those nine days 10,160 pheasants fell to the gun, out of a total of 15,510 head. These were at Gunton (E. M. Mundy's), Easton (Duke of Hamilton's), and Sudbourne (A. Heywood's); and we were fortunate in not having a wet day amongst them, and, mind you, the best of everything, not only at dinner but at luncheon as well; whilst last, but a long way not least, the very pleasantest of ladies' society. I ask you, when do the fair sex look more bewitching, than they do after a walk or drive to the luncheon-tent, when, with the ruddy colour produced by exercise (not by the puff or brush), they welcome you to the mid-day meal, and, that over, accompany the guns for an hour or so in the afternoon, and, when standing by your side, congratulate you if you are in good form, and mildly chaff you if you are muffing your *gibier*. It is on these occasions that the well-turned-out walking-costume, with skirt short enough to prevent its dragging in the mud, treats you to a glimpse of the well-turned ankle and arched instep, and, perchance, the well-developed limb that keeps the stockings from wrinkling, especially if there be a muddy gateway or slippery bank and ditch to be negotiated. I don't mention a stile, because, of course, you get over first and look before you till 'she' is fairly over; but I have known cases when, in their eagerness to follow the gun, stout ladies have required assistance—in one case in particular I was rendered quite timid.

I had been told by my host to get through or over a treble wire fence into the park from a shrubbery, and I at once, with some difficulty, scraped through between the wires, when my fair companion (one of the very best) essayed to follow me, and I strolled on while she made the attempt to coax her garments through the narrow aperture, but was roused from my reverie by a shrill voice of agony imploring me to help, as she could neither get backwards nor forwards. Of course I put down my gun and rushed to the fair one's assistance, and, taking a firm grip of what *I believed* to be the tailor-made skirt, I, with considerable effort, landed its possessor in the field; but, instead of grateful thanks, I dropped in for an awful wiggling: 'How dare you! Only my husband would be allowed to do that, &c. &c.,' and it was not till I explained to the lady that, unless I had rescued her, she would have been a fixture in all probability, and brought in the next morning with the 'pick-up,' that she burst out laughing and



forgave me straight off. Of course I ought to have been more particular in selecting the substance that I grasped.

I must now leave the ladies, pretty dears! and try to convey my heartfelt thanks to those many kind friends who, year after year, are noble enough to ask me to their best shooting; and when it is taken into consideration that very often I am the oldest man of the party, and, not unfrequently, the worst shot of the lot, to say nothing of at times requiring a pony to enable me to keep up with the other guns, doubtless I must be a considerable nuisance, and be taking the place of a better man. Then, last, but not least, I have no shooting to offer them in return, and I say with these undoubted and increasing drawbacks, it is really very pretty of them to accord me a hearty welcome, and belittle my shortcomings, as they invariably do. It speaks volumes in favour of owners and lessees of prime shooting when they stick to, not only an 'old 'un,' but a 'broker' as well. 'Bless 'em, all round,' say I; though to particularize any would be invidious, and I don't know where I could begin where all are of the 'first water'; but one thing I will say: that I never enjoyed a prettier two days' shooting than the last week of the old year (1893), when H.R.H. was good enough to bid me visit him at Sandringham, and if he ain't a downright kind host, then I'll give up guessing. Dear old Sir Harry Keppel was there too, and though a good bit past eighty, he is as playful as a kitten; in fact, though he is Admiral of the Fleet, I can't help calling him 'Middy,' and one of the prettiest compliments I ever heard paid to a brave man was, when the most adored and admirable of her sex asked him one day: 'Do you know, Sir Harry, why we call our youngest daughter "little Harry"?' and, on his giving it up, she said: 'Because she is devoid of fear.'

One of Sir Harry's very funny stories tickled me much. A bluejacket had been a long time afloat, and on getting leave one day to go ashore, he took a stroll in a beautiful emerald-green meadow, and, whilst gloating over the lovely (ten times lovelier to him who had been so long on the briny) expanse of grass and wild-flowers, he suddenly became aware that a bull, with his head down and mischief in his eye, was charging straight for him. Jack stood his ground, and sang out at the top of his voice: 'Bull ahoy! lower your peak, you lubber, or you'll be aboard of me!' Bull took no notice, but promptly knocked poor Jack end over end—fortunately without doing any great harm; and when the man-of-war's-

man rose to his feet again, he calmly, but with considerable pride at having been correct in his theory of navigation, holloaed out to the retiring beast: 'Yer lubber! I told yer how it would be!' and with that withering remark he left the contemptible brute to his own reflections. But, to thoroughly enjoy this story, you should hear Sir Harry tell it; he just 'do put it pretty,' I can assure you, and many others of the same kidney.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Watches that I have 'Loved and Lost'—Some for good and all—A Tussle at Epsom—King Street, Covent Garden—A Family Relic—Egham Races—Nat Langham—A Tip for Marking Umbrellas—Mine Borrowed at Ascot—Ananias not in it—Newmarket—A Night at the Barn Club—Buy Jumpers—Good Advice—I Buy, or rather my Broker does—Two Sorts of 'Brokers'—The Professional and otherwise—Jumpers Rise—So do my Spirits—My two Sons, Jerry and Jack—Good and Bad Business—No Good to be done in England—Often Eight Hours a Day for Ten Shillings a Week—Not a Living Wage—The Present Army Examination—Why more Necessary than Formerly—A Few Words on the Subject.

I MUST now tell you the story of my watch being borrowed, without my leave, at the Epsom Spring Meeting, in April 1887. You must know I rather pride myself on my gold watch, made by Barraud and Lund, of Cornhill, for it is a wonderful bit of mechanism, and keeps extraordinary time, and as, in the present state of my finances, I could not replace it, I ought to be more cautious as to the company I wear it in. Well, on the City and Suburban day, after an excellent luncheon at the booth, I was strolling down to the paddock to have a look at the horses, as I have done for very many years, when I want to satisfy myself as to their condition and general appearance (though, mind you, it didn't do me much good when I cast my critical eye over the wretched-looking Hermit, just before he won the Derby). However, I felt contented with all men, and never gave a thought to the safety of my ticker, not even buttoning my coat over my waistcoat; when, all of a sudden, just as I had crossed the tan-covered road, and was not more than fifty yards from the entrance to the paddock, three or four men, pretending to be larking with each other, crossed in front of me, and, to my indignation, two of them ran right up against me. I up with my clenched fists and asked them where they were coming to, and whilst my arms were thus upraised, one of them abstracted my watch from my waistcoat-pocket and twisted

the bow off. I never felt him do it, but I *did* feel my watch-chain flap against my tummy, and, looking down, at once realized that my timekeeper was gone.

I made a lunge at the ruffian nearest me, but he darted away, and I after him; fortunately he ran into the arms of a good chap, Mason, who held him till I got up and gripped him by the collar, and was in the act of giving him a good shaking and ordering him to give me back my watch, when, with an amount of acuteness I am proud of, I observed a hand from behind me put forward to meet the paw of the party I had hold of, and, seeing the strange hand closed tightly, I instantly made up my mind the digits would not shut up so quickly unless there was something inside them; so, dropping the first thief, I turned round and made a grab at number two. But he wriggled off like an eel, and I should never have got up to him, had he not stooped to slip under the chains that guard the course, and as he ducked for that purpose, I caught him one in the small of the back, sending him sprawling on his stomach, and before he could rise I was on top of him; then, putting a knee each side of him, I turned him over on his back, and with my right hand secured a good hold of his neck, while with my left I seized his right hand, which was so firmly clasped that I made sure my watch was in it.

He sang out, and when I thumped his head against the turf and bid him keep still and give up my watch, he shrieked: 'I ain't got yer blooming watch, gov'nor! Didn't you see me help you ketch the man as took it? &c., &c.' I, with more knowledge of the mechanism of the human frame than most men possess (when in a hurry), raised my right knee and pressed it on his stomach, and at once established the fact of the sensitive sympathy existing (unknown to most of the faculty, but which I offer to them free, gratis, for confirmation) between the bread-basket of the *genus homo* and the digital organs which convey the bread to the small aperture leading to the store-room; or, to put it more plainly, the pressure I contrived to bring to bear on his stomach became so painful that the thief sung out, 'Oh, don't, gov'nor! There's yer watch, I picked it off the grass.' As his hand opened, I seized my ticker and put it in a safe receptacle; but, would you believe it? all this time not a man lent me a helping hand! Wonderful lucky they didn't help the thief, I thought; and, as the man tried to wrench himself clear, I was obliged to give him a tap between the eyes to keep him quiet. At

last a full-blown 'bobby' came up, swelling with importance, and with sparkling intelligence asked, 'What was up?'

I am afraid I was a little rough on him and his *confrères*, and bid him get another to help him take the gentleman I was in charge of to the lock-up, and this he was man enough to bring off. So I followed and charged the culprit, and was told to attend the police-court at Epsom the next morning, which I did, you may be sure, particularly as the Superintendent of Police had charge of my watch. I narrated the facts to the Bench, and the benevolent old Chairman had the audacity to read me a lesson about taking the law into my own hands—good idea forsooth! He might as well have bid me give the thief another watch, and stand him a drink!—and when I explained that had I not been nippy, my watch would have been ticking in another man's pocket by now, the G.O.M. pointed to the prisoner's optics (sure enough they were 'Two lovely black eyes') and chided me for so painting him. But on my telling him the man was inclined to be obstreperous, and some wag remarking that 'I doubtless put a private mark on the thief, so that I might know him again,' the worthy beak sentenced the culprit to 'three months' hard,' and the Superintendent returned my watch, none the worse, excepting the loss of the bow. The police were very complimentary to me afterwards, and one of considerable rank assured me that, he had never known of a watch being recovered that had once been passed from the snatcher to his confederate. No doubt it was an extraordinary bit of luck my noticing that transfer from one to the other, the while I was busily employed shaking the party that borrowed it. I was told afterwards that this thief was sentenced soon after he came out of prison, to penal servitude for burglary.

This same watch had another narrow escape of losing its fond master when I was returning from an exhibition of the art of self-defence at a well-conducted club in King Street, Covent Garden. It was a very cold, frosty night, and I buttoned my fur coat over my evening dress, and adopted the short-sighted policy of saving my cab-hire by walking home; but, as it turned out, I was doing the 'penny wise and pound foolish' trick, for I hadn't proceeded far along that badly-lighted street, King Street, Covent Garden, before I was asked for the ten thousandth time to stand a poor old pugilist a bob to get a night's lodging—in plain English, to unbutton my coat and give the party a chance of fingering my watch. On my resolutely refusing, and hugging the area-railings, so

that I should only leave one side open to attack, a miscreant shoved up from behind between me and the railings, causing me to raise my arms for eventualities, when another man ripped my coat open, pulling one button right off, and made a grab at my watch-chain, giving it such a jerk that I felt sure my watch was gone. I let go at the thief—who bolted across the street—and slipping on the frosty roadway he came down; but before I could stoop to secure him, he was up and off again, and I after him; but he soon got into the dark shadows of the Market House, and I gave up the chase, blowing like a grampus. In the last depths of despair, I thought I would ascertain how much of the chain he had left me, feeling quite satisfied that my faithful companion was this time gone for good, when, to my unbounded delight and surprise, I found my watch was still in my pocket. So I hailed a hansom at once, and drove to my club, where I discovered that my well-worn waistcoat had baulked the thief, for the violent jerk he gave my chain tore the pocket and prevented my watch slipping out, as it would have done to a certainty had I been clothed in my Sunday best. Deary me! I have seldom felt more relieved and thankful, and was obliged to order a B. and S. to celebrate my faithful ticker's second escape from perdition. Now I am content to pay for a ride home, instead of walking, being convinced it's the cheapest mode of locomotion in the long run, when east of Leicester Square at night.

I fear I may weary my readers somewhat *re* my present watch's escapes, but, though up to now that identical ticker has always come home to tea, yet I am obliged to admit I was eased of two moderate timekeepers before I arrived at my best (that is this side of fifty). In both instances I never missed my property till some time after they had left my pocket; so that no effort of genius or biceps on my part could recall them. The first that quitted my person unawares was during an exciting 10-mile foot-race at Copenhagen Fields (now the site of the large cattle-market), when I was backing 'Ducky' Grantham against Levett, and I have already related this episode.

Having replaced that departed watch with an old gold one that had been in the family for some time, I one day attended Egham races—then a pleasant day's out—on the famous Runnymede, and either on my way to, or return from luncheon on a coach, the family one was appropriated, and I didn't miss it till some ribald friend roguishly asked me the

time of day. Of course when I, with finished politeness, felt for my ticker, it was absent, my chain was hanging loose, and I was subjected subsequently to much badinage at my good-nature in parting with a family relic. This time I thought I would try the quiet and confidential trick, and at once sought out my honourable friend, Nat Langham (the only man who ever licked the renowned Tom Sayers fair and square), and on telling the redoubtable one of my loss, and that I would give a fiver for it back and ask no questions, 'ould Nat' went off on the quest, but shortly returned to ask me 'what colour it was.' I said it was a yellow (gold) one; so off he went again, and on his return, with a comical smile on his well-battered frontispiece, he thus spake: 'It's a good job, capting, it's a yellow one; I think I shall be able to get it back for yer, but you would have stood no chance if it had been a white one, for they've got the best part of three bushels of them white (silver) tickers. They just have had a haul, and no mistake, and they are half-way back to London by now.' But I never heard any more of it; so, as I said before, borrowed watches don't always come home to tea, even though they would receive a hearty welcome and be better cared for.

I have twice had my favourite umbrella borrowed. Once it was during a wet day at Ascot, years ago. I had carefully selected a nice place to leave my gingham in the iron stand whilst I watched a race through my glasses, and, the race over, I sought my old friend, as it was raining hard; but it was gone. Now, I must put you up to a wrinkle, if you don't know the dodge already. It was told me by a very intelligent old chum: always mark your umbrella at the end next the ferrule, not at the handle, for the thief will erase or get rid of the identifying mark (if he can see it) as quickly as he can, and then challenge you to swear to your property—though I could always swear to my umbrellas, because I cut the sticks myself, selecting some ash-plant peculiarly curved for a handle. But if you buy an ordinary-handled umbrella it is often difficult to identify them, unless marked somewhere; so, take my tip, and mark it at the end near the ferrule.

Well, my gingham was *non est*; so I surveyed the sea of umbrellas, all fully expanded, in the ring below, and, seeing one I felt pretty sure was mine, I descended, and politely informed the party that was in possession, that he had made a mistake, as he had hold of mine. He indignantly denied my claim, and stated, with unabashed effrontery, when and where he had purchased it. I fairly kept my temper; but told him

one of us must be within a few pounds of Ananias, for I would swear the umbrella he had in his hands was mine, and I meant having it, and that quickly, as I was bound for the paddock. After a few more heated expressions had passed, I told him my umbrella-stick had my initials, J. D. A., marked on it; with great triumph he at once said, 'Show me your initials, sir, there are none here' (thereby convincing me he had already looked for any marks worth erasing); 'there's the handle, sir, now show me your initials.' I had him on toast, and told him I would at once prove him a thief and a liar, and seizing the handle I shut it up, and, turning up the other end, asked him whether I had not rightly described him, for there was J. D. A., and no mistake, deeply cut with my own knife. He, of course, was fairly *shut up*; but I *opened* my own umbrella, and left for the paddock.

On another occasion at Newmarket I was riding my cob on the Bury Hills, and had been holding my umbrella over me as it was pelting with rain. As soon as the rain ceased I put down my umbrella, and, not caring to carry it in its soaked state, I stuck it in the ground near a post, and cantered away to look at some horse or another a little distance off; but presently returning for my gingham, before going home to breakfast, I found it gone, and, casting my eagle glance around, I spied a party in seedy clothes walking down towards the town with an umbrella in his hand. So I cantered after him on the off-chance, and, as I approached, I saw that he was carrying my gingham; so I asked him if he had seen anything of an umbrella stuck in the ground? But he declared he hadn't, that the one he had in his hand was his own. I asked him to let me have a look at it, and, seeing he had no chance of getting away, he handed it to me, when, cantering my good old cob (who could turn round a tea-cup), I belaboured the would-be thief across his shoulders with so much energy that I broke the stick over him—which annoyed me much, as I could not use it till I got another stick to put in the umbrella. The man ceased yelling and, I fear, enjoyed my discomfiture not a little; all the same I fancy he will not meddle with strange umbrellas for a while. Of course it rained most of that day, and I wished I had rewarded the rascal for carrying my property instead of trying to reform his thievish disposition.

When one is short of the ready it's one's bounden duty, I consider, to try by all honest means to obtain a supply of the needful. My readers may have gathered from my racing



notes that I often employed, and even now in a very small way still employ, any cash I can command in improving my dilapidated exchequer; but my only gamble in the City was a few years ago, and amused some of my friends not a little. One night when enjoying a concert at the Barn Club (an offshoot from the late Pelican, where most of the best birds do now congregate) I chanced to be sitting next a good sort, who I knew was well informed as to the ups and downs of the Gold Mines in the Transvaal, and, wishing to do me a turn, he told me confidentially that he knew of a real good spec. if I had any cash to invest; finishing up by urging me to buy 'Jumpers' freely, and at once. I got a bit mixed by the word Jumpers, and told him I had long given up owning either flat or jump horses, but that I hoped to be able to pick out the winner of the Grand National when the weights appeared; although I didn't intend touching any jumpers till then. 'No, no,' said he, 'I mean you must buy shares in the Jumpers Gold Mine, as I know for certain they will yield a quick return by becoming more valuable within this week, and I will wire you when to sell and realize a nice profit.' 'Good heavens!' I said, 'it is very pretty of you wishing me to invest, but it's a ready-money job, ain't it? and that's an article I'm wonderfully short of.' 'Oh, that don't matter,' he replied, 'you won't have to part any money; and as these shares are certain to rise, please oblige me by buying five hundred Jumpers to-morrow, early. Go down to some broker you know and simply tell him to buy for you.'

'Well,' I said, 'I am going down to shoot in Norfolk to-morrow, and on my way to Liverpool Street Station I will call in and see a friend of mine, a good sportsman, and run him a trial; but mind you wire me (the sooner the better) when I am to sell out.' Accordingly the following morning I started off in good time for the station, and pulling up in Threadneedle Street, I dropped into the office of a good friend of mine, who did a large business. My pal was not in, but would be shortly; so I explained to his partner what I wanted. He is a good chap, very, but a trifle on the cautious side, and told me, of course, they would be glad to do business for me, but necessarily they would require cover. Oh, lor'! I knew it.

Now, I had with me a covert coat, and I was going to shoot coverts, but *cover* I had none (and couldn't guess when I should). I had nearly made up my mind to give up Jumpers, when in came the Lion-hearted one, and I appealed to him to buy me five hundred Jumpers, assuring him there was no risk,

as they were cock-sure to go up, and I should wire to be out before they came down (very much after the movement of an equine jumper). 'Well,' said he, 'it's rather unusual for a broker, as you say you are, to ask a broker, as I am by profession, to buy you five hundred Jumpers; which, according to your showing, are at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 premium. That means a risk of well over a thousand pounds if they collapse.' I said, 'They are as certain to rise as is the morning sun, so be a man, buy me some, and invest in a good lot for yourself, and blame me (such a solace I always think!) if they ain't good goods. Now I must be off for the train, what do you say?' 'Well, all right, old boy, I will send out and buy you one hundred Jumpers.' 'Good luck to you!' said I, 'and mind you sell sharp when I wire you, and send along a cheque for the balance, for I want the ready bad.' 'Right you are,' he replied, and off I went.

I duly arrived at my shooting-quarters, and, of course, made my friends acquainted with my venture, and on the third day's shoot, a telegram was brought to me at luncheon time: 'Sell Jumpers and buy Honolulu,' or some such rubbish. Not *me*, I had chanced Jumpers, but had no feeling to invest the profit. I only wanted to touch the ready; for, mind you, Jumpers were quoted in that morning's paper at 5 premium. So I wired off to my trusty friend: 'Sell Jumpers sharp, and send cheque quick.' The next morning, just as I was in a tangle as to how I should properly reward the keepers, loader, *et hoc genus omne*, let alone the extra thousand cartridges I had ordered at a neighbouring town, the post arrived and I handled with delight a City letter that evidently contained more than one sheet of paper, and, to the amazement of my companions at the breakfast-table, executed a *pas seul* round the room, and with reason, for my tangle was over, and a cheque for £50 made me feel extraordinary rich. My word! how I doted on 'Jumpers'—good old 'Jumpers'! I hurried off a line of thanks to my kind informant, and another to my good-natured broker, and, as yet, have never risked another fraction on any good City spec., or coaxed a City man to stand me cover. Need I say, Jumpers fell, and have never 'jumped' so well since.

Those gold-mines around Johannesburg are very difficult to understand. I never took any interest in them until three years ago, when my second son, 'Jerry,' was offered a billet in the New Primrose Company, and as he was keen to work at something, and I heard it was a splendid climate, I bought

him a kit and went down with him to Dartmouth, whence I saw him off to the Cape, and he has never rued the day he went out, but writes constantly home in the best of spirits. He gets something under four hundred a year, with a good prospect of doubling it—more than he could have earned in this country by a very long way; and, with luck and health, may be a rich man by the time he is thirty (he is twenty-two now). There is no mistake about the climate being very healthy, and the only drawback I can discover, seems to be the dust-storms, which in the dry weather are often very annoying.

It is wonderful with what rapidity (six years) Johannesburg has grown into a large city. In maps of ten years ago you cannot find the site of it marked. Now it contains about 40,000 inhabitants, and the output of South African gold (Randt district) for 1893 was 1,478,473 ounces. Johannesburg has a railway connecting it with Cape Town; but what puzzles me is that, for the last twelve months the shares of these gold-mines—though their output of gold increases month by month—don't rise in value, but rather fall, and this, too, in spite of the full length of the railway from Cape Town to Johannesburg having been completed last year; so that imports and exports can be conveyed to and fro with speed and certainty, instead of with much delay and uncertainty, as was the case when everything had to be dragged there in bullock-carts, or heavy stage-coaches, over execrable tracks, and across torrents and rivers which every fall of rain rendered impassable. This is more than 'any fellah can understand.'

I said just now that my son Gerald earned more in the Transvaal than he could here. I will just enlighten some of my readers, who may not be in the know, what a well-conducted, well-mannered, honest and honourable young man is offered in this vast city of London. I ain't guessing, because my third boy, Jack, through kind interest of a friend, was fortunate enough (save the mark!) to be allowed to give his services in a large and rich Insurance Office, not far from the Bank of England, from 9.30 A.M. to 4 (and often 6) P.M. all the year round, barring a fortnight's holiday, for the magnificent salary of twenty-five pounds a year (about ten shillings a week), and find himself. Can there be worse drudgery than that? I trow not; it would have soon settled my lad, that I do know. However, I was not long in taking him off that stool, and he will soon be off to Ceylon, where the best of climates and a pleasant outdoor occupation await him. All

the same, it is a nasty wrench to send one's sons so many thousand miles away, when I am hurrying towards the three-score and ten limit, and may, therefore, be popped into the cremating-pot before they come home again.

On the other hand, what can a lad do now-a-days in England to earn an honest living, if he has not great interest to push him forward, or a profound knowledge of Euclid and Trigonometry, sufficient to fit him for the present humbugging examination considered necessary, before he can adopt the army as a profession? As it is, if he don't revel in the *pons asinorum*, it is no earthly use his being good at athletics, plucky, and a high-minded gentleman—qualities which used formerly to be considered essential to the making of a good soldier, but are now only of secondary value to a superior 'Board School' education.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Am invited to lay out a Race-course in Hamilton Park—Mr. D. and the Duke of Portland (?)—Horses with One-sided Mouths—My Opinion of the Cause—Different Methods of Treatment—Cruel Practice of many Veterinary Surgeons—Professor Loffler's Method Exemplified—An Account of the Way the Operation of Filing the Teeth is carried out—Jockeys and Stable-lads at Newmarket—The Stablemen's Institute—Absurd Prejudices of some Trainers—My Efforts to obtain Subscriptions—Land Presented by Lady Wallace—A Word about the Rous Hospital and Almshouses—The Sources from which their Cost is Defrayed—Nothing of the Kind to assist the Institute—Description of the Building and its Object.

IT was in the year 1887, I was asked by some sportsmen in Glasgow to lay out a race-course and organize a race-meeting in Hamilton Palace Park, which is about ten miles by road or rail from that large and commercially rich city on the Clyde. The promoters had obtained leave to fence off part of the fine Park—out of sight of the Palace—and lease it for sporting purposes; and a better situation for a race-course could hardly be conceived—fine old turf requiring very little levelling, with a straight run in of five furlongs. The course was one mile in circumference, the Park being bounded on one side by the Clyde, and on the other by a substantial high wall.

The good Duke gave me permission to put up at the Palace, perhaps the finest structure of its kind in Great Britain, where a dear old housekeeper, who was as clever a cook as one need wish to see, was always pleased to make one comfortable. Within a radius of ten miles there is a population of one million, and one would have thought that the venture would have drawn vast crowds of sportsmen eager to witness the racing, combined with the privilege of enjoying the picturesque surroundings of the Park. But, unlike the dwellers south of the Border, the Northerners don't really care (as a nation) for horse-racing, and the large outlay has not as yet brought in a

profitable return ; for never more than twelve thousand people have attended the races on any one day. However, as one interested, I have not yet given up the hope that Glasgow will send a larger proportion of its population to Hamilton Park, on the not unfrequent holidays they have set apart each year. Comfortable and commodious stands, a perfect paddock, and an undeniably sound, well-laid-out course, in such a Park—were it only ten miles from London—would indeed be a gold-mine, and no error.

Well, it was during the first year of the new race-course, that the great Glasgow Exhibition was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a grand and imposing ceremony it was. It was during this same week those sportsmen interested in the new race-course celebrated their inaugural dinner in the large dining-saloon in the Exhibition building, and thereby hangs rather a funny tale. Marky Beresford, as starter, and I, as chairman, attended the race-meeting, and were invited to join some thirty others at this inaugural dinner. As I was walking into the saloon to take my place, I spotted at a side-table an old friend, who had many good points, but one unfortunate failing, and that was not entirely unconnected with a too keen appreciation of strong drinks. I, of course, went and shook hands with him, but quickly discovered that he had, for company's sake I presume, partaken of as much liquor as he could carry. He besought me to use my persuasive powers to induce the waiter to bring him just one more glass of green Chartreuse ; but I told him I thought he had had plenty, and, as the fireworks in the Exhibition grounds were just then commencing, I tried to persuade him to inhale the ozone of the outer air, rather than imbibe any more strong waters ; but, finding I could not prevail, I joined my companions at the festive board.

We soon finished our repast, and were just enjoying our cup of coffee, before going out to the beautifully-illuminated grounds, and various amusements in the gardens, when up came my friend of the side-table with a somewhat unsteady gait, and wanted to sit down, with the object of getting hold of at least one glass of his favourite green Chartreuse. But this I could not permit, and, to awe him into submission as well as to induce him not to force his presence on our private party, I said : ' If you will promise to leave us and go into the gardens, I will introduce you to the Duke of Portland.' ' Where is he ? ' quoth he. ' Your Grace,' I said, giving Marky Beresford a dig in the ribs, to prepare him for the

part I wished him to play, 'I am sure you won't mind my introducing you to a neighbour of yours in the country, Mr. "Drunky," and, as you are both good sportsmen, you ought to know each other.' Marky took up the cue right well, and, bowing with patronizing and Duke-like grace, said he was only too pleased to have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of one he had heard so much of, but as yet had never had the satisfaction of meeting.

Mr. 'Drunky' bowed, as well as he knew how—though not without a great effort did he succeed in keeping his knees off the floor—in humble obeisance to his highly-esteemed neighbour, and declared, with an occasional hiccup, that the proudest moment of his life had at length arrived, and his most ardent wish gratified. 'Don't mention it, my dear sir,' put in Marky. 'I hope we may soon become fast friends; now tell me, where do you stay for Doncaster Races?' 'I always stop in the town, your Grace, with the same party of friends,' replied Mr. 'Drunky.' 'Ah! but this year you must throw them over, dear Mr. "Drunky," you really must, and come and stay with me at Welbeck. I always manage to get together a cheery party for that week, and I shall be charmed if you will come. I always have a special train there and back, and I hope you will thoroughly enjoy yourself.' Overwhelmed with a flood of gratitude, and the not yet extinct fumes of the green Chartreuse, Mr. 'Drunky,' with a broken voice and unsteady utterance, assured his Grace he was too good, but—— 'No, no, never mind; I know what you are going to say. I'll brook no denial. You come the Monday before Doncaster—I shall expect you; and you shall receive a hearty welcome. I hope, also, that my *chef* will succeed in his efforts to please you; and, above all, I can promise you, what I am sure you highly appreciate, the best my cellar can afford, and (ah! I observe your eyes twinkle) plenty of it, old boy. Now, that's arranged.'

I don't know that I ever laughed more heartily in my born days, and so would you if you had heard the fluent and cordial invitation of the one, and observed the liquor-begotten effusive gratitude of the other. Our party broke up, and we saw no more of Mr. 'Drunky' that night. But I have not done with the peculiar one yet; for, shortly after the above incident, I got a letter from the real Duke of Portland, enclosing one he had received from Mr. 'Drunky,' in which letter he thus expressed himself: '*I cannot be too grateful to your Grace for the very kind and cordial invitation you were good enough to*

*accord me, last week, at the Glasgow Exhibition, and hope that you did not think me wanting in courtesy. But, the rough way in which the matter-of-fact old Mate introduced me to you, so upset me, that I feel I ought to apologize for any annoyance I may have unintentionally caused you. With the greatest respect, &c. &c.'* The Duke read between the lines that I had been up to some game or another, and answered Mr. 'Drunky's' letter, saying he must be labouring under some misapprehension, as he had never been to Glasgow in his life, so could not have met him there.

Of course I made it all right with the Duke, but the unfortunate victim of the joke would not believe he had been duped, and possibly never would, had he not been travelling by the Great Northern to Doncaster on the evening before the race-meeting. Then, as luck would have it, he rode in the same carriage as four other sportsmen, to whom he was unknown; and one of them, Mr. 'Sugar,' to amuse his friends, told them the story as it had been narrated to him. During the temporary absence of Mr. 'Drunky,' who, doubtless, had sought oblivion in a glass, one of the party discovered—by the name on his travelling-bag—that the unknown was no other than the identical victim of the joke. Poor 'Drunky'! he must have had a *mauvais quart d'heure*, as he was obliged to listen, if not to join in the boisterous mirth evoked at his own expense, and then for the first time realized what an ass he had made of himself.

I had no sooner arrived on the course at Doncaster the following morning, than 'Sugar' informed me how he had unwittingly shown me up, and that I might expect to have my head broken by the wrathful Mr. 'Drunky.' Whilst I was standing in the paddock shortly afterwards, talking to some friends, I spied the green Chartreuse devotee, advancing with determined mien and rapid strides towards me, apparently thirsting for my blood. But when he got within a few yards of me, he suddenly broke into a peal of laughter, and, holding out his hand, freely admitted that I and Marky had fairly bested him. So the lion took a friendly glass with the lamb, and vowed eternal friendship.

There are other funny stories about the sportive Mr. 'Drunky,' but you have had a sufficient dose of him already. To vary the scene a bit, let us return to the equine species, and study the different modes of treatment they are subjected to by the intelligent professor with nerve, and the blundering vet. who has lost what little nerve he ever possessed. In



every string of racehorses, when at exercise, you may observe how differently some horses carry their heads to what others do. We will place ourselves on the Lime-kilns gallop at Newmarket on a fine bright morning, and watch the sheeted racers walk listlessly down to the limit of that beautiful galloping-ground, accompanied by the head lad, who has received from his master—the trainer—orders of the distance and pace each horse is to canter or gallop, to the spot he selects to await their approach, as he sits on his well-trained hack.

Of course we all know that out of thirty horses now turning to go up the gallop, no two horses have precisely the same dispositions, and we will say six three-year-olds are now galloping at three-parts speed up the six-furlong track. Some jump off and pull hard at their riders, and will not cease pulling till they begin to tire ; others, hating the task set them, don't half take hold of their bits, and require kicking and cuffing all the way. All have snaffle-bits in their mouths, and, maybe, much the same class of riders on their backs ; but what I want to call your attention to is the peculiar way some of these horses hold their heads, not so much high or low, but with their jaws twisted round to one side or the other, almost giving you the idea they wish to savage the horse next them. The lads riding, often keep drawing the snaffle quickly through their mouths, thinking, by so doing, they will get their respective horses to carry their heads straight, but in reality inflicting in many cases great pain on the tender gums or ulcerated inner side of the animal's cheeks, and if the interested owner asks what is the reason his pet horse carries his head in such a hideous and uncomfortable fashion, he is told, ' I can't make it out ; he used not to do it, but lately he seems to have got a one-sided mouth.'

Fools ! and slow to believe what that most intelligent of horse-dentists, Professor Löffler, has vainly insisted on for many years—viz., that the animal so carrying his head has a sore place on his cheek or jaw, caused by the too sharp edges of the large back teeth, the pain of which is much aggravated by the rider sawing at his horse's mouth with the snaffle. I can fancy I hear some self-opinionated horsey reader exclaim, ' What rot ! ' Well, let that party skip the next page or two and remain an idiot, and presently, when he has got the pieces down on his horse because he makes out he has some ten pounds in hand, he will, perhaps, be horrified to observe that, after two or three false starts, his usually quiet nag has gone

nearly mad, and is careering over the Heath, with his little jockey pulling at him with all his might, the while he saws the snaffle backwards and forwards through his mouth, thereby causing excruciating pain to the poor beast, whose teeth have been neglected, or perhaps filed, by an ignoramus.

Now, please bear with me, whilst I try to describe the sensible and sensitive treatment of Loffler, as compared with the stupid and cruel practice of some vets. We will call the horse Peter. Now, Peter, who has been feeding right well, and never leaving an oat or a bean, gradually goes off his feed. He begins by leaving a double handful of food in his manger, and finishes by poking the choice delicacies set before him from one side of the trough to the other, perhaps bolting a mouthful now and again, but not masticating his food. 'Maybe it's his teeth, master?' says the head lad. 'Go and tell the vet. to come,' says the trainer. That worthy arrives with several huge, coarse files, with wide iron faces fastened into long wooden handles. The unfortunate horse is brought round and firmly fixed on the pillar-reins, taken up as short as they will go; then that horribly cruel invention, the twitch, is brought, and twisted as tightly round the poor brute's tender upper lip as the biceps of the helper and the strength of the cord can twist it; maybe one of the animal's fore-legs are held up by another assistant. Then the 'plucky' vet., clutching tight hold of his largest and roughest file with both hands, shoves it laterally into the horse's mouth and rapidly pushes it up and down, as long as he has wind enough to do so; or till, alarmed by the quantity of blood flowing from poor Peter's mouth, the unfeeling idiot draws out the weapon, and oracularly declares, 'That's done 'em, them old teeth won't trouble him any more yet a while. The horse won't eat for a few days, but you needn't take any notice of that: shouldn't wonder if his gums ain't a bit sore;' and poor Peter, sweating with fright and pain, is allowed to swing round to his manger and subsist on linseed mash and soft food, till the running sores, caused by the file, have healed over.

But let's watch Loffler's mode of proceeding. He also brings with him two or three files, beautifully made and highly polished. He puts them in a bucket of clean water, pulls up his shirt-sleeves, and bids the lad looking after Peter take his head-collar off; then he pushes the horse sideways from him a few times, till the horse, realizing that no mischief is meant, resigns himself to his visitor. Loffler then, standing with his back pressed against the horse's flank, bids him come round,

and though at first he may object and look nasty, he soon obeys, and Loffler puts one hand in his mouth and gently holds his tongue, while he passes the other hand, with outstretched forefinger, down the outside edge of Peter's back teeth, and at once detects the razor-like edge of one or more of them, as well as the sloughing sore on the inside of the cheek, caused by the sharp edge of the teeth, and the before-mentioned sawing of the snaffle. On one occasion Loffler asked me to put my forefinger up the side of the real Peter's back teeth, and when I withdrew it I firmly expected to find it cut, the edge feeling to me as sharp as any knife. By this time Peter has every confidence in his dentist, and he actually pokes out his nose as if courting the use of the file.

Loffler next proceeds to take a pretty little file out of the bucket, passes it two or three times into the horse's mouth to convince him there is no malice, and then, holding the short handle with one hand, he passes the other, with the blade of the file in it, between the teeth and the cheek, so conducting the rough face of the instrument on to the very spot requiring filing, and gently moves it up and down, all the time making sure with his forefinger that the file is grating against the sharp edge he wishes to smooth, and assuring himself that it does not touch the gum. In three minutes the operation is over, and the horse is allowed to turn round to his manger, and he starts eating with evident satisfaction—the very food he could not touch before. No twitch is used, no blood is drawn, Peter is not the least put out, and his confidence in man is increased tenfold. Loffler then washes his file, puts on his coat, and calmly remarks what sensible, docile animals horses are when kindly treated, and is ready to go up to any horse in the stable, no matter what his character, without even his head-collar on.

Now, ain't there a wide difference in the two professors and their treatment of the equine species? We all know how uncomfortable it is to accidentally bite one's own cheek, and thereby set up a temporary sore; but how much more painful would it be if your sore cheek were roughly rubbed against your teeth—even if they had not sharp edges! And, surely, all can enter into the feelings of a horse who, suffering great pain from being constantly jobbed in the mouth by his rider, is quite unable to masticate his corn, even though he may be as hungry as a hawk. He also gets the credit of having a one-sided mouth or being given to bolting, and all from this cause. All those really fond of horses will excuse me for

having dwelt so long on this topic. It is not a fad of mine, for it is well known to those who have to do with the animal how many horses, particularly racehorses, do suffer from their teeth, and how seldom the mouth is examined at all in a racing-stable. When the vet. is called in to look at a horse's mouth, it is nine times out of ten—eh! nineteen out of twenty—because the animal don't masticate his corn; and but few owners or trainers connect an awkward mouth with a state of the teeth, but are content to believe that the horse's mouth was neglected in breaking, or to put down to temper the fact of his not going straight or bolting.

In hunting-stables sore gums and cheeks do not so often exist as in racing-stables, simply because it is but rarely a snaffle-bridle is put on a hunter that pulls hard, and, therefore, it is only when the watering-bridle is used for exercise that the sawing process can be practised, and that very seldom; but a light-hearted racehorse, with a light-weighted rider, is subject to it most days at exercise, and pretty well every time there is a false start on the race-course. Talking of light-weight lads and their manner of steering their horses at exercise, let us turn for a moment to consider whence so many little lads are obtained, and how they are fixed when employed in racing-stables. I feel sure there is hardly any town in Great Britain where there are so many diminutive specimens of humanity employed as at Newmarket, and a wonderful intelligent lot they are. As most of these boys are far removed from their parents and relations, they have an especial claim on the sympathy and kind feeling of those they work for, or who are interested in the horses they look after; and, though I am a firm believer in the merits of the ash-plant, when applied with judgment and moderation, either to a stubborn, pig-headed horse or to a lying or obstinate lad, yet, in both cases, in nine times out of ten, kind treatment does more good than rough and violent measures.

As I believe and hope that many of my readers are amongst those who subscribed so generously to the building of the Institute (now in full swing) intended for the benefit of the men and lads in charge of racehorses or studs in and around Newmarket, you won't mind my alluding to it here. I collected about £2500 out of the £3000 subscribed for the erection of that building, and was accorded a certain amount of *kudos* for the nippy way I was always alongside a rich owner so soon as his horse's number was up as the winner of a good stake. Nothing like tapping 'em when the first flush of

victory warms their hearts ; nevertheless, it is expedient sometimes to suggest to the owner of a good favourite for a big race, before it comes off, that if his horse wins he should subscribe a certain percentage of his winnings to the good cause. This he is generally willing enough to do, just to bring him 'luck like.' At the same time I will own that there are many that have helped us who have not had any luck, and many more who have not a horse at all—the more credit to them. Now, I hold it must be a good thing for the stable-lads to have a comfortable, well-contrived building where they can enjoy various games, and a quiet room where those so disposed can read without interruption ; besides which, since the opening of the Institute (which ceremony was performed, with his well-known kindness of heart, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales last July) there have been concerts held in the large hall, which the lads much appreciate, and these we hope to continue.

It is curious how some of the trainers crab this Institute. They try and make out that it brings the lads together to talk over the chances of the horses under their charge for some of the big races, just as if they could not, or did not, do that in many a tap-room or billiard-room in the town, before there was any Institute for them. At all events, the most prejudiced must acknowledge that it is better for the lads to talk in a building open only to themselves, and where they have no chance of meeting any of the numerous touts and horse-watchers who constantly waylay and 'treat' them, for the sake of getting information which they have no right to divulge. Of course, there are many lads still who prefer a snug tap-room where a glass of beer or tawny port, and the present of a cigar (probably home-made) is at their disposal, *if* they will only enlighten the donor as to the likelihood of the horse they are in charge of standing a preparation or not, or whether their horse is off his feed, &c. &c. All I know is that there are hundreds of stable-lads who frequent the Institute now, who, before it was built, had no other place to go to, where they could enjoy any sort of game, except the 'pubs' in the town, where the company, to put it mildly, was somewhat mixed.

If any of my readers feel inclined to help the Institute they will do so best by subscribing to the annual expense of keeping it up, or sending presents of books to better furnish the library. It is not generally known that there are some fifteen hundred men and lads employed in looking after horses in and around Newmarket ; and as the great majority come from

distant parts, and are mainly selected on account of their small stature and consequent aptitude for riding as light weights, they necessarily require some sort of protection and looking after. I have never seen a brighter or more intelligent, cleanly lot of faces than I have noticed amongst these Newmarket lads, when some hundreds of them have congregated together in the Institute on the occasion of a concert; and I feel sure that none will accuse me of exaggeration, if they will come and judge for themselves at any of the series of concerts we (the managers) intend to organize during the race weeks.

Here I ought to mention that the Institute is built on a plot of ground most kindly given for the purpose by Lady Wallace, widow of the late Sir Richard Wallace, who himself nobly presented the adjoining acre of land as the site of the Rous Memorial Hospital and Almshouses; so it is easy to find. All are welcome to come and see how the youths are catered for, as well as the sick and maimed, and the necessitous old trainers, jockeys, and their near relatives. The Bentinck and Rous Memorial funds supply the necessary amount of money to defray the small yearly pensions of the men, as well as the expenses of the hospital and buildings; but, as the Institute has no fixed fund to draw from, I must appeal to my readers to help, by voluntary contributions, the inadequate yearly subscription list for the 'Stablemen's Institute,' and if those who have good luck only send a small percentage of their winnings to Messrs. Hammond's Bank at Newmarket, it will be gratefully acknowledged, and I can vouch for its being well laid out for the benefit of those who, though exposed to sundry and manifold temptations, yet as a body are hard to beat as a trustworthy and hard-working set of lads.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Treat to the Crimean Veterans—Difficulty of Finding them out—Object to Change their Suits for those Provided—I Set the Example—We Muster about Eighty--We Spend a Jovial Day and all the old Boys are Delighted—A Bit more about Pedestrians—Jackson, the ‘American Deer’—Ten-Mile Race for Men over Fifty—Toddy Ray, not Tottie Fay—‘Choppy’ Warburton—A Doubtful Certificate of Birth—Somerset House to the Rescue—‘Choppy’ afterwards Disqualified—I Match him against any Man of the Brigade of Guards—‘Choppy’ Wins Easily—A Word about Bicycles—Major Tom Holmes—Long Distances Ridden by him when at the Age of Eighty or thereabouts—History of another Crimean Veteran, Bob.

WE are now rapidly approaching the end of my maunderings, and are getting up to date. I don't know that any incident I have taken part in, gave me so much real pleasure as the treat that was got up for the Crimean veterans, on the occasion of the wedding of the Princess May and H.R.H. the Duke of York. It is sad to think how comparatively few of the rank and file there are left of those who embarked for the Crimea in February 1854, and formed the three battalions representing the Brigade of Guards. These men, after disembarking at Malta, Scutari, and Varna, and spending over six months between the three places, at last landed in the Crimea in September 1854. Before setting foot on Russian territory, though not a shot had been fired in anger, a very large percentage had been invalided, and hundreds had succumbed to disease; low fever, dysentery, and cholera being the most fatal maladies. Soon after landing in the enemy's territory the battles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and the severe dangers and incessant duty in the trenches before Sebastopol followed. To my mind the men who went through the whole of the trying twelve months before the fall of Sebastopol on the 8th of September, 1855, are well worthy of any recognition that can be bestowed on them.

Actuated by this feeling, many of their old officers determined to give the old boys who served in the Crimea in 1854

a treat. I was deputed to organize the entertainment, and was ably assisted by many of the officers now doing duty with the Brigade, notably by Colonel Eaton, who was commanding a battalion of Grenadiers in Chelsea Barracks during the summer of 1893. He willingly gave leave that the large room in which the Guards' theatricals are annually held, should be placed at the service of the veterans for their breakfast and dinner. A subscription was started among the old Crimean officers, and over £100 was soon forthcoming. The first and most difficult part of the business was to discover the whereabouts of these old boys; but, with willing helpers, some 120 or thereabouts were soon hunted up. They were written to, and invited to parade at Chelsea Barracks on the morning of July 6th (the Royal Wedding day), and on arriving in barracks at 8 A.M. I found a motley crowd of some eighty men, nearly all with four clasps to their medals; and, after shaking hands with those I recollected, I invited all to follow me to a large barrack-room, there to get out of their plain clothes and to indue themselves in a pair of trousers and tunic of dark-blue serge, with a field-cap for headgear, so as to render them uniform in appearance, and privileged to the protection and assistance of the police in passing through the crowded thoroughfares, to the place assigned them by the field-officer commanding the district (Lord Methuen) on Constitution Hill. But I had not foreseen the difficulty of inducing the old warriors to leave their beloved plain clothes in charge of the 'Master Tailor' and his staff, and I don't believe the men would have got into the serge suits at all, unless I had given them a lead.

Finally they all set to and changed, and really looked quite smart, the jacket having some brass buttons down the front, and the field-cap some red braid on it. The whole kit only cost just over ten shillings a man. Forty-one pounds I paid at the Army Service Stores on the Embankment for the eighty suits—not dear, was it? no more than the price of a lady's fancy frock. When all had paraded in their uniforms, they made a good breakfast of coffee, ham, and bread. Then they were put aboard three large vans I had hired for the purpose, and, with the help of a couple of cabs for the lame ones, we duly arrived in Grosvenor Place, disembarked, and marched (not in very strict formation) through the crowd to a charming spot inside the railings on the Buckingham Palace Garden side of Constitution Hill, where the large plane-trees afforded a pleasant shade from the scorching rays of a wonderful bright



and powerful sun, and were here joined by several old officers who took an interest in the day's proceedings.

Well, presently, the large procession of State carriages filed past us on their way to the Chapel Royal, and we just did give the Royalties a cheer! What with the heat and excitement, the old boys became wonderfully thirsty, and sent a deputation to me to allow them to go out of our pen and get some beer (so like them, poor dears!); but I would not allow any of them to go out. So, selecting two likely men—Corporal Gardyne, who was in our right flank company, and Dougherty, who was lodge-keeper at the Marble Arch (since dead, poor chap)—I sallied forth with them to try and get six gallons of half-and-half to wet their old whistles. But I little dreamed at starting what a task we had dropped in for, as, after getting through the densely-packed crowds of men and women, we found all the public-houses in the neighbourhood so besieged with thirsty souls that it was quite impossible to get served. Fortunately I espied a bottle-nosed old cabby on his four-wheeler, whom I felt sure could conduct us to beer; and when I asked him where the best could be obtained, his funny old eyes twinkled, and his nose twitched with delight, as he declared he knew of a 'pub' not far off, where nothing but the very best was sold, and where we might rely on being attended to at once.

He drove us off to his favourite 'pub' and we had the luck to get our six gallons put up in stone jars; then, with six pewters lent us, we returned to our thirsty old comrades, and no well in the desert was ever more gratefully welcomed than was our supply of half-and-half. That liquid evaporated as quickly, and was as thoroughly appreciated, as any suction I ever distributed. The procession now returned, the wedding ceremony being over, and we all got on board our vans and returned to Chelsea Barracks. I went out and found a photographer, who came and took three groups—*i. e.* the men of each battalion together. We now sat down to a good substantial dinner of cold meat, hot vegetables, and hot plum-pudding, washed down with beer; a barrel of the best having been generously supplied us by Cosmo Bonsor, M.P., and followed up by some special Scotch and tobacco, kindly furnished by Sir Walter Gilbey, and just as I was giving the Royal toast, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge arrived and said a few kind words, which much touched the old boys, and they just did give him a jolly, and no error, which he richly deserved, for it was real good of him to come, as he had had

a hard, long day's work. Then, with a few songs, and many a cheery toast, the party broke up, and I don't believe there was ever a more enjoyable day spent by all concerned. The only *contretemps* was, that one old boy would jump down in the morning from the van, and he fell and broke his arm; but the doctor of the ambulance corps quickly set it, and, though I had him lodged in St. George's Hospital, we had not fairly sat down to dinner before in he came, and fell to with his one arm, declaring he could not miss the opportunity of a glass with his old friends.

The photographs came out well, and I sent each man a good big copy, Lord Wantage (*née* Bob Lindsay of ours) having kindly given a tenner for that purpose. To each man I had given a briar-root pipe, with the monogram of G and M inscribed thereon, to commemorate the wedding; and to those who could not come, on account of distance or sickness, ten shillings was sent to help them to enjoy themselves at home. The treat was a thorough success, and ought to be repeated annually. The party that met last July will quickly dwindle in numbers, for the old boys drop off rapidly now; I know of six that have been gathered since then. I received many letters of thanks, and all look forward to a repetition of the *fête*, and I am all for it too—*nous verrons*. Before I bid adieu to my old comrades (in these pages), I should like to explain how it happened that the list of those asked to the treat last July was confined to the men who had served in the Crimea in 1854: the reason was that we were bound to limit the numbers in some way, on account of the difficulty of conveying them to and from Constitution Hill, on that glorious but crowded day, and the finding them uniforms to prevent their getting lost in the crowd.

If we (the old officers who served in the Crimea) can arrange an annual *fête*, I hope we shall be able to include all those who served in the Brigade of Guards up to the fall of Sebastopol, on September 8th, 1855; for the men that took part in the cruel hard work of the trenches are well worthy of any treat we can get up for them. The mere fact of getting the old boys together, and giving them an opportunity of talking over those now distant days in the Crimean War, is much appreciated by the veterans; for very many of them have never set eyes on each other for well-nigh forty years, and the opportunity of renewing their acquaintance over a glass and a pipe, is of itself a great joy to them.

I feel I must add a few words on a subject I feel very

strongly about—namely, the way a grateful country (save the mark!) has behaved to her old soldiers. If a soldier had not served with the colours, either in the Crimea or Indian Mutiny, or both, over ten years, he would not be entitled to a pension of any kind; is that generous? If a soldier had served over ten years, but not twenty-one, he got no pension—so I am told—till some three years ago, when a mean grant was voted by Parliament to be distributed to one hundred men (and one hundred men only) each year, as a pension of ninepence a day—that is, five shillings and threepence a week—a rollicking fine acknowledgment of his services, ain't it? And to be entitled to that magnificent income his character must have been of the best. Had he an irregular character—which means that he occasionally got drunk, and in peace time was consequently absent without leave—no matter how good and brave a soldier he was acknowledged to be when on duty and under fire, he was not entitled to a pension at all. Does that seem just?

I will give an instance of a man I knew fairly well in my battalion, Job Cook. He embarked for the Crimea in February 1854 (he has four clasps to his medal), and returned with the battalion in July 1856—two years and six months' foreign service, some of it having been real hot work. He took his discharge when he had served ten years (of course, he ought to have stayed on for eleven more, but he didn't); his conduct had been irregular, therefore the bottom of his parchment was cut off, and up to April 1894, he has not had a bob of pension. Yet, this man was a good soldier, and made of the stuff that won the battles of Alma and Inkerman. His constitution—notwithstanding his too frequent potations of liquor when off duty—enables him now to do a fair day's work; but he, like all men of sixty odd, finds it very difficult to get any employment. However, at last his name is on the list of the hundred who, from this April, are to draw five shillings and threepence a week pension. Lucky Job! It is now over thirty years since you left the army, and your medal with four bars has at last entitled you to ninepence a day. Good lad! your grateful country is proud of you; and Job is proud of his generous country, or ought to be?

Gentle readers, you who have no experience of war's alarms, take my tip—and it can't be gainsaid—on active service it is not the good-conduct men (those who ought to have wings) that are the most courageous and most willing to risk their lives for their country. No, give me the irregular men: for

they most of them have a bit of devil in them, and they will stand up when the goody goodys will lie down. At any rate, with luck, both good and irregular old Guardsmen who were in the Crimea 'twixt Alma and the fall of Sebastopol, shall spend a jolly day in 1894. If they don't, why, blame the author.

Whilst writing of old soldiers, my thoughts revert to old pedestrians. It was in November 1892, I thought I would give old Jackson, the 'American deer,' whose real name is Howitt (the best man of his day from a mile to ten) a benefit: for he, like many of us, is, in his old age (72), short of coin. So I advertised some prizes to be run for: ten miles by men over 50, and, to make it a bit fairer for the older boys, they were to have fifty yards start for each year over 50 (but that start was not long enough). A wonderful entry was the result, and on a fine fresh afternoon some thirty-three old gentlemen answered to their names at Stamford Bridge grounds. Many of them I knew by sight, and others more intimately as runners, walkers, or pugilists in old days, and after some trouble all were ready to start from their different marks when I fired the pistol.

It was indeed wonderful to see how they 'bounded' round the track; of course they were all got up in racing gear, with numbers to distinguish them by. The best of those over seventy was Toddy Ray (not to be confounded with Tottie Fay, a peculiar character known in the police courts); he and one or two more of the same age did eight miles in the hour. The motley crew had not toddled more than a mile before it was apparent, bar accidents, that 'Choppy' Warburton would win, his action being as graceful as any runner of twenty-five. Unfortunately, I was obliged to leave the ground before the race was over, having to catch a train for Ipswich; but I was informed by post that Warburton had won very easily, having run nearly ten miles in the hour, but that he had been objected to by the second man, on the ground that he was not fifty years old. This did not surprise me, for the day before the race I had seen Warburton and told him I did not believe it was twenty years since he (then 30) had run thirty miles, four minutes under the three hours. He at once pulled out of his pocket a printed certificate of his birth, which seemed to me satisfactory evidence at the time.

The stakes were withheld, and the second man was told to prove the age of the winner, and to my mind the result was a wonderful instance of the marvellous book-keeping at Somerset

House. The second man went there and paid one shilling for a copy of Warburton's certificate, and lo and behold! the document proved that Warburton was not yet forty-nine. Now the production of that certificate fairly astonished me; for his father and mother were both weavers somewhere down Birmingham way, and that their son's age should be chronicled in London at all was, to my mind, a wonderful triumph of red tape. But, sure enough, he was under age, and, of course, was disqualified. The winner was a native of Leicester; and the second, of Nottingham I think. The prizes were duly paid over to the first six old boys, and I invited them to a little dinner-party later on, when I gave each of them a small gold medal to commemorate their extraordinary powers of rapid progression at such an advanced age. I handed over the balance to the old 'American deer,' who would have run into a place had not one of his poor old ankles, that had been queer for years, given way. Not one of the old men was the worse for his exertions, and when you consider there were thirty-three starters whose ages varied from fifty to seventy-four, it shows some of us swells must be soft toads indeed; for at this moment, I don't know a gentleman over fifty who could run eight miles in the hour, even if he had a bull with sharp horns after him.

Though 'Choppy' Warburton was justly disqualified, yet he had done such a good performance that, one night, when dining on guard at St. James's, I offered to back him to run any man in the Brigade of Guards ten miles. This was, of course, taken up by a gallant Colonel (himself no mean performer on the cinder-path), and we bet a pony on the result. Both competitors were put through a course of training, and on the day appointed duly toed the scratch at Stamford Bridge. My man, 'Choppy,' had lately strained one of his ankles, and it looked so inflamed that I bid him wait on the soldier, a smart-made, active-looking young fellow of twenty-two. 'Choppy,' as he ran round some two yards behind the Grenadier, implored me to let him go up and make the running; but I refused till two miles had been covered, and then, as his 'dicky' leg seemed no worse, I told him, to his great delight, that he might lap the soldier just to see if he could go any faster. This 'Choppy' did with the greatest ease, and was then content to play with the Guardsman till seven miles were covered, when suddenly the son of Mars laid down on the green sward totally exhausted, whilst my man was as fresh as a kitten—but very low lest the wretchedly slow

time should be chronicled in the sporting prints against his name; for he said it would ruin his reputation, and we none of us like to lose our character *in print*. I gave 'Choppy' the pony I won, and have not seen him since, but hear he is quite willing to run any soldier.

That poor Grenadier had not a fair chance, for he told me he had been sent away to train by himself at a public-house some twenty miles out of London; where, I should fear, he had not strength of mind to resist sampling the various liquors and other pleasant things that public contained; though even at his very best I don't believe he would beat the old one, who, by the bye, was reported not long ago in the newspapers, as having been knocked off his bicycle and rendered *hors de combat* in the Champs Elysées by a French *fiacre*. However, I have heard since that it was not 'Choppy,' who is fit and well, I am glad to say. He had gone to Paris to train one Linton, our English bicyclist, in his match with the French champion.

It is surprising what quick time a good man on a bicycle can accomplish now-a-days, and how in the cramped position they ride they can keep it up. But they are no good for rough roads, where a fair pedestrian is sure to beat them. Still, on a real well-constructed track of, say, four laps to the mile, they can go nearly twice as fast as a runner at ten miles. I am told a track made of wood, such as the bicycle races are now run on at Herne Hill, produces the fastest time. It is some years since I paid two-and-six for a lesson to ride a bicycle, in a building near Albert Gate, soon after these machines came out; but, after a few croppers, I gave it up, and I don't recommend this style of progression to stout elderly parties of either sex.

Major Tom Holmes, who died last year at somewhere about eighty years of age, rode extraordinary distances long after he was well in the seventies. He then rode a tricycle, and thought nothing of taking his little girl on his machine down to Brighton in less time than the fastest coach; but he was a real wonder. I recollect him dining on guard (soon after I joined in 1848) with Henry de Bathe, and a more amusing, cheery couple were hard to find; and so said their brother actors of the Strollers, an amateur theatrical company who for years enlivened the summer evenings during the Canterbury Cricket Week. Within six months of his death he had taken a long ride on his tricycle; but, on returning home, he felt so exhausted that he was obliged to dismount and get a glass of

brandy-and-water at a 'pub,' and, the road being a bit against the collar, he found it very hard work, tired as he was, to get the pedals to work. Consequently, some small street arabs, seeing the poor old boy in difficulties, slightly parodied the fine old song by singing, 'He won't get home till morning.' This so exasperated him that he got off his machine, and ran after the urchins (a peculiar idea at eighty-four), and this ill-judged effort caused him much discomfort. In fact, as an old friend of his expressed himself, 'it was suicidal,' and it brought on an illness of which he subsequently died.

I append to this chapter about the Crimean veterans, a history of the dog Bob, a regimental favourite who accompanied our battalion to the East and home again.

## YE FAMOUS DOGGE BOB.<sup>1</sup>

HIS HISTORY (BY SERGEANT FEIST).

BOB was a native of the Royal Borough of Windsor, though, like many others who have won distinction in the British army, he started in a humble station of life, having passed his puppyhood in the service of a butcher of that town. He gave early token of a liking for a soldier's life, and in the spring of 1853, the 1st Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards being at Windsor, Bob was frequently found in the barracks, and taken back by his master; but he always returned when he had a chance. His master, finding that Bob had made up his mind to follow the drum, at length gave up all thoughts of reclaiming him, and when the battalion marched to Chobham camp in June, Bob marched with it, a recognized member of the battalion. Here he gave promise of that excellence which afterwards distinguished him as an old campaigner, always first on parade, and when the duties of the day were over, no old hand was better up to foraging and taking care of number one. At the Wellington Barracks in the winter of 1853-4, Capt. H. Drummond, the Acting-Adjutant, allowed Bob regular rations, and when the battalion embarked on H.M.S. *Simoom*, at Portsmouth, on the 28th Feb., 1854, Bob was among the first on board. Here his career was nearly brought to a close, for on the First Lieutenant seeing Bob, he inquired, 'Whose dog is that?' and no one in particular claiming him, the order was given to 'Throw him overboard.' But, before this could be carried out, it was explained that Bob belonged to every one, and he was allowed to remain, and became as

<sup>1</sup> This account of Bob has been left intact.—EDITOR.

great a pet on board ship as he had been on shore. Bob served at Malta, Scutari, Varna, &c., and on the embarkation for the Crimea he got on board the wrong ship, and it being ascertained, after the arrival at Baljic Bay, where he was, an escort of officers was sent after him in a boat, and brought him back a prisoner. He was at the landing in the Crimea, and at the battle of the Alma was returned among the 'missing.' He rejoined the battalion at Balaclava after the flank march, was present at the battle of Balaclava, and at Inkerman he distinguished himself by chasing spent cannon-balls and shells, for which he was awarded a medal. He served in the trenches up to the fall of Sebastopol. Bob returned to England with the battalion at the end of the war, and marched into London at its head in July 1856, having shared the fortunes of the corps during a most eventful period. After that, Bob did duty in London, Windsor, and Portsmouth. He had a large circle of acquaintances and admirers, and at guard-mounting at St. James's Palace, or at reviews and field-days in Hyde Park, his portly form and decorated breast attracted considerable attention. While stationed at the Tower he patronized the steamboats in performing the journey between that fortress and the West End, and as he was known to the steamboat people no objection was made.

This distinguished hero met with an untimely death at the beginning of February 1860. While marching out with his battalion, he was run over by a cart and killed on the spot, to the regret of the whole regiment. He was looked on as a comrade by all, and in the minds of many was associated with the most exciting events of the Russian War. Manifold were the expressions of sorrow, as 'poor old Bob' was carried past the battalion by a drummer, who bore him to the Buckingham Palace guard-room.

Bob was a great favourite from the time he first joined, but he showed partiality for no one in particular. He would not go out of barracks with a single individual, except on duty. In commemoration of his faithful service, the officers of the regiment had him stuffed and presented to the Royal United Service Museum, where he may be seen among the mementos of the Crimean War.

Bob was a good stout specimen of the black and tan terrier, had been educated to sit up on his haunches, and other accomplishments, was 'good for a rat,' but his accompaniment to the bugles was not considered musical. On the whole he was 'a very good dog.'



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Cabbies—A Few of their Names and Nicknames—Captain Fellows and his Cabman—Competition at Crystal Palace for Cabmen—My Preference for Hansoms over 'Buses or Underground Railways—How it took Three Traps to Convey me Two Miles—Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire—My Match with 'Sugar' Candy—Shoot or Part—A Case of 'Part,' as I Win Comfortably but perhaps Luckily—The Whippet, what Manner of Dog—His Use and the Method of Racing these Animals—Large Number of Entries for Whippet Races—Frequent Close Results—All should be Whippeteers—A Word or Two about Clubs—The Orleans—Pelican—The Sports Club—Dinner to Mr. Selous—A Welcome to Lord Dunraven—Prosperous Condition of Sports Club—'Come on!'

I HAVE always been fond of cabbies—*i. e.* of those who drive a good horse and a comfortable cab and keep a civil tongue in their mouths—and have been a subscriber to their Benevolent Fund, instituted and so ably conducted by the late Mr. Stormont Murphy. I have several times dined with the old annuitants and their belongings at their annual dinner. They are a wonderful funny lot of old boys, and thoroughly do they enjoy their treat. Many kind friends of the cabby often volunteer to amuse them afterwards with songs and stories—notably good old Johnny Toole, the merriest and funniest when fit and well. Most of the old drivers are known by some nickname amongst their friends, and some of these terms of endearment are very peculiar. One old cabby who has been some fifty years on the box, Charles Old in his register, is nicknamed 'Old and Bitter,' Thomas Bacon ('Porky'), Charles Brown ('Brown Upside Down'), Robert Swannell ('Old Black Lion Bob'), William Speechley ('Nicodemus'), Robert Green ('Old Greeny'), James Tanner ('Doctor'), John Dew ('Rhoderic Dhu'), &c. &c. All that can afford it should subscribe to the Cabbies' Benevolent Fund, offices at 15 Soho Square, where the secretary, Mr. Safford, will give every information. An annual subscription of five shillings per annum constitutes a cabman a benefit member of the Associ-

ation, and when incapacitated from following his calling (if elected an annuitant) he receives £20 a year; and if he choose to subscribe the small sum of two shillings a year whilst at work he secures an annuity for his widow or children. There are now 56 annuitants on the Society's books, many of whom, but for this help, would, after long years of honest industry, be in the workhouse.

Amongst the many repartees made by cabbies to their fares when not satisfied with the money paid them is one that tickled me much. A Captain Fellows once tendered, we will say, one shilling as the fare; but the cabby begged him to keep the money, as he must have two. After a few civilities had passed between them, the cabby demanded the Captain's name and address, and he, pulling out one of his visiting cards, handed it to the wrathful driver. Cabby turned it over and over, muttering, 'Fellows, Fellows'; then, addressing the Captain, added, 'Well, these old boots on my feet is fellers, but I should be wonderful sorry to have you for one of 'em.'

Only recently I heard one cabby say to another, 'Bill, there's a levee on to-day.' 'Yes,' replied the other; 'I know there is, Bob, my tulip, and maybe His Royal 'Ighness is *h*expecting me; but I sha'n't go to-day. It's a dry job that, I *h*expects; so let's pull up at the corner, and I'll toss yer who pays for level drinks.' At one time I pretty regularly employed a comical old chap who drove a four-wheeler and always patronized the rank in St. James's Street. He went by the name of Esau. One morning, seeing my luggage labelled for Gunton, he perked up, and with pride informed me, 'That's where I was born, Sir John; and Esau was a smart young fellow one time, and was well known in those parts as a handy man at breaking in young horses either to ride or drive. One day I was riding a very promising young one with the hounds, and the old Lord Suffield came galloping along, and, knowing me, he holloed out, "Open that gate, Esau." Now the hounds were running hard, and Esau didn't want to lose his place, so I pops my young 'oss over the gate, and, turning round says, "I beg pardon, but follow me, my lord." He was very angry at the time, was the old lord, but he gave me five bob afterwards, and told me I was a smart young fellow—and so I was.'

Some four years ago I got up a treat for the London cabbies at the Crystal Palace, and collected about eighty pounds for prizes, the competitions being for the best turned

out hansom and four-wheeler, trotting races for *bonâ fide* cab-horses only, boxing, and foot-racing. We, luckily, had a fine day for the sports, and all went off right well, though there might have been more competitors for some of the prizes. Take them all round, they are not half a bad lot of chaps, though there are some queer fish amongst them; and when prices of agricultural produce are bad and trade generally is slack, no class of men feel the tightness of the money market more acutely than cab-drivers, and though personally I hate perching on the top of a 'bus like a sick rook, or hurrying along underground like a buck-rabbit, instead of bowling along in a good hansom cab like a swell, yet prudence—*alias*, shortness of coin—often enforces this distasteful mode of progression, as well as it also affects the lining material of your upper garments; for riding in or on a 'bus, instead of a cab, is on all fours with having an alpaca lining to your coat, instead of a silk one. It is true that you can exist with either alternative, but there is a wonderful difference in the comfort; still, you know, beggars can't be choosers.

While on the subject of riding on wheels, few have experienced a more sensational two-mile drive than I did one afternoon when returning from Windsor races to Windsor Station. I was in a desperate hurry to catch the train up to town, so jumped into an open trap and bid the driver go hard all. Away he galloped, but he had only a moderate eye for distance, and in consequence very soon collided with a close fly coming in an opposite direction. The boxes of the front wheels came into violent collision. My trap, being the lightest, was turned completely over, and one of the shafts was broken; I was shot out, fortunately on some nice soft grass by the roadside, on my hands and knees, but, being unhurt, I jumped into the close machine, which, apparently, was none the worse for the cannon. I slammed the door and holloed to the driver to hurry up; but no luck: for in turning round, the fore-wheel that had borne the brunt of the shock collapsed entirely, breaking up into splinters, and the old tub turned over on its side, lying no distance from the 'shay' I had lately quitted. I was soon on my feet, and with a vigorous upheaval of my person got out of the window which was uppermost, and started off, vowing I would trust only to my legs. However, a hansom hove in sight and, jumping into it, I was safely landed at the station, just catching my train. Of course one knows that accidents hardly ever happen singly, at the same time I might have

had a fair price that it would take three traps to convey me two miles; and the curious part of it was that I got off scot free, barring barking my shins and being a bit stiff the next day.

One evening at the Turf Club in January 1892, a select coterie were talking over the sport we had had shooting, at different places, and the elegant 'Sugar' (*né* Candy) was taking a good lead in the conversation, and seemed to be classing himself with Walsingham and De Grey as a deadly shot, but I mildly hinted he was no flyer with his fowling-piece, and would require a bit of luck to hit a haystack if it was narrow end on. The saccharine one rose at once and retorted that, at all events, he was a better shot than I was. I cast some doubt on this assertion, whereupon he promptly offered to shoot me a match at pigeons, and I being nothing loth, our young friend Arthur kindly wrote out the conditions. We were to shoot at 25 birds each, 25 yards rise, for 25 sovs. a side, p.p.<sup>1</sup> in three days' time, which would enable us to send for our guns. We both signed the conditions, and took a friendly glass to show there was no bad feeling; afterwards walking up Piccadilly together to our respective roosts.

On the following morning I got a note from the valiant one, sweet and gentle in tone: 'Would you mind our match being off until the warm weather comes?' I wrote back: 'Shoot or part Thursday at noon, and, win or lose, we can have another try when the weather is warmer.' On the Thursday morning there was a cruel thick fog with a rimy frost, and it seemed impossible to bring off the match; but on my wiring to the Gun Club at Notting Hill I received an answer that the fog was lifting there and it would be quite possible to shoot at noon. So I jumped into a hansom with its lamps all ablaze, and called at 'Sugar's' abode, only to find that he had already gone to the scene of action, guns and all; so on we sped, though very slowly, as the fog was very dense. However, as we neared the rendezvous the light got better, and, though very hazy, yet the boundary-fence was good to see from the Pavilion. There I found the candied one all ready, and (apparently) eager for the fray, a merry twinkle in his eye and full of shoot, as he had just grassed three doves in succession. The company was a very small one, because no one in the St. James's Street district thought it would be possible for the match to come off. My boy had come by underground from Sloane Square to see his dad through it. We took our

<sup>1</sup> Play or pay.

top-coats off, and our doughty deeds are thus described in a small newspaper cutting I have before me :—‘ Sir John took a lead at the fifth round, and shooting in fine form, increased his advantage and gained a victory at the twenty-second, with eighteen kills to his credit. Colonel Candy stopped thirteen birds out of twenty-one.’ As in most matches at pigeons, luck had much to do with the result, and Dame Fortune was very kind to me, I freely admit, for I put in some long and lucky second barrels which proved very useful ; still, I fancy ‘ Snowy ’ (as some of the ladies call me) is quite as good a shot as ‘ Sugar,’ but that ain’t saying over much : it is only mild plating form to be candid.

In my old age I am thinking of going in for a new (to me) style of sport : ‘ Whippet-racing.’ Many of my readers, I feel sure, don’t even know what a whippet is. It is a member of the canine species, much resembling a miniature greyhound ; they run from eight to thirty-eight pounds in weight, and I fancy many of them were originally a cross between a greyhound and a fox-terrier. Most of them have smooth coats, but there are also wire-haired whippets. The owner of a whippet is termed a whippeteer. These little dogs are wonderful speedy, take a delight in racing against each other, and when well trained (I am told) nothing will divert their attention from running at top-speed to their owner or trainer. The distance they run is limited to 200 yards straight, and the track they race on is made of cinders, firmly rolled quite smooth and hard, and wide enough to allow at least five dogs to run abreast.

When contesting a match or sweepstakes, the owner of a whippet deposes some friend to hold his dog with both hands at the starting-point ; then, when all are in readiness, each owner or trainer runs backwards from his whippet waving a handkerchief or cloth, whilst all the time calling his dog to hurry towards him, and when these men have arrived near the winning-post, the starter fires off a pistol, and all the competing dogs are slipped at the same instant, and race as hard as they know how to their owner, who must be five yards behind the winning-crease or post. The little racers seize the handkerchief in their teeth, and are swung up into their master’s arms. To make it fair for all sizes and weights, the smaller whippets are allowed a start according to their weights ; and, in addition, are handicapped according to their performances, the result frequently being some splendid racing, as the races are often only won by inches. The heats are run off in quick

succession, and sometimes there are as many as three hundred entries for one handicap. Say two hundred come to the post, well, that entails forty races of five dogs each; then the forty winners run the second heats in eight races; then the semi-final two heats are run; and, eventually, the final brace are slipped—making fifty-one races, sometimes run in one, at others in two, days.

The two great attractions in whippet-racing are: first, the sport is suited to all kinds and conditions of the human species, of both sexes, wealth not being a *sine quâ non*: for even those of slender means can be whippeteers, as you can keep forty to fifty whippets for the same outlay per week that you can one racehorse. Secondly, it is the only sport utterly devoid of cruelty; for it is apparent that the whippet will only strain every nerve to be the first to reach the owner or trainer who really is kind to it; and the fonder it is the more resolutely will it strive to hurry to its beloved possessor. Then, again, the whippeteer can keep his racer in his room; he can exercise and feed it himself; he can gauge its improvement to a nicety by his stop-watch; and no one but himself need know what time his whippet can do its 200 yards in. His wife, child, relation, or friend, can act as starter, by holding and slipping it at a given signal to its owner. To a business man it is an inducement for him to rise betimes and exercise himself and his dog before he goes to work, and again when he returns home. In fact, he has always an object for keeping himself in health-giving exercise, a long way in front of the uninteresting 'constitutional' along the 'ard 'igh-road.' Yes, we must all keep whippets. Pugs and Poodles, Pomeranians and Skyes, Collies and Danes, and all non-sporting pets must give way to the possible breadwinner—the fleet and bloodlike whippet.

The best whippets can do 200 yds. in 12 secs., nearly twice as fast as a man can run, and somewhere about the rate of 36 miles an hour. Up to now there has been but little interest taken in whippet-racing around London, and the principal whippeteers are colliers in Lancashire. Many of them are as keen over a dog-race as dear old George Payne ever was over a Derby or Leger; but once let the sport be started in Middlesex under good auspices, it will soon be as popular as in the Potteries, and I venture to think it will commend itself to sportsmen and sportswomen of all degrees: at any rate, that is my impression, and I am going to try what I can do to give it a helping hand. I am not a whippeteer, but hope to be soon, and have already secured a first-class comfortable basket

(representing the best of loose boxes in a racing stable) for my whippet's comfort, at three shillings net at the Stores, besides giving fifty shillings for a stop-watch to time its speed with, and as soon as the Green Park is open in the summer mornings I shall be there with the 'Pride of Park Place' gambolling around me, and hope, dear readers, I shall meet many of you at the same game.

What with being the owner of the Orleans Club at Twickenham, and Chairman of the Pelican Club in Gerrard Street, and now of the Sports Club in St. James's Square, besides having been on the Committee of other clubs, I have had a fair insight into the management and interior economy of club-land; and though I lost my own money over the Orleans venture, and the extravagant tactics of the Pelican manager shut up that peculiar conglomeration of mixed spirits, I now devote much of my time to the interests of the Sports Club, and I have no doubt of its turning out a great success, both financially and socially. The object of the founders of this club was to get together under one roof a representative body of members who are, or have been (when in their prime), fond and active exponents of all kinds of sport and athletic exercises, requiring strength, activity, and skill, such as rowing, cricket, football, tennis, rackets, running, *et hoc genus omne*, and more particularly to provide a home and rendezvous for athletes and sportsmen of every nationality. With that object in view it was considered necessary to put the annual subscription within the reach of all, even of those (and they are in the majority) of slender means; trusting by numbers to compete with the hosts of more expensive clubs already in existence.

I think all will admit that these intentions were laudable; but the fear, or rather doubt, at starting was, whether the Executive would be warranted in leasing expensive premises in a first-rate West-end situation, and I must say I trembled when we opened our club just a year ago. Mind you, we had no wealthy backers to put down, or even guarantee (as we ought to have had with luck) from five thousand to ten thousand pounds (at least) to start us, but we went at it with a will and a determination to carry the venture through. Few can now doubt that we have been most successful, for we have 2500 members on our books, and, though the subscription was raised last May from three to five guineas for town members, from two to three for country members, and from one to two guineas for officers on full pay of either service in England (foreign members and officers serving abroad are admitted at

one guinea per annum), we still have a goodly number of candidates down for election at each of our Committee meetings. As yet we have no entrance-fee, but, being a company, each member when he is elected has to take at least one £1 share; and we have now made arrangements to take over the whole of the adjoining block of buildings in York Street, and I see no reason why we should not make up our numbers to three thousand before 1895 sets in.

I attribute much of our success to the friendly and cordial way we have held out the hand of fellowship to foreign athletes and our Colonial brothers; for we have already entertained the French football team, the Australian cricket eleven, the Oxford and Cambridge football teams, the 'Varsity cricket elevens, and the International lawn-tennis teams. We have welcomed that plucky and distinguished traveller, sportsman, and soldier, Mr. Selous, on his return from Matabeleland; and last, but not least, we have been fortunate enough to induce Lord Dunraven to accept our hospitality on his return from American waters, where he so boldly and single-handed essayed to bring back to old England the American Cup (the envied trophy of all yachtsmen), and on that occasion we were honoured by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, who condescended to dine with the members of the Sports Club to add to the *éclat* of Lord Dunraven's welcome home. That's not a bad record for a young club which has only been in existence since February 1893, is it? At any rate, I am game to give a tenner for a photograph of any other club, young or old, that can boast of such hospitality during any twelve months from its foundation. Ay! and we mean to keep it up. So you elderly men that are at your best, not to say past, and you young men that love athletic exercises and sports of all kinds, come and join the Sports Club, for you are bound to meet more kindred spirits under our club-roof than in any other in this tight little island. Come and help us to be a power in the land of sport, and the upholders of all that is fair, honourable, and of good repute among the nations of the world, and the terror of all those whose practices are mean, contemptible, and unsavoury in the two hemispheres. Come on!



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

Forgotten Scraps—Hurst Park—Course and Stands—'Appy 'Ampton—Chestnuts in Hampton Park—New Method of Preparing a cheap Cigar—I am Initiated into the Process—The lost Coat—Lord Cornwallis (?)—Poor Jerry Goodlake's Illness—His Death—Major-General George Knox—Death busy among my Friends—A sympathetic Brother—A little Stimulant!—Practising what he preached—My Labours nearly over—A short Account of Joseph Lewis—Last Hopes—Last Words—'Ring down the Curtain!'

It was only the other day I went to Hurst Park, and certainly it was a lovely bright afternoon. I don't think I have ever seen a more perfect race-course or any more comfortable stands. The course itself is the very best going, no matter whether it has been raining cats and dogs, or bright Phœbus has burnt up the surrounding country. Four years ago I superintended and laid out the course and the position of the stands, the latter no easy matter, for the space at that end of the ground is very circumscribed. The Five Furlongs is quite straight, and finishes close to the stand. You have not got to walk to the winning-post, as you must do at either Sandown or Kempton, if you want to be close to the horses when they finish. The turns in the oval course are easy. On no other course has so much money been spent in order to insure its being accurately level; for (barring a short bit, say three hundred yards along the river-side) the whole of the turf was stripped off, the earth underneath levelled to a nicety, and several inches of good soil spread before the turf was replaced, and, where necessary, herring-bone drains were laid to a good fall; while to prevent the going ever being too hard, as it frequently is at Ascot, Epsom, and other places, hydrants have been fixed at intervals, so that the course is always green and fresh, and concussion an unknown quantity. Those that recollect 'Appy 'Ampton must indeed marvel at the change, for there was no rougher, more uneven, and dangerous course than that was. Deary me! what fun I have had at that peculiar gathering.

On one occasion when I had made one of a coach-load, and had arrived in ample time to take a stroll before the races amongst the gipsies and their tempting cocoa-nut shies, I had been watching the Cockneys enjoy their rides on ponies and donkeys, when, as luck would have it, a nicely-rounded, stout lady came bumping along on a pony and suddenly lost her balance, falling backwards on the near side of her palfrey, though her useful but not elegant foot was still fixed in the stirrup on the top of the saddle. Her petticoats and skirt formed a voluminous hide for her head and shoulders, which rested on the grass, but didn't afford any shelter for other parts of her form usually embowered in their ample folds. Of course I at once rushed forward, and, pulling myself together for a huge effort, encircled my arms around her forty-inch waist, and was in the act of heaving her back into the saddle, the while (to allay all flutterings of her expansive bosom and chances of hysterics) warbling in sympathetic assurance, 'All right, Maria; no harm done. I'll put you in your saddle in a jiffy,' when I felt a rough hand seize my shoulder and a gruff voice demanded, 'Holloa, young man, what are you doing with my Missus? Leave her to me.' I said, 'Take hold and help, for the lady's that solid I ain't at all sure I can hoist her by myself. Now then, both together!' and up went the Missus, none too soon, for flutterings had set in, and her spouse conveyed her to the nearest booth, there to procure a drop of the best to calm her feelings. Poor fragile thing! she ought to have broken her neck if she had had any luck, and then her hubby would have had to warble, '*You dunno where yer are.*'

Yes! the Cockneys just did enjoy themselves at 'Appy 'Ampton! Thousands used to drive down in their gigs, with a tasty luncheon, and various stone jars of liquid stowed away for a picnic on the common. It was just a nice distance for their quadruped to take them, and very many of them pulled up under the horse-chestnut trees in Bushey Park, and never tried to get any further.

I forget whether I told you how amused and surprised I was, one bright autumn day when the yellow leaves were falling off those fine horse-chestnuts, to see a trap pull up at the side of the road near the fountain in the park, and for the life of me I could not make out why its occupants were so busy picking up the bright-coloured leaves and stringing them carefully on a long bit of wire with a flat bit of wood fastened at one end. The wire was about a yard long, stood up straight

in the cart, with its end twisted in the shape of a hook—much such an arrangement as you see employed in shops and offices to file bills and orders on. But no papers were ever so carefully handled, or such discrimination exercised, as in selecting these leaves of the same tint, and when the wire was loaded so that it could carry no more leaves, it was carefully placed in the cart on its wooden end. Well, just as the load was complete, I asked the driver what he was going to do with the leaves, and he, with a look of pity at my ignorance, replied, ‘Why, in course, we are taking them to the Minories, and when we gets there, we takes the ribs out of the leaves, then we soaks the flat parts in tabaccer-water, nice and strong, and then partly dries ’em, and cuts ’em up in lengths; after that we rolls ’em up for smokes. Ain’t yer never tried one? they ain’t ’alf bad, I can assure yer; and we can afford to sell ’em middling cheap. ’Oo says a good smoke for a penny? Why, yer wouldn’t expect to find ’em all bacca at that price! Oh, no, there’s no place wher’ yer can get the makings of a low-priced smoke ’arf as cheap as what you can in Bushey Park: yer can ’ave the leaves for the picking them off the ground, and a bucket or two of real, full-flavoured baccy-water don’t cost a lot, do it?’ I replied, ‘Good business! The first man that took that notion must have been useful, very; but I don’t feel keen for a bundle of them.’

Before leaving ’Appy ’Ampton and its funny ways, I must tell you of a very curious bit of luck that happened to me, connected with a drive on a coach thereto. I had worn a thick brown cloth great-coat, and when we pulled up at the side of the course, opposite the stand, I took my heavy garment off, and chucked it down to a cad rejoicing in the sobriquet of ‘Lord Cornwallis,’ who constantly attended at such meetings, telling him to put it inside the coach. I never gave the old coat a thought till, on my way back to London, I got down opposite the end of Roehampton Lane—as I was going to dine with a party who lived hard by—and then I missed my coat. I thought the faithful cad must have put it in one of the other coaches which were drawn up next to ours; so, next morning, sent my servant round to look for it, but never could hear anything of it, and so felt confident that the hitherto trustworthy ‘Peer’ had stolen it, and I never would have anything more to do with him, as he was the last man I had seen touch it; and it was next to impossible for any one to have abstracted the coat when once put into the interior of the coach.

Well, the following year, I went to Baden-Baden in August, and one day my servant came to me, and told me he had found my great-coat. I asked him where. He replied that 'Mr. Cooper's servant had put it away in his master's house in London.' Did you ever? It appeared that the two valets had been discussing the character of 'Lord Cornwallis,' and my man had told his comrade that the party under discussion had stolen my great-coat at Hampton Races the previous year, describing some peculiarities about the garment to him, when Cooper's servant said: 'Why, I have got it safe enough; my master brought it back from Hampton Races last year, and, as no one claimed it, I folded it up and put it away in a drawer.' And, sure enough, on my return to England, there was my old coat, which I had long given up ever seeing again. Of course, I apologized to 'Lord Cornwallis'; the silly old man had, in the hurry of the moment, put the coat on Cooper's phaeton, which was near our coach, and forgot to take it up and stow it away inside.

It will soon be four years since I lost my best of pals, Jerry G. (Major-General Goodlake, V.C., late of the Coldstream Guards), and I miss him wonderful, still. We had so many ideas in common, and our taste for sport of nearly all kinds and descriptions was so much in unison. The only sport he was passionately fond of, and I have never been bitten with, was fishing. It's curious, but I verily believe I have hardly a real pal that would not sooner whip a salmon river than spend a day in any other way, and as keen as any among them is my son, Frank. But to return to Jerry G.: I don't think I have written a line about poor Jerry's premature death. Up to some ten years ago there was no stronger, more active, or energetic man breathing than he, and I cannot help thinking that, if he had consulted a doctor sooner, he would have been still in the land of the living. I believe a few lines on his peculiar malady may warn others not to neglect the first appearance of evil. I had observed him often fiddling with one of his ears, and sometimes causing it to bleed. I frequently chided him for so doing, but he never complained of its paining him; however, the poor ear got worse and worse, and it became evident there was a running sore; and then, and not until then, did he consult a doctor; and one of the cleverest of surgeons having been called in, he discovered that a horrible rodent ulcer was spreading its fangs over and into his ear.

He attempted to get rid of the deadly growth by scraping

all the skin and flesh off the ear. Of course Jerry was under ether during the operation, which took some time; but, though the skin grew again, the mischief was not abated. Then his tonsils became troublesome, causing him to cough terribly; and soon he could not lie down to sleep. Subsequently, Jerry attended another specialist. The first time, I went with him to see the performance. A very strong light was directed down the throat, and then a small metal globe, at white heat, was cunningly projected on to the elongated tonsils, which were gradually burnt away. Of course, in youth, tonsils unnaturally long are simply cut off, but in a full-blooded man of fifty odd this cannot be done with safety, principally on account of the difficulty in stopping the hæmorrhage. After about a dozen visits, at intervals of a day or two between each, the operation proved successful; and my poor pal was much benefited. The hacking cough nearly left him and he slept well; but, alas! the fiendish ulcer in the ear broke out again, causing him terrible pain, and the glands in his throat began to swell. After a consultation it was decided that the whole of the ear must be cut clean out of his head—not shaved off, but *dug out*. Oh dear! oh dear! that did fetch me; but as it must be, the sooner it was done the better; and the night before (I was living in his house at the time), Jerry asked me to witness his signature to some papers of importance, as he felt the operation was a case of touch and go. Then, he took me up and showed me how beautifully he had arranged the operating-table close to the window, so that the surgeon might have the best of light for his ghastly work!

Poor, poor old pal! At nine the next morning three professionals appeared, and I asked to be allowed to see my old friend through it; and when I told them I had been in charge of the hospitals at Balaclava for some two months, I was allowed to be present. Nothing could have been more skilfully, expeditiously, and thoroughly carried out; and that wretched old ear, which had caused its late owner so much pain, was taken clean out from the very socket, and the patient put to bed. The after-effects of the ether were very curious. When I was sitting on his bed watching for him to come to himself, after a few heavy sighs Jerry opened his eyes, and saw me, and in a hysterical sort of way began crying and muttering: ‘How could he do it? Why didn’t he stand up to his man? But he ran away! Oh! how could he be called an Englishman?’ &c. &c. His first thoughts reverting

to a boxing-match he and I had been to see together not very long before, and it was in vain I tried to calm him till he had a sleeping draught given him.

Wonderful to say, the hole in his head soon healed, and a skin grew right over it, and we hoped for the best. Jerry recovered his strength sufficiently to go out shooting, and never shot better than he did when he came to stop with me at Elsham. Yet, the fangs of the loathsome ulcer were evidently not entirely exterminated, and he soon began to suffer terrible pains again. One afternoon I had gone down to Denham (his delicious little place near Uxbridge, that he had made so perfect), to have a bite of dinner with him; but, though he tried hard, he could only swallow with great difficulty, and I thought so badly of him that, on my return to town that night, I called on the surgeon and told him he must not lose an hour. He was at his poor patient's bedside by light next morning, and decided to operate on his throat the next day. But, alas! when he arrived my dear old pal was dead. His heart had stopped. And so passed away one of the truest friends, the very gamest and the kindest-hearted gentleman that ever drew breath.

What he suffered none can tell, but he was that game he never complained, and would not let his discomfort interfere with the enjoyment of those around him. He was most carefully and kindly tended by his good wife, who hardly ever left him, and by one of the best servants I ever came across. Ah! that was a blow to me, and I have never felt such a soft one as I did when standing by poor Jerry's grave. Moral: don't put off seeing a doctor till you're so bad you cannot do without him.

I am half afraid that this account of poor Jerry G., and the following few words in memory of my old friend 'Curly' Knox, may be regarded as forming a somewhat sad wind-up to my labours; but I cannot lay down the pen without first offering this slight testimony of regard for two old comrades and friends. We must all die some day, but both these men suffered long and bravely, bearing without a murmur what many a brave heart would have quailed under. More honour to them both!

March 9th. I have to-day attended the funeral of Major-General George Knox, better known in my old regiment as 'Curly' Knox, his sobriquet being derived from his natural crisp curly hair. I didn't know he was ill till I saw his death in the papers. I had known him well since he was quite a

lad, as his good father, who was also in the regiment, used to bring his only boy to the barracks. The old man was real proud of his lad when he joined, and used often to dine on guard. I have mentioned in my account of the Crimea that 'little' Knox had a bad fall there in 1856, but he met with a worse accident afterwards in Dublin, when his horse having fallen with him, the animal, in getting up, unfortunately trod on poor 'Curly's' face and terribly damaged his nose. He was a real good chap, a good soldier, and a fine horseman.

At his graveside in Brompton Cemetery there were very many of his old friends, besides his widow and her two brothers, Hugh Lonsdale and Lancelot Lowther. Whilst we were mustering for the sad ceremony, Colonel Brabazon told me of a curious coincidence—viz., that it was twenty-six years ago that very day since 'Curly' had ridden the winner of the Grand Military for him at Rugby—King Arthur, by the Cure out of Miss Agnes, dam of Lily Agnes, the dam of Ormonde; there's a pedigree difficult to beat! Rugby was a fine natural course and took some jumping, and required both rider and horse to be of the resolute order. We buried our old comrade in the next grave to his father, and then I and another old friend of his changed our sorrowful garments and expressions, and went down to Sandown, where we witnessed a splendid race for the Grand Military Cup between *Æsop* and *Midshipmite*. How poor 'Curly' would have enjoyed seeing that finish, and how heartily would he have congratulated Sir C. Slade (Scots Guards), the winning jockey!

Death has been busy with my friends just lately; Bobby Harbord, one of the cheeriest, went off very suddenly; and my two doctors within a week of each other: Barnard Holt, a good man to hounds, had attained a good old age; but Barton Smith was just coming to his best, and had gone out in charge of a rich Yankee for a trip round the world, but died of malarial fever after landing in Ceylon. He was not only a clever doctor, but a sympathetic and kind-hearted friend—a combination not met with every day. However, I must look round for one of the same sort, for I am getting a poor, worn-out old tool, and, though it is hardly fair to expect any medico can combat with the ever-increasing and inconvenient fact that you were 'born too soon,' yet, when pain and discomfort worry you, it is very consolatory to be tended by one you have every confidence in, and who you feel takes a friendly interest in your well-being.

Writing of such-like matters reminds me of a very peculiar

effort of sympathy by an utterly unsympathetic, and somewhat low-lived man, towards his dying brother. This brother was an old Eton friend of mine, a very clever and amusing companion and a good sportsman, whom he will call 'Bob,' and the younger brother 'Will.' Poor Bob's end was fast approaching, and it was only at intervals that he was sufficiently conscious to recognize those around him; his brother Will was sitting by his bedside, occasionally scratching his unkempt head, and constantly gnawing the knobby top of an ash-plant he always carried in his hand, but had never spoken a word to his dying brother. A mutual friend said to him, 'Will, why don't you speak to poor Bobby? it might cheer him to know you were near!' Will, with an effort, withdrew the ash-plant from his mouth, and in his deep sepulchral voice thus spoke: 'Why don't you rouse yourself, Bob, and take a little stimulant?' Poor Bob! he had long been beyond rousing himself, and Will, seeing there was no chance of his advice being taken, left, and at the first convenient 'pub' took the stimulant himself, and never saw his brother again.

Now, my readers, I am told by my Publisher and Editor that I can pull up when I like. My task is over, and I candidly admit I am real glad to think I can spend my evenings as I like, and can dine out whenever I am asked. You have little idea how irksome this peculiar literary effort has been to your Author. I have never written a page except after dark, for I found it next to useless to try and concentrate my thoughts on the days that are gone when the sun was up. The busy bees in this vast hive of commerce and gambling, are trying to gather honey (*alias* chips) all the day from every opening flower—*id est*, company-mongering, Stock Exchange besting, or race-course frequenting; but when the bees, drones, and workers get them to their separate hives, or, in other words, their homes and families, theatres, and music-halls, then I betake me to my chamber, where I can be still, and jot down in a rough note-book my ideas and recollections.

When I have thus compiled sufficient copy, I summon my shorthand-writer, and dictate to him in a couple of hours what has, likely enough, taken me several evenings to scribble. That done, he takes the result away and typewrites a duplicate copy—one for me and one for my poor Editor—and thus I have got through, in about thirteen months, what I ought easily to have accomplished in half the time. This week, these said reminiscences will reach the Publisher, and then



comes the rub—will they sell well? shall I find a market for my honey? in other words, shall I get some ointment to give flavour to the dry crust my expensive habits of bygone days have relegated me to for existence in this vale of tears? Shall I be able to pay off some of my most pressing debts, and, perchance, have a modest bit of ready to back my fancy with when flitting round the pleasant places where the speedy thoroughbred and the genteel penciller most do congregate? Oh yes! oh yes! Leastways the Author—and, may I add? (yes, I think so) many of my readers—will hope so; then 1894 will indeed be a cheery year for me. To each of my subscribers I tender my hearty thanks, and wish they may derive as much pleasure in perusing these pages, as it has cost me bother in jotting down ‘Fifty Years of My Life.’

I have been much assisted in writing this book by Joseph Lewis, whose acquaintance I made at Newmarket in April 1886, under the following circumstances: I was sitting on my cob one morning, watching the different batches of horses taking their exercise-gallops across the flat, and whilst talking to Lord and Lady Zetland, I suddenly beheld an animal (I found out it was a three-year-old aptly named Catastrophe) overpower her tiny rider, whose bodily weight was only five stone, and bolt with him near the site of the old betting-ring; and, as I watched, I saw him come into collision with one of the posts, on which a notice was affixed, and, to my horror, saw the little lad knocked off the saddle and lie motionless upon the ground. Fearing he must be badly hurt, I galloped to where he lay, and at a glance discovered he was terribly knocked about: one arm was broken, and the bone of his left thigh was snapped, and protruding through his trousers. I at once galloped back and obtained permission from Zetland to allow his carriage (which was, fortunately, waiting at the stand) to take the unfortunate lad to the Rous Memorial Hospital, and then hurrying off to the town, I had two doctors ready by the time the carriage reached the hospital.

The delicate little lad was quite unconscious, and the doctors at first thought he was dead; but, finding he still breathed, they at once amputated his leg and set his arm; but it seemed as if the shock had been too much for him. They had nearly given him up, when the assistant restored respiration by pressing his chest up and down, much as you and I use a pair of bellows, and after a protracted struggle between life and death, the patient, under skilful treatment, and much kind attention from the matron, gradually im-

proved. Eventually, after five months in the hospital, he was sent home to his mother, a widow in London.

I got up a subscription for him, and in course of time had him taught shorthand and type-writing, and with the aid of a visit now and again to Elsham, where the country air did wonders for him, the little man soon regained his strength, and he now gets along at a good pace with his crutch, which he prefers to a cork limb (and rightly too, I think), though the good Duke of Portland has paid for an exquisite cork leg for him; which work of art Lewis one day brought up to my lodgings, carrying it under his arm, to show me. He notes down what I give him *vivâ voce* in shorthand, and then takes it away and type-writes—for my Editor—the contents of this my book. Never, I fancy, was a life nearer ebbing than Lewis's, and it is quite certain that the comfortable carriage of Lord Zetland and the well-appointed hospital (not, of course, overlooking the skill of the doctors and the care of the matron) were, under Providence, the means of preserving the life of so useful a member of society. What should I have done without him?

Next to the Author, I suppose the kind friend who undertakes to wade through sheets of ungrammatical composition is most to be pitied, and, though some editors may have had easy times of it, I fear mine has not; and the uncertainty as to whether any copy would reach him one week, and the certainty none would turn up the next, has, doubtless, been very trying to my friend's nervous system. However, he has survived it, and now his labours are pretty well over, and I may be pardoned if I devote a few lines to the good qualities of my old friend, Dicky Thorold, whom I have known very many years, and whose people lived at Cuxwold in Lincolnshire, not very far from Elsham. Their third son, Dick, started life as a middy in the Navy, and, tiring of the sea, he was fortunate enough, through the friendship of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, whom he accompanied to Canada in 1860, to get a commission in the 10th Hussars. He served with that smart regiment some eight years, and, as his lovely sister had married Richard Naylor, the squire of Hooton, and owner of the grand old Stockwell—that prince of sires—and of Macaroni, the winner of the Derby of 1863, the young Hussar gave up the perpendicular style of horsemanship, and became owner of some good light-weight hunters and a few steeple-chase horses, the best of which were Merlin, Hilarity, and Marmora. They were trained at Pitt Place by 'Fogo' Row-

lands, and ridden with considerable success by their owner (my Editor) at Rugby and other cross-country meetings. The sailor, soldier, and steeplechase-rider some years since took to church a charming lady, who, being of a literary turn of mind, imbued her husband with the lofty aspirations of authorship, and under assumed names they have both written several very pleasant novels. Between them, they had much to do with inducing me to try my 'prentice hand' at writing this book, and I verily believe, had it not been for their combined resolute driving, I should never have stuck to my work; and I owe so much to my Editor's *suaviter in modo* combined with his *fortiter in re* style of persuasion that I have at last finished my task, and whether I win *kudos* or lose caste by the venture, I know I should never have 'run the long course and got over all the obstacles' if it had not been for my good friend and Editor 'Dick.'

THE END.

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'The story is one crammed full of adventure, and the chapters that deal with the problems of Imperial Federation are decidedly good reading from the patriotic standpoint.'—*Daily Telegraph*.

'The book might well be placed in the hands of boys, who would enjoy the sympathetic descriptions of football matches, races, and so forth, and at the same time make an agreeable acquaintance with an important part of our Imperial possessions.'—*The Globe*.

'*'Thunderbolt'* is an Australian rival of *Claude Duval*, and Mr. Macdonald records his daring feats with unflagging *verve*. Never was police officer more defied nor bewildered than the Major Devereux, of brilliant Indian reputation, who, in the Australian bush, finds that to catch a robber of *Thunderbolt's* temperament and ability requires local knowledge, as well as other gifts undreamt-of by the Hussar officer. *Thunderbolt* goes to races under the Major's nose, dances in the houses of his friends, robs Her Majesty's mails and diverse banks, but conducts himself with (on occasion) the chivalrous courtesy that characterised his prototype. His tragical end is told with spirit, while the book has excellent descriptions of Australian life, both in town and country.'—*Morning Post*.

'Anything which tends to draw nearer to each other in knowledge and sympathy the members of the British Empire is good; therefore we commend Mr. Macdonald's object in writing this book. Though confessedly a story of a bushranger, the book contains many descriptions of Australian life, both domestic and political, and it discusses local, social, and imperial questions by the mouths of its characters. Mr. Macdonald is an Australian born and bred, and he gives us plenty of 'local colour.' Though a parson, he is far from squeamish, and his language is doubtless racy of the new country which he represents, and there are several tales told at the expense of the 'cloth.' The story of the famous bushranger, *Thunderbolt*, is told with considerable detail; though we doubt if such a blood-spilling robber would have behaved with quite such exemplary gallantry to ladies as he is represented to have done. There are plenty of exciting incidents, including the 'bailing up' of banks, and the 'sticking up' of farms and public houses, lots of love-making, and some clever characterization. Though the book has some defects, it yet shows close observation, much sympathy, and considerable narrative power, and we shall look forward with pleasure and interest to Mr. Macdonald's next venture. *'Thunderbolt'* is issued in one volume at 3s. 6d., and is therefore quite 'up to date' in its form. It can be heartily recommended to all lovers of a good exciting story.'—*St. James Budget*.

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